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The

WORKS

of

SHAKESPEARE,

Volume the first:

containing,

The Tempeſt;
The two Gentlemen of Verona
The merry Wives of Windſor.

LONDON:

Printed for J. *and* R. TONSON *in the Strand.*

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May. 1873

The

TEMPEST.

Perſons represented.

Alonso, *King of* Naples:
Sebaſtian, *his Brother.*
Proſpero, *rightful Duke of* Milan:
Antonio, *his Brother, Uſurper of his Dominions.*
Ferdinand, *Son to the King of* Naples:
Gonzalo, Adrian, Franciſco, } *Lords attending the King.*
Caliban, *a ſavage and deform'd Slave.*
Trinculo, *a Jeſter.*
Stephano, *a drunken Butler.*
Maſter of the King's Ship, Boatſwain, and Mariners.

Miranda, *Daughter to* Proſpero.

Ariel, *an airy Spirit. Other aerial Spirits; preſenting, in the Maſque,* Iris, Ceres, *and* Juno.

Attendants upon the King. Spirits attending Proſpero.

Scene, at Sea; and in different Parts of an uninhabited Iſland.

The TEMPEST.

ACT I.

SCENE I. A Ship at Sea.

A great Storm, with Thunder and Lightning.
Enter, upon Deck, a Ship-maſter,
and a Boatſwain.

Maſ. Boatſwain,—

Boa. Here, maſter: What cheer?

Maſ. Good: Speak to th' mariners: fall to't, yarely, or we run ourſelves aground: beſtir, beſtir. [*Exit.*

Enter Mariners.

Boa. Heigh, my hearts; cheerly, cheerly, my hearts; yare, yare: Take in the top-ſail; Tend to th' maſter's whiſtle: — Blow, 'till thou burſt thy wind, if room enough. [*Exeunt Mariners, aloft.*

Enter ALONSO, Sebaſtian, Ferdinand,
ANTONIO, GONZALO, *and Others.*

ALO. Good boatſwain, have care. Where's the maſter? Play the men.

Boa. I pray now, keep below.

ANT. Where is the maſter, boatſwain?

Boa. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour;

Keep your cabins; You do aſſiſt the ſtorm.

Gon. Nay, good, be patient.

Boa. When the ſea is. Hence. What care these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: ſilence: trouble us not.

Gon. Good; yet remember whom thou haſt aboard.

Boa. None that I more love than myſelf. You are a counſellor; If you can command these elements to ſilence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more, use your authority: if you cannot, give thanks you have liv'd ſo long, and make yourſelf ready in your cabin for the miſchance of the hour, if it ſo hap.—Cheerly, good hearts.—Out of our way, I ſay. [*Exit.*

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks, he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand faſt, good fate, to his hanging; make the rope of his deſtiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage: If he be not born to be hang'd, our caſe is miserable. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Boatſwain.

Boa. Down with the top-maſt; yare, lower, lower; bring her to try with main-courſe. [*Cry within.*] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather, or our office.—

Re-enter Sebastian, Antonio, *and* Gonzalo.

Yet again?—What do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to ſink?

Seb. A pox o'your throat! you bawling, blaſphemous, incharitable dog!

Boa. Work you then.

Ant. Hang, cur, hang! you whorſon inſolent noiſe-maker! we are leſs afraid to be drown'd, than thou art.

Gon. I'll warrant him for drowning; though the ſhip were no ſtronger than a nut-ſhell, and as leaky as an unſtanch'd wench.

Boa. Lay her a-hold, a-hold; ſet her two courſes off to ſea again, lay her off. [*Cry again.*

Enter Mariners, *wet.*

Mar. All loſt; to prayers, to prayers; all loſt! [*Exeunt* Mariners.

Boa. What, muſt our mouths be cold? [them;

Gon. The king and prince at prayers! let's aſſiſt For our caſe is as theirs.

Seb. I'm out of patience. [ards.—

Ant. We are meerly cheated of our lives by drunk-This wide-chopt raſcal; 'Would, thou might'ſt lye The waſhing of ten tides! [drowning,

Gon. He'll be hang'd yet;
Though every drop of water ſwear againſt it,
And gape at wid'ſt to glut him.—Mercy on us!
[*A confus'd Noise within.*—We ſplit, we ſplit!
—Farewel my wife and children!—Farewel,
brother!—We ſplit, we ſplit, we ſplit!

Ant. Let's all ſink wi' the king. [*Exit.*

Seb. Let's take leave of him. [*Exit.*

Gon. Now would I give a thouſand furlongs of ſea for an acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze, any thing: The wills above be done, but I would fain dye a dry death. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Iſland. Before* Proſpero's *Cell.*
Enter Prospero, *and* Miranda.

[21] v. *Note.*

Mir. If by your art, my deareſt father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them :
The ſky, it ſeems, would pour down ſtinking pitch,
But that the ſea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Daſhes the fire out. O, I have ſuffer'd
With thoſe that I ſaw ſuffer ! A brave veſſel,
Who had, no doubt, ſome noble creature in her,
Daſh'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Againſt my very heart ! Poor ſouls ! they periſh'd.
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have ſunk the ſea within the earth, or e'er
It ſhould the good ſhip ſo have ſwallow'd, and
The fraighting ſouls within her.

Pro. Be collected ;
No more amazement : tell your piteous heart,
There's no harm done.

Mir. O, woe the day !

Pro. No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
(Of thee my dear one, thee my daughter) who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am ; nor that I am more better
Than *Proſpero*, maſter of a full-poor cell,
And thy no greater father.

Mir. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pro. 'Tis time
I ſhould inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magick garment from me.—So ; [fort.
Lye † there, my art.—Wipe thou thine eyes ; have com-
The direful ſpectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very virtue of compaſſion in thee,

I have with ſuch provision in mine art
So ſafely order'd, that there is no loſs,
No, not ſo much perdition as an hair,
Betid to any creature in the veſſel, [down,
Which thou heard'ſt cry, which thou ſaw'ſt ſink. Sit
For thou muſt now know farther.

Mir. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am; but ſtopt;
And left me to a bootleſs inquisition,
Concluding, *Stay, not yet.*

Pro. The hour's now come;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
Obey, and be attentive. Canſt thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think, thou canſt; for then thou waſt not
Out three years old.

Mir. Certainly, ſir, I can.

Pro. By what? by any other houſe, or perſon?
Of any thing the image tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mir. 'Tis far off;
And rather like a dream, than an aſſurance
That my remembrance warrants: Had I not
Four or five women once, that tended me?

Pro. Thou hadſt, and more, *Miranda:* But how is it,
That this lives in thy mind? What ſee'ſt thou elſe
In the dark backward and abyſm of time?
If thou remember'ſt ought, ere thou cam'ſt here;
How thou cam'ſt here, thou may'ſt.

Mir. But that I do not.

Pro. Twelve year ſince, *Miranda*, twelve year ſince,
Thy father was the duke of *Milan*, and

[2] no ſoule

A prince of power.

Mir. Sir, are not you my father?

Pro. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She ſaid—thou waſt my daughter; and thy father
Was duke of *Milan*; and his only heir
A princeſs: no worſe iſſu'd.

Mir. O the heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or bleſſed was't, we did?

Pro. Both, both, my girl:
By foul play, as thou ſay'ſt, were we heav'd thence;
But bleſſedly holp hither.

Mir. O, my heart bleeds
To think o'the teen that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance! Please you, farther.

Pro. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd *Antonio*,—
I pray thee, mark me,—(That a brother ſhould
Be ſo perfidious!) he whom, next thy ſelf,
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my ſtate; (as, at that time,
Through all the ſigniories it was the firſt,
And *Proſpero* the prime duke; being ſo reputed
In dignity, and, for the liberal arts,
Without a parallel; those being all my ſtudy,
The government I caſt upon my brother,
And to my ſtate grew ſtranger, being tranſported
And rapt in ſecret ſtudies) Thy falſe uncle—
Doſt thou attend me?—

Mir. Sir, moſt heedfully.

Pro. Being once perfected how to grant ſuits,
How to deny them; who to advance, and who
To traſh for over-topping; new created

The creatures that were mine; I ſay, or chang'd them,
Or elſe new form'd them: having both the key
Of officer and office, ſet all hearts i'the ſtate
To what tune pleas'd his ear; that now he was
The ivy, which had hid my princely trunk,
And ſuckt my verdure out on't. Thou attend'ſt not.

Mir. O, yes, good ſir, I do.

Pro. I pray thee, mark me.
I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To cloſeneſs, and the bettering of my mind
With that, which, but by being ſo retir'd,
O'er-priz'd all popular rate, in my falſe brother
Awak'd an evil nature: and my truſt,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falſehood, in it's contrary as great
As my truſt was; which had, indeed, no limit,
A confidence ſans bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might elſe exact,—Like one
Who having, unto truth, by telling of it,
Made ſuch a ſinner of his memory
To credit his own lye,—he did believe
He was, indeed, the duke; from ſubſtitution,
And executing the outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative: Hence his ambition growing,—
Doſt thou hear, girl?

Mir. Your tale, ſir, would cure deafneſs.

Pro. To have no ſcreen between this part he play'd
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
Abſolute *Milan*: Me, poor man, my library
Was dukedom large enough! of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable: confederates

(So dry he was for ſway) wi' the king of *Naples*;
To give him annual tribute, do him homage;
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbow'd, (alas, poor *Milan!*)
To moſt ignoble ſtooping.
Mir. O the heavens! [me,
Pro. Mark his condition, and the event; then tell
If this might be a brother.
Mir. I ſhould ſin,
To think but nobly of my grand-mother:
Good wombs have born bad ſons.
Pro. Now the condition.
This king of *Naples*, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's ſuit:
Which was, That he, in lieu o'the premiſes,—
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,—
Should preſently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom; and confer fair *Milan*,
With all the honours, on my brother: Whereon,
A treacherous army levy'd, one midnight,
Fated to the purpoſe, did *Antonio* open
The gates of *Milan*; and, i' the dead of darkneſs,
The miniſters for the purpoſe hurry'd thence
Me, and thy crying ſelf.
Mir. Alack, for pity!
I, not remembring how I cry'd on't then,
Will cry it o'er again; it is a hint,
That wrings mine eyes to't.
Pro. Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the preſent buſineſs
Which now's upon us; without the which, this ſtory
Were moſt impertinent.

26 cride out then

Mir. Wherefore did they not
That hour deſtroy us?
Pro. Well demanded, wench;
My tale provokes that queſtion: Dear, they durſt not,
(So dear the love my people bore me) nor ſet
A mark ſo bloody on the buſineſs; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurry'd us aboard a bark;
Bore us ſome leagues to ſea; where they prepar'd
A rotten carcaſe of a boat, not rig'd,
Nor tackle, nor ſail, nor maſt; the very rats
Inſtinctively had quit it: there they hoiſt us
To cry to the ſea, that roar'd to us; to ſigh
To the winds, whose pity, ſighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.
Mir. Alack! what trouble
Was I then to you!
Pro. O, a cherubin
Thou waſt, that did preserve me! Thou did'ſt ſmile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd the ſea with drops full ſalt,
Under my burthen groan'd; which rais'd in me
An undergoing ſtomach, to bear up
Againſt what ſhould enſue.
Mir. How came we aſhore?
Pro. By providence divine.
Some food we had, and ſome freſh water, that
A noble *Neapolitan, Gonzalo,*
Out of his charity, (he being then appointed
Maſter of this deſign) did give us; with
Rich garments, linnens, ſtuffs, and neceſſaries,
Which ſince have ſteeded much: ſo, of his gentleneſs,

10 a Butt, 12 have quit 29 (who being

Knowing I lov'd my books, he furniſh'd me,
From mine own library, with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.
Mir. 'Would I might
But ever ſee that man!
Pro. Now I arise:—
Sit ſtill, and hear the laſt of our ſea-ſorrow.
Here in this iſland we arriv'd; and here
Have I, thy ſchool-maſter, made thee more profit
Than other princes can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not ſo careful. [ſir,
Mir. Heavens thank you for't! And now, I pray you,
(For ſtill 'tis beating in my mind) your reason
For raiſing this ſea-ſtorm?
Pro. Know thus far forth;
By accident moſt ſtrange, bountiful fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this ſhore: and by my preſcience
I find, my zenith doth depend upon
A moſt auſpicious ſtar; whoſe influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop. Here ceaſe more queſtions,
Thou art inclin'd to ſleep; 'tis a good dulneſs,
And give it way: I know, thou canſt not choose.—
[Miranda *ſleeps.*
Come away, ſervant, come: I'm ready now;
Approach, my *Ariel*, come.

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. All hail, great maſter! grave ſir, hail! I come
To anſwer thy beſt pleasure; be't to fly,
To ſwim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds: to thy ſtrong bidding taſk

10 Princeſſe can

Ariel and all his quality.

Pro. Haſt thou, ſpirit,
Perform'd to point the tempeſt that I bad thee?

Ari. To every article.
I boarded the king's ſhip; now on the beak,
Now in the waſte, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement: Sometimes, I'd divide,
And burn in many places; on the top-maſt,
The yards, and bore-ſprit, would I flame diſtinctly,
Then meet, and join: *Jove*'s lightnings, the precurſers
O' the dreadful thunder-clap, more momentary
And ſight-out-running were not: The fire, and cracks
Of ſulphurous roaring, the moſt mighty *Neptune*
Seem to beſiege; and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident ſhake.

Pro. My brave brave ſpirit!
Who was ſo firm, ſo conſtant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?

Ari. Not a ſoul
But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd
Some tricks of deſperation: All, but mariners,
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the veſſel,
Then all a-fire with me: the king's ſon, *Ferdinand*,
With hair up-ſtaring, (then like reeds, not hair)
Was the firſt man that leap'd; cry'd, *Hell is empty,*
And all the devils are here.

Pro. Why, that's my ſpirit!
But was not this nigh ſhore?

Ari. Cloſe by, my maſter.

Pro. But are they, *Ariel*, ſafe?

Ari. Not a hair periſh'd;
On their ſuſtaining garments not a blemiſh,

[10] Lightning, [11] Thunder-claps

But freſher than before; and, as thou bad'ſt me,
In troops I have diſperſ'd them 'bout the iſle:
The king's ſon have I landed by himſelf;
Whom I left cooling of the air with ſighs,
In an odd angle of the iſle, and ſitting,
His arms in this † ſad knot.

Pro. Of the king's ſhip,
The mariners, ſay how thou haſt diſpos'd,
And all the reſt o' the fleet?

Ari. Safely in harbour
Is the king's ſhip; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dſt me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the ſtill-vext *Bermoothes*, there ſhe's hid:
The mariners all under hatches ſtow'd;
Who, with a charm join'd to their ſuffer'd labour,
I have left aſleep: and for the reſt o' the fleet,
Which I diſperſ'd, they all have met again;
And are upon the *Mediterranean* flote,
Bound ſadly home for *Naples*;
Supposing that they ſaw the king's ſhip wreck'd,
And his great perſon periſh.

Pro. *Ariel*, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more work:
What is the time o' the day?

Ari. Paſt the mid ſeaſon. [now

Pro. At leaſt two glaſſes: The time 'twixt ſix and
Muſt by us both be ſpent moſt preciouſly.

Ari. Is there more toil? Since thou doſt give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou haſt promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pro. How now? moody?
What is't thou canſt demand?

Ari. My liberty.
Pro. Before the time be out? no more.
Ari. I pray thee:
Remember, I have done thee worthy ſervice;
Told thee no lyes, made thee no miſtakings, ſerv'd
Without or grudge, or grumblings: thou didſt promise
To bate me a full year.
Pro. Doſt thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?
Ari. No.
Pro. Thou doſt: and think'ſt it much, to tread the ooze
Of the ſalt deep;
To run upon the ſharp wind of the north;
To do me buſineſs in the veins o'the earth,
When it is bak'd with froſt.
Ari. I do not, ſir.
Pro. Thou ly'ſt, malignant thing: Haſt thou forgot
The foul witch *Sycorax*, who, with age, and envy,
Was grown into a hoop? haſt thou forgot her?
Ari. No, ſir.
Pro. Thou haſt; Where was ſhe born? ſpeak, tell me.
Ari. Sir, in *Argier*.
Pro. O, was ſhe ſo? I muſt,
Once in a month, recount what thou haſt been,
Which thou forget'ſt. This damn'd witch, *Sycorax*,
For miſchiefs manifold, and ſorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from *Argier*,
Thou know'ſt, was baniſh'd; for one thing ſhe did,
They would not take her life: Is not this true?
Ari. Ay, ſir.
Pro. This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought with child,
And here was left by the ſailors: Thou, my ſlave,

As thou report'ſt thyſelf, waſt then her ſervant:
And, for thou waſt a ſpirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhor'd commands,
Refuſing her grand heſts, ſhe did confine thee,
By help of her more potent miniſters,
And in her moſt unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didſt painfully remain
A dozen years; within which ſpace ſhe dy'd,
And left thee there; where thou didſt vent thy groans
As faſt as mill-wheels ſtrike: Then was this iſland
(Save for the ſon that ſhe did litter here,
A freckl'd whelp, hag-born) not honour'd with
A human ſhape.

Ari. Yes; *Caliban* her ſon.

Pro. Dull thing, I ſay ſo; he, that *Caliban*,
Whom now I keep in ſervice. Thou beſt know'ſt
What torment I did find thee in: thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breaſts
Of ever-angry bears; it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which *Sycorax*
Could not again undo; it was mine art,
When I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, maſter.

Pro. If thou more murmur'ſt, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, 'till
Thou haſt howl'd away twelve winters.

Ari. Pardon, maſter:
I will be correſpondent to command,
And do my ſpiriting gently.

Pro. Do ſo: and after two days

I will diſcharge thee.

ARI. That's my noble maſter!
What ſhall I do? ſay, what? what ſhall I do?

PRO. Go make thyſelf like to a nymph o' the ſea:
Be ſubject to no ſight but mine; invisible
To every eye-ball elſe: Go, take this ſhape,
And hither come in it: go, hence, with diligence.
[*Exit* ARIEL.
Awake, dear heart, awake! thou haſt ſlept well;
Awake!

MIR. The ſtrangeneſs of your ſtory put
Heavineſs in me.

PRO. Shake it off: Come on;
We'll visit *Caliban*, my ſlave, who never
Yields us kind anſwer.

MIR. 'Tis a villain, ſir,
I do not love to look on.

PRO. But, as 'tis,
We cannot miſs him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood; and ſerves in offices
That profit us. — What, ho! ſlave! *Caliban!*
Thou earth, thou, ſpeak!

CAL. [*within*] There's wood enough within. [thee:

PRO. Come forth, I ſay; there's other buſineſs for
Come, thou tortoise! when!

Re-enter ARIEL, *like a Water-nymph.*

"Fine apparition! My quaint *Ariel*,"
"Hark in thine ear."

ARI. "My lord, it ſhall be done." [*Exit* ARIEL.

PRO. Thou poiſonous ſlave, got by the devil himſelf
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

Enter CALIBAN.

5 but thine, and mine:

Cal. As wicked dew, as ere my mother bruſh'd
With raven's feather from unwholſom fen,
Drop on you both! a ſouth-weſt blow on ye,
And bliſter you all o'er! [cramps,

Pro. For this, be ſure, to-night thou ſhalt have
Side-ſtitches that ſhall pen thy breath up; urchins
Shall, for that vaſt of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee: thou ſhalt be pinch'd
As thick as honey-comb, each pinch more ſtinging
Than bees that made them.

Cal. I muſt eat my dinner.
This iſland's mine, by *Sycorax* my mother,
Which thou tak'ſt from me. When thou cam'ſt firſt,
Thou ſtroak'dſt me, and mad'ſt much of me; would'ſt
Water with berries in't; and teach me how [give me
To name the bigger light, and how the leſs,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,
And ſhew'd thee all the qualities o' the iſle,
The freſh-ſprings, brine-pits, barren place, and fertil;—
Curſ'd be I, that I did ſo! — All the charms
Of *Sycorax*, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the ſubjects that you have,
Which firſt was mine own king: and here you ſty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The reſt o'the iſland.

Pro. Thou moſt lying ſlave,
Whom ſtripes may move, not kindneſs: I have us'd thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodg'd thee
In mine own cell, 'till thou did'ſt ſeek to violate
The honour of my child.

Cal. Oh ho, oh ho!—'would 't had been done!
Thou did'ſt prevent me; I had peopl'd elſe

14 ſtroakſt me, & made much

This iſle with *Calibans.*

Pro. Abhorred ſlave ;
Which any print of goodneſs wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill ! I pity'd thee,
Took pains to make thee ſpeak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other : when thou could'ſt not, ſavage,
Show thine own meaning, but would'ſt gabble like
A thing moſt brutiſh, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known : But thy vile race,
Though thou didſt learn, had that in't which good na-
Could not abide to be with ; therefore waſt thou [tures
Deservedly confin'd into this rock,
Who had'ſt deserv'd more than a prison.

Cal. You taught me language ; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curſe ; The red plague rid you,
For learning me your language !

Pro. Hag-ſeed, hence !
Fetch us in fuel ; and be quick, thou'ert beſt,
To anſwer other buſineſs. Shrug'ſt thou, malice ?
If thou neglect'ſt, or doſt unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps ;
Fill all thy bones with aches ; make thee roar,
That beaſts ſhall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, pray thee ! —
"I muſt obey ; his art is of ſuch power,"
"It would controul my dam's god *Setebos*,"
"And make a vaſſal of him."

Pro. So, ſlave ; hence ! [*Exit* Caliban.

Muſick. Re-enter Ariel, *invisible* ;
Ferdinand *following.*

Ari. *Come unto these yellow ſands,* SONG.
and then take hands :

2 *Mir.* Abhorred 6 thou didſt not 7 Know thine

curt'ſy'd when you have, and kiſt,
(the wild waves whiſt)
foot it featly here and there;
and, ſweet ſprites, the burthen bear.
Hark, hark!
bur. Bowgh, wowgh. [*diſperſedly.*
the watch-dogs bark:
bur. Bowgh, wowgh. [*diſperſedly.*
Hark, hark! I hear
the ſtrain of ſtrutting chanticlere
cry, Cock-a-doodle-do. [earth?

Fer. Where ſhould this musick be? i' the air? or the
It ſounds no more:—and, ſure, it waits upon
Some god o' the iſland. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping againſt the king my father's wreck,
This musick crept by me upon the waters;
Allaying both their fury, and my paſſion,
With it's ſweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather:—But 'tis gone:
No, it begins again.

Ari. *Full fathom five thy father lies:* *SONG.*
of his bones are coral made;
those are pearls, that were his eyes:
nothing of him, that doth fade,
but doth ſuffer a ſea-change,
into ſomething rich and ſtrange:
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
hark, now I hear them,—Ding-dong, bell.
[*Burthen,* Ding-dong.

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd father:—
This is no mortal buſineſs, nor no ſound
That the earth owes:—I hear it now above me.

4 beare | the burthen. 15 againe the

Pro. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
And ſay, what thou ſee'ſt yond'.
Mir. What is't? a ſpirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, ſir,
It carries a brave form: — But 'tis a ſpirit. [ſenſes
Pro. No, wench; it eats, and ſleeps, and hath ſuch
As we have, ſuch: This gallant, which thou ſee'ſt,
Was in the wreck; and, but he's ſomething ſtain'd
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou might'ſt call him
A goodly perſon: he hath loſt his fellows,
And ſtrays about to find them.
Mir. I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever ſaw ſo noble.
Pro. "It goes, I ſee," [thee"
"As my ſoul prompts it: — Spirit, fine ſpirit, I'll free
"Within two days for this."
Fer. Moſt ſure, the goddeſs
On whom these airs attend: — Vouchſafe my prayer
May know, if you remain upon this iſland;
And that you will ſome good inſtruction give
How I may bear me here: My prime requeſt,
Which I do laſt pronounce, is, o you wonder,
If you be maid, or no?
Mir. No wonder, ſir;
But, certainly, a maid.
Fer. My language! heavens! —
I am the beſt of them that ſpeak this ſpeech,
Were I but where 'tis ſpoken.
Pro. How! the beſt?
What wert thou, if the king of *Naples* heard thee?
Fer. A ſingle thing, as I am now, that wonders

15 goes on I

To hear thee ſpeak of *Naples:* He does hear me;
And, that he does, I weep: myſelf am *Naples*;
Who with mine eyes, ne'er ſince at ebb, beheld
The king my father wreckt.

Mir. Alack, for mercy!

Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the duke of *Milan*,
And his brave ſon, being twain.

Pro. The duke of *Milan*,
And his more braver daughter, could controul thee,
If now 'twere fit to do't.—"At the firſt ſight"
"They have chang'd eyes:—Delicate *Ariel*,"
"I'll ſet thee free for this."—A word, good ſir;
I fear, you have done yourſelf ſome wrong; a word.

Mir. "Why ſpeaks my father ſo ungently? This"
"Is the third man, that e'er I ſaw; the firſt,"
"That e'er I ſigh'd for: pity move my father"
"To be inclin'd my way!"

Fer. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The queen of *Naples*.

Pro. Soft, ſir; one word more. [ſineſs"
"They are both in either's powers: but this ſwift bu-
"I muſt uneasy make, leſt too light winning [thee
"Make the prize light." Sir, one word more; I charge
That thou attend me: thou doſt here uſurp
The name thou ow ſt not; and haſt put thyſelf
Upon this iſland, as a ſpy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.

Fer. No, as I am a man.

Mir. There's nothing ill can dwell in ſuch a temple:
If the ill ſpirit have ſo fair a houſe,
Good things will ſtrive to dwell with't.

Pro. Follow me.—
Speak not you for him; he's a traitor.—Come:
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:
Sea-water ſhalt thou drink; thy food ſhall be
The freſh-brook muſſels, wither'd roots, and huſks
Wherein the acorn cradl'd: Follow.
Fer. No;
I will reſiſt ſuch entertainment, 'till
Mine enemy has more power. [*draws.*
Mir. O dear father,
Make not too raſh a trial of him; for
He's gentle, and not fearful.
Pro. What, I ſay,
My foot my tutor!—Put thy ſword up, traitor;
Who mak'ſt a ſhew, but dar'ſt not ſtrike, thy conſcience
Is ſo poſſeſt with guilt: come from thy ward;
For I can here diſarm thee with this ſtick,
And make thy weapon drop.
Mir. Beſeech you, father!
Pro. Hence; hang not on my garments.
Mir. Sir, have pity;
I'll be his ſurety.
Pro. Silence; one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What,
An advocate for an impoſtor? huſh!
Thou think'ſt, there are no more ſuch ſhapes as he,
Having ſeen but him and *Caliban*; Fooliſh wench!
To the moſt of men this is a *Caliban*,
And they to him are angels.
Mir. My affections
Are then moſt humble; I have no ambition
To ſee a goodlier man.

Pro. Come on; obey:
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.
Fer. So they are:
My ſpirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loſs, the weakneſs which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, or this man's threats
To whom I am ſubdu'd, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners elſe o'the earth
Let liberty make uſe of; ſpace enough
Have I, in ſuch a prison.
Pro. "It works."—Come on.—
"Thou haſt done well, fine *Ariel*."—Follow me.—
"Hark what thou elſe ſhalt do me."
Mir. Be of comfort;
My father's of a better nature, ſir,
Than he appears by ſpeech; this is unwonted,
Which now came from him.
Pro. "Thou ſhalt be as free"
"As mountain winds: but then exactly do"
"All points of my command."
Ari. "To the ſyllable."
Pro. Come, follow:—Speak not for him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Another Part of the Iſland.*

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, *and Others.*

Gon. Beſeech you, ſir, be merry: you have cause

7 friends, nor this

(So have we all) of joy ; for our eſcape
Is much beyond our loſs : Our hint of woe
Is common ; every day, ſome ſailor's wife,
The maſter of ſome merchant, and the merchant,
Have juſt our theme of woe : but for the miracle,
(I mean, our preservation) few in millions
Can ſpeak like us : then wisely, good ſir, weigh
Our ſorrow with our comfort.

Alo. Pr'ythee, peace.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The visitor will not give him o'er ſo.

Seb. Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit ; by and by it will ſtrike.

Gon. Sir,—

Seb. One : _ Tell.

Gon. When every grief is entertain'd, that's offer'd, Comes to the entertainer—

Seb. A dollar.

Gon. Dolour comes to him, indeed ; you have ſpoken truer than you purpos'd.

Seb. You have taken it wiselier than I meant you ſhould.

Gon. Therefore, my lord, —

Ant. Fie, what a ſpend-thrift is he of his tongue ?

Alo. I pr'ythee, ſpare.

Gon. Well, I have done : But yet—

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which of them, he, or *Adrian*, for a good wager, firſt begins to crow ?

Seb. The old cock.

Ant. The cockrel.

Seb. Done : The wager ?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match.

Adr. Though this iſland ſeem to be desart,—

Seb. Ha, ha, ha!

Ant. So, you've pay'd.

Adr. Uninhabitable, and almoſt inacceſſible,—

Seb. Yet,

Adr. Yet—

Ant. He could not miſs't.

Adr. It muſt needs be of ſubtle, tender, and delicate temperance.

Ant. *Temperance* was a delicate wench.

Seb. Ay, and a ſubtle; as he moſt learnedly deliver'd.

Adr. The air breaths upon us here moſt ſweetly.

Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or, as 'twere perfum'd by a fen.

Gon. Here is every thing advantageous to life.

Ant. True; ſave means to live.

Seb. Of that there's none, or little.

Gon. How luſh and luſty the graſs looks? how green?

Ant. The ground, indeed, is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of green in't.

Ant. He miſſes not much.

Seb. No, he doth but miſtake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rarity of it is, (which is, indeed, almoſt beyond credit)—

Seb. As many voucht rarities are.

Gon. That our garments, being (as they were) drench'd in the ſea, hold notwithſtanding their freſhneſs, and gloſſes; being rather new dy'd, than ſtain'd with ſalt water.

[5] you'r paid

Ant. If but one of his pockets could ſpeak, would it not ſay, he lyes?

Seb. Ay, or very falſly pocket up his report.

Gon. Methinks, our garments are now as freſh as when we put them on firſt in *Africk*, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter *Claribel* to the king of *Tunis*.

Seb. 'Twas a ſweet marriage, and we proſper well in our return.

Adr. *Tunis* was never grac'd before with ſuch a paragon to their queen.

Gon. Not ſince widow *Dido*'s time.

Ant. Widow? a pox o'that! How came that widow in? widow *Dido!*

Seb. What if he had ſaid, widower *Æneas* too? good lord, how you take it!

Adr. Widow *Dido*, ſaid you? you make me ſtudy of that: She was of *Carthage*, not of *Tunis*.

Gon. This *Tunis*, ſir, was *Carthage*.

Adr. *Carthage?*

Gon. I aſſure you, *Carthage*.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp.

Seb. He hath rais'd the wall, and houſes too.

Ant. What impoſſible matter will he make easy next?

Seb. I think, he will carry this iſland home in his pocket, and give it his ſon for an apple.

Ant. And, ſowing the kernels of it in the ſea, bring forth more iſlands.

Gon. Ay?

Ant. Why, in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking, that our garments ſeem now as freſh, as when we were at *Tunis* at the marriage

of your daughter, who is now queen.

Ant. And the rareſt that e'er came there.

Seb. Bate, I beſeech you, widow *Dido.*

Ant. O, widow *Dido*; ay, widow *Dido.*

Gon. Is not, ſir, my doublet as freſh as the firſt day I wore it, (I mean, in a ſort)

Ant. That ſort was well fiſh'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

Alo. You cram these words into mine ears, againſt
The ſtomach of my ſenſe: 'Would, I had never
Marry'd my daughter there! for, coming thence,
My ſon is loſt: and, in my rate, ſhe too;
Who is ſo far from *Italy* remov'd,
I ne'er again ſhall ſee her: O thou mine heir
Of *Naples* and of *Milan*, what ſtrange fiſh
Hath made his meal on thee!

Fra. Sir, he may live:
I ſaw him beat the ſurges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whoſe enmity he flung aſide, and breaſted
The ſurge moſt ſwoln that met him: his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himſelf with his good arms in luſty ſtroke
To the ſhore; that o'er his wave-worn baſis bow'd,
As ſtooping to relieve him: I not doubt,
He came alive to land.

Alo. No, no, he's gone.

Seb. Sir, you may thank yourſelf for this great loſs;
That would not bleſs our *Europe* with your daughter,
But rather lose her to an *African*;
Where ſhe at leaſt is baniſh'd from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

Alo. Pr'ythee, peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd to, and impórtun'd otherwise
By all of us: and the fair ſoul herſelf
Weigh'd, between lothneſs and obedience, at
Which end the beam ſhould bow. We have loſt your ſon,
I fear, for ever: *Milan* and *Naples* have
More widows in them of this buſineſs' making, [own.
Than we bring men to comfort them: the fault's your

Alo. So is the dear'ſt o'the loſs.

Gon. My lord *Sebaſtian*,
The truth you ſpeak doth lack ſome gentleneſs,
And time to ſpeak it in: you rub the ſore,
When you ſhould bring the plaiſter.

Seb. Very well.

Ant. And moſt chirurgeonly.

Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good ſir,
When you are cloudy.

Seb. Foul weather?

Ant. Very foul.

Gon. Had I plantation of this iſle, my lord,—

Ant. He'd ſow't with nettle-ſeed.

Seb. Or docks, or mallows.

Gon. And were the king of it, What would I do?

Seb. 'Scape being drunk, for want of wine.

Gon. I'the common-wealth I would by contraries
Execute all things: For no kind of traffick
Would I admit; no name of magiſtrate;
Letters ſhould not be known; poverty, riches,
And uſe of ſervice, none; contract, ſucceſſion,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, olive, none;
No uſe of metal, corn, or wine, or oyl:
No occupation; all men idle, all,

5 end o'th' beame 23 Riches, poverty,

And women too, but innocent, and pure:
No ſovereignty:

Seb. Yet he would be king on't.

Ant. The latter end of his common-wealth forgets the beginning.

Gon. All things in common nature ſhould produce,
Without ſweat or endeavour: treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have; but nature ſhould bring forth,
Of it's own kind, all foizon, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his ſubjects?

Ant. None, man: all idle; whores, and knaves.

Gon. I would with ſuch perfection govern, ſir,
To excel the golden age.

Seb. 'Save his majeſty!

Ant. Long live *Gonzalo!*

Gon. And, do you mark me, ſir? —

Alo. Pr'ythee, no more;
Thou doſt talk nothing to me.

Gon. I do well believe your highneſs; and did it to miniſter occaſion to these gentlemen, who are of ſuch ſenſible and nimble lungs, that they always use to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am nothing to you: ſo you may continue, and laugh at nothing ſtill.

Ant. What a blow was there given?

Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.

Gon. You are gentlemen of brave mettle; you would lift the moon out of her ſphere, if ſhe would

continue in it five weeks without changing.

[*ſolemn Muſick.*

Seb. We would ſo, and then go a bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

Gon. No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my diſcretion ſo weakly: Will you laugh me aſleep, for I am very heavy?

Ant. Go ſleep, and hear us.

[Gon. Adr. Fra. *and Train, ſleep.*

Alo. What, all ſo ſoon aſleep! I wiſh, mine eyes
Would, with themſelves, ſhut up my thoughts; I find,
They are inclin'd to do ſo.

Seb. Please you, ſir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It ſeldom visits ſorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

Ant. We two, my lord,
Will guard your perſon, while you take your reſt,
And watch your ſafety.

Alo. Thank you: Wondrous heavy.

[Alonso *ſleeps.*

Seb. What a ſtrange drowſineſs poſſeſſes them!

Ant. It is the quality o' the climate.

Seb. Why
Doth it not then our eye-lids ſink? I find not
Myſelf diſpos'd to ſleep.

Ant. Nor I; my ſpirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by conſent;
They dropt, as by a thunder-ſtroke. What might
Worthy *Sebaſtian?* o, what might? —No more:—
And yet, methinks, I ſee it in thy face,
What thou ſhould'ſt be: the occaſion ſpeaks thee; and

My ſtrong imagination ſees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.
Seb. What, art thou waking?
Ant. Do you not hear me ſpeak?
Seb. I do: and, ſurely,
It is a ſleepy language; and thou ſpeak'ſt
Out of thy ſleep: What is it thou did'ſt ſay?
This is a ſtrange repoſe, to be aſleep
With eyes wide open; ſtanding, ſpeaking, moving,
And yet ſo faſt aſleep.
Ant. Noble *Sebaſtian*,
Thou let'ſt thy fortune ſleep; dye rather: wink'ſt,
Whiles thou art waking.
Seb. Thou doſt ſnore diſtinctly;
There's meaning in thy ſnores.
Ant. I am more ſerious than my cuſtom: you
Muſt be ſo too, if heed me; which to do,
Trebles thee o'er.
Seb. Well; I am ſtanding water.
Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.
Seb. Do ſo: to ebb,
Hereditary ſloth inſtructs me.
Ant. O,
If you but knew, how you the purpoſe cheriſh,
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in ſtripping it,
You more inveſt it! Ebbing men, indeed,
Moſt often do ſo near the bottom run,
By their own fear, or ſloth.
Seb. Pr'ythee, ſay on:
The ſetting of thine eye, and cheek, proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield.

Ant. Thus, ſir:
Although this lord of weak remembrance, † this,
(Who ſhall be of as little memory,
When he is earth'd) hath here almoſt perſuaded
(For he's a ſpirit of perſuasion, only
Profeſſes to perſuade) the king, his ſon's alive;
'Tis as impoſſible that he's undrown'd,
As he, that ſleeps here, ſwims.

Seb. I have no hope,
That he's undrown'd.

Ant. O, out of that no hope,
What great hope have you! no hope, that way, is
Another way ſo high a hope, that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubts diſcovery there. Will you grant with me,
That *Ferdinand* is drown'd?

Seb. He's gone.

Ant. Then, tell me,
Who's the next heir of *Naples?*

Seb. Claribel.

Ant. She that is queen of *Tunis*; ſhe that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; ſhe that from *Naples*
Can have no note, unleſs the ſun were poſt,
(The man i' the moon's too ſlow) 'till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable; ſhe from whom
We were ſea-ſwallow'd, — though ſome caſt again;
And (by that deſtiny) to perform an act,
Whereof, what's paſt is prologue; what to come,
In yours, and my diſcharge.

Seb. What ſtuff is this? — How ſay you?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of *Tunis*;
So is ſhe heir of *Naples*; 'twixt which regions

15 doubt 25 She that from 26 We all were

There is ſome ſpace.
Ant. A ſpace, whoſe every cubit
Seems to cry out, *How ſhall that* Claribel
Measure us back to Naples? — Keep in *Tunis*,
And let *Sebaſtian* wake. — Say, this were death
That now hath ſeiz'd them; why, they were no worſe
Than now they are: There be, that can rule *Naples*
As well as he that ſleeps; lords, that can prate
As amply, and unneceſſarily,
As this *Gonzalo*; I myſelf could make
A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a ſleep were this
For your advancement? Do you underſtand me?
Seb. Methinks, I do.
Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?
Seb. I remember,
You did ſupplant your brother *Proſpero*.
Ant. True:
And, look, how feat my garments ſit upon me;
Much feater than before: My brother's ſervants
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.
Seb. But, for your conſcience —
Ant. Ay, ſir; but where lyes that? if 'twere a kybe,
'Twould put me to my ſlipper: But I feel not
This deity in my bosom: twenty conſciences,
That ſtand 'twixt me and *Milan*, candy'd be they,
Would melt, ere they moleſt. Here lyes your brother,
No better than the earth he lyes upon,
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;
Whom I with this obedient ſteel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever: whiles you, doing † thus,

28 And melt

To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient morſel, this ſir *Prudence*, who
Should not upbraid our courſe: For all the reſt,
They'll take ſuggeſtion, as a cat laps milk;
They'll tell the clock to any buſineſs that
We ſay befits the hour.

Seb. Thy caſe, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent; as thou got'ſt *Milan*,
I'll come by *Naples*. Draw thy ſword: one ſtroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'ſt;
And I the king ſhall love thee.

Ant. Draw together:
And when I rear my hand, do you the like
To fall it on *Gonzalo*.

Seb. O, but one word. [*they talk apart.*

Enter Ariel, *invisible.*

Ari. "My maſter through his art foreſees the danger"
"That you, his friend, are in; and ſends me forth"
"(For elſe his project dies) to keep them living."
[*ſings in* Gonzalo's *Ear.*

While you here do ſnoring lye,
open-ey'd conſpiracy
his time doth take:
If of life you keep a care,
ſhake off ſlumber, and beware:
awake! awake!

Ant. Then let us both be ſudden.

Gon. Now, good angels preserve the king!
[*ſtarting up. All wake.*

Alo. Why, how now, ho! awake? — Why are you
Wherefore this gaſtly looking? [drawn?

Gon. What's the matter?

Seb. Whiles we ſtood here ſecuring your repoſe,
Even now, we heard a hollow burſt of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions; Did't not wake you?
It ſtrook mine ear moſt terribly.

Alo. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a monſter's ear;
To make an earth-quake! ſure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.

Alo. Heard you this, *Gonzalo?*

Gon. Upon mine honour, ſir, I heard a humming,
And that a ſtrange one too, which did awake me:
I ſhak'd you, ſir, and cry'd; as mine eyes open'd,
I ſaw their weapons drawn: there was a noiſe,
That's verily: 'Tis beſt, we ſtand upon our guard;
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

Alo. Lead off this ground; and let's make further ſearch
For my poor ſon.

Gon. Heavens keep him from these beaſts!
For he is, ſure, i' the iſland.

Alo. Lead away.

Ari. "*Proſpero* my lord ſhall know what I have done."
"So, king, go ſafely on to ſeek thy ſon." [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Another Part of the Iſland.*

Enter Caliban, *with a Burthen of Wood: A Noiſe of Thunder heard.*

Cal. All the infections that the ſun ſucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on *Proſper* fall, and make him
By inch-meal a diſeaſe! His ſpirits hear me,
And yet I needs muſt curſe. But they'll not pinch,
Fright me with urchin ſhews, pitch me i' th' mire,

[*throwing down his Burthen.*

Nor lead me, like a fire-brand, in the dark
Out of my way, unleſs he bid 'em; but
For every trifle are they ſet upon me:
Sometime like apes, that moe and chatter at me,
And after bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
Lye tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall; ſometime am I
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
Do hiſs me into madneſs;—Lo, now, lo!

Enter TRINCULO.

Here comes a ſpirit of his; and to torment me,
For bringing wood in ſlowly: I'll fall flat;
[*caſts himſelf on the Ground.*
Perchance, he will not mind me.

Tri. Here's neither buſh nor ſhrub, to bear off any weather at all; and another ſtorm brewing, I hear it ſing i' th' wind: yond' ſame black cloud, yond' huge one, looks like a foul bumbard that would ſhed his liquor: if it ſhould thunder, as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond' ſame cloud cannot choose but fall by pail-fulls.—What have we here? [*ſeeing* Caliban.] a man, or a fiſh? Dead, or alive? A fiſh: he ſmells like a fiſh; a very ancient and fiſh-like ſmell; a kind of, not of the neweſt, poor-*John*. A ſtrange fiſh! Were I in *England* now, (as once I was) and had but this fiſh painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of ſilver: there would this monſter make a man; any ſtrange beaſt there makes a man; when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to ſee a dead *Indian*. Leg'd like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm, o'my troth! I do now let looſe my opinion, hold it no longer; this

is no fiſh, but an iſlander, that hath lately ſuffer'd by a thunder-bolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas, the ſtorm is come again: my beſt way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other ſhelter hereabout: Misery acquaints a man with ſtrange bed-fellows: I will here ſhrowd 'till the dregs of the ſtorm be paſt. [*creeping under* Caliban.

Enter STEPHANO, *ſinging*; *a Bottle in his Hand.*

STE. *I ſhall no more to ſea, to ſea,*
here ſhall I dye a-ſhore; —

This is a very ſcurvy tune to ſing at a man's funeral: Well, here's my comfort. [*drinks.*

The maſter, the ſwabber, the boatſwain, and I,
the gunner, and his mate,
lov'd Mall, Meg, *and* Marrian, *and* Margery,
but none of us car'd for Kate:
for ſhe had a tongue with a tang,
would cry to a ſailor, Go, hang;
ſhe lov'd not the ſavour of tar nor of pitch,
yet a tailor might ſcratch her where-e'er ſhe did itch:
then to ſea, boys, and let her go hang.

This is a ſcurvy tune too: But here's my comfort. [*drinks.*

CAL. Do not torment me: O!

STE. What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon's, with ſavages, and men of *Inde*? Ha! I have not 'ſcap'd drowning, to be afeard now of your four legs; for it hath been ſaid, As proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground: and it ſhall be ſaid ſo again, while *Stephano* breaths at noſtrils.

CAL. The ſpirit torments me; O!

STE. This is ſome monſter of the iſle, with four legs; who hath got, as I take it, an ague: Where, the devil,

ſhould he learn our language? I will give him ſome relief, if it be but for that: If I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to *Naples* with him, he's a preſent for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, pr'ythee; I'll bring my wood home faſter.

Ste. He's in his fit now; and does not talk after the wiſeſt: He ſhall taſte of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit: If I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him; he ſhall pay for him, that hath him, and that ſoundly.

Cal. Thou doſt me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: Now *Proſper* works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat; open your mouth: this will ſhake your ſhaking, I can tell you, and that ſoundly: you cannot tell who's your friend; open your chaps again.

Tri. I ſhould know that voice: It ſhould be — But he is drown'd; and these are devils: O, defend me!

Ste. Four legs, and two voices; a moſt delicate monſter! His forward voice now is to ſpeak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul ſpeeches, and to detract: If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague: Come, Amen; I will pour ſome in thy other mouth.

Tri. Stephano, —

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? mercy, mercy! This is a devil, and no monſter: I will leave him; I have no long ſpoon.

Tri. *Stephano,*—if thou be'ſt *Stephano*, touch me, and ſpeak to me; for I am *Trinculo,*—be not afeard,—thy good friend *Trinculo.*

Ste. If thou be'ſt *Trinculo*, come forth; I'll pull thee by the leſſer legs; if any be *Trinculo*'s legs, these are they: [*hauling him: he and* Cal. *rise.*] Thou art very *Trinculo* indeed: How cam'ſt thou to be the ſiege of this moon-calf? can he vent *Trinculo*'s?

Tri. I took him to be kill'd with a thunder-ſtroke;—But art thou not drown'd, *Stephano?* I hope now, thou art not drown'd:—Is the ſtorm over-blown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine, for fear of the ſtorm:—And art thou living, *Stephano?* O *Stephano*, two *Neapolitans* 'ſcap'd!

Ste. Pr'ythee, do not turn me about; my ſtomach is not conſtant.

Cal. These be fine things, an if they be not ſprights! That's a brave god, and bears celeſtial liquor:
I will kneel to him.

Ste. How did'ſt thou 'ſcape? How cam'ſt thou hither? ſwear by this bottle, how thou cam'ſt hither. I eſcap'd upon a but of ſack, which the ſailors heaved o'er-board, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, ſince I was caſt a-ſhore.

Cal. I'll ſwear, upon that bottle, to be thy true ſubject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here; ſwear then how thou eſcap'dſt.

Tri. Swom a-ſhore, man, like a duck; I can ſwim like a duck, I'll be ſworn.

Ste. Here, † kiſs the book: Though thou can'ſt ſwim like a duck, thou art made like a gooſe.

Tri. O *Stephano*, haſt any more of this?

Ste. The whole but, man; my cellar is in a rock by th' ſea-ſide, where my wine is hid.—How now, moon-calf? how does thine ague?

Cal. Haſt thou not dropt from heaven?

Ste. Out o' th' moon, I do aſſure thee: I was the man i' th' moon, when time was.

Cal. I have ſeen thee in her; and I do adore thee: My miſtreſs ſhew'd me thee, and thy dog, and thy buſh.

Ste. Come, ſwear to that; kiſs the book: I will furniſh it anon with new contents: † ſwear.

Tri. By this good light, this is a very ſhallow monſter:—I afeard of him?—a very weak monſter:—The man i' th' moon?—a moſt poor credulous monſter:—Well drawn, monſter, in good ſooth.

Cal. I'll ſhew thee every fertil inch o'the iſle;
And I will kiſs thy foot: I pr'ythee, be my god.

Tri. By this light, a moſt perfidious and drunken monſter; when's god's aſleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kiſs thy foot: I'll ſwear myſelf thy ſubject.

Ste. Come on then; down, and ſwear.

Tri. I ſhall laugh myſelf to death at this puppy-headed monſter: A moſt ſcurvy monſter: I could find in my heart to beat him,—

Ste. Come, kiſs.

Tri. but that the poor monſter's in drink: An abominable monſter.

Cal. I'll ſhew thee the beſt ſprings; I'll pluck thee [berries;
I'll fiſh for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I ſerve!
I'll bear him no more ſticks, but follow thee,
Thou wondrous man.

Tri. A moſt ridiculous monſter; to make a wonder

of a poor drunkard!

Cal. I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
Show thee a jay's neſt, and inſtruct thee how
To ſnare the nimble marmoset; I'll bring thee
To cluſt'ring filberds, and ſometimes I'll get thee
Young ſcamels from the rock: Wilt thou go with me?

Ste. I pr'ythee now, lead the way without any more talking.—*Trinculo*, the king, and all our company elſe, being drown'd, we will inherit here.—Here, [*to* Cal.] bear my bottle:—Fellow *Trinculo*, we'll fill him by and by again.

Cal. Farewel, maſter; farewel, farewel.
[*ſinging drunkenly.*

Tri. A howling monſter; a drunken monſter.

Cal. No more dams I'll make for fiſh;
nor fetch in firing
at requiring,
nor ſcrape trenchering, nor waſh diſh:
'Ban, 'Ban, Ca—Caliban
has a new maſter,—Get a new man.
Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom, hey-day, freedom!

Ste. O brave monſter! lead the way. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Before* Proſpero's *Cell.*

Enter Ferdinand, *bearing a Log.*

[bour

Fer. There be ſome ſports are painful; and their la-
Delight in them ſets off: ſome kinds of baſeneſs

Are nobly undergone; and moſt poor matters
Point to rich ends: This my mean taſk would be
As heavy to me, as 'tis odious; but
The miſtreſs, which I ſerve, quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleasures: O, ſhe is
Ten times more gentle, than her father's crabbed;
And he's compos'd of harſhneſs. I muſt remove
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
Upon a ſore injunction: my ſweet miſtreſs
Weeps, when ſhe ſees me work; and ſays, ſuch baſeneſs
Had ne'er like executor. I forget:
But these ſweet thoughts do even refreſh my labours;
Moſt busy-leſs, when I do it.

Enter MIRANDA; *and* PROSPERO, *at a Diſtance, unſeen.*

MIR. Alas, now! pray you,
Work not ſo hard: I would, the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you're enjoin'd to pile!
Pray, ſet it down, and reſt you: when this burns,
'Twill weep for having weary'd you: My father
Is hard at ſtudy; pray now, reſt yourſelf;
He's ſafe for these three hours.

FER. O moſt dear miſtreſs,
The ſun will ſet before I ſhall diſcharge
What I muſt ſtrive to do.

MIR. If you'll ſit down,
I'll bear your logs the while: Pray, give me that;
I'll carry't to the pile.

FER. No, precious creature;
I had rather crack my ſinews, break my back,
Than you ſhould ſuch diſhonour undergo,
While I ſit lazy by.

Mir. It would become me
As well as it does you: and I ſhould do it
With much more ease; for my good will is to it,
And yours it is againſt.
Pro. "Poor worm, thou art infected;"
"This visitation ſhews it."
Mir. You look wearily.
Fer. No, noble miſtreſs; 'tis freſh morning with me,
When you are by at night. I do beſeech you,
(Chiefly, that I might ſet it in my prayers)
What is you name?
Mir. Miranda: —O my father,
I have broke your heſt to ſay ſo.
Fer. Admir'd *Miranda!*
Indeed, the top of admiration; worth
What deareſt to the world! Full many a lady
I have ey'd with beſt regard; and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for ſeveral virtues
Have I lik'd ſeveral women; never any
With ſo full ſoul, but ſome defect in her
Did quarrel with the nobleſt grace ſhe ow'd,
And put it to the foil: But you, o you,
So perfect, and ſo peerleſs, are created
Of every creature's beſt.
Mir. I do not know
One of my ſex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glaſs, my own; nor have I ſeen
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I am ſkill-leſs of; but, by my modeſty,
(The jewel in my dower) I would not wiſh

Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a ſhape,
Beſides yourſelf, to like of: But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition,
A prince, *Miranda*; I do think, a king;
(I would not ſo!) and would no more endure
This wooden ſlavery, than I would ſuffer
The fleſh-fly blow my mouth: Hear my ſoul ſpeak;
The very inſtant that I ſaw you, did
My heart fly to your ſervice; there reſides,
To make me ſlave to it; and, for your ſake,
Am I this patient log-man.

Mir. Do you love me?

Fer. O heaven, o earth, bear witneſs to this ſound,
And crown what I profeſs with kind event,
If I ſpeak true; if hollowly, invert
What beſt is boded me, to miſchief! I,
Beyond all limit of what elſe i' the world,
Do love, prize, honour you.

Mir. I am a fool,
To weep at what I am glad of.

Pro. "Fair encounter"
"Of two moſt rare affections! Heavens rain grace"
"On that which breeds between them!"

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mir. At mine unworthineſs, that dare not offer
What I desire to give; and much leſs take
What I ſhall dye to want: But this is trifling;
And all the more it ſeeks to hide itſelf,
The bigger bulk it ſhews. Hence, baſhful cunning;

9 then to ſuffer

And prompt me, plain and holy innocence !
I am your wife, if you will marry me ;
If not, I'll dye your maid : to be your fellow
You may deny me ; but I'll be your ſervant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My miſtreſs, dearеſt,
And I thus humble ever.

Mir. My husband then ?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom : here's my hand. [wel,

Mir. And mine, with my heart in't : And now, fare-
'Till half an hour hence.

Fer. A thousand thousand !

[*Exeunt* Fer. *and* Mir. *ſeverally.*

Pro. So glad of this as they, I cannot be,
Who are ſurpriz'd with all ; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book ;
For yet, ere ſupper-time, muſt I perform
Much buſineſs appertaining. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Another Part of the Iſland.*

Enter Stephano, *and* Trinculo, *reeling* ;
Caliban *following, with the Bottle.*

Ste. Tell not me ; when the but is out, we will drink water ; not a drop, before : therefore bear up, and board 'em : — Servant monſter, drink to me.

Tri. Servant monſter ? the folly of this iſland ! They ſay, there's but five upon this iſle : we are three of them ; if the other two be brain'd like us, the ſtate totters.

Ste. Drink, ſervant monſter, when I bid thee ; thy eyes are almoſt ſet in thy head.

Tri. Where ſhould they be ſet elſe ? he were a brave

monſter indeed, if they were ſet in his tail.

Ste. My man monſter hath drown'd his tongue in ſack: for my part, the ſea cannot drown me; I ſwam, ere I could recover the ſhore, five and thirty leagues, off and on, by this light.—Thou ſhalt be my lieutenant, monſter, or my ſtandard.

Tri. Your lieutenant, if you liſt; he's no ſtandard.

Ste. We'll not run, monſieur monſter.

Tri. Nor go neither: but you'll lye, like dogs; and yet ſay nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, ſpeak once in thy life, if thou be'ſt a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy ſhoe: I'll not ſerve him, he is not valiant.

Tri. Thou ly'ſt, moſt ignorant monſter; I am in caſe to juſtle a conſtable: Why, thou deboſh'd fiſh thou, was there ever man a coward, that hath drunk ſo much ſack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell me a monſtrous lye, being but half a fiſh, and half a monſter?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me; Wilt thou let him, my lord?

Tri. Lord, quoth he? that a monſter ſhould be ſuch a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again: bite him to death, I pr'ythee.

Ste. *Trinculo*, keep a good tongue in your head; if you prove a mutineer, the next tree: the poor monſter's my ſubject, and he ſhall not ſuffer indignity.

Cal, I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd To hearken once again to the ſuit I made to thee?

Ste. Marry, will I: kneel, and repeat it; I will ſtand, and ſo ſhall *Trinculo*.

Enter Ariel, *invisible*.

5 v. *Note*.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am ſubject to a tyrant; a ſorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the iſland.

Ari. Thou ly'ſt.

Cal. Thou ly'ſt, thou jeſting monkey thou;
I would, my valiant maſter would deſtroy thee:
I do not lye.

Ste. *Trinculo*, if you trouble him any more in's tale, by this hand, I will ſupplant ſome of your teeth.

Tri. Why, I ſaid nothing.

Ste. Mum, then, and no more:—Proceed.

Cal. I ſay, by ſorcery he got this iſle;
From me he got it: If thy greatneſs will
Revenge it on him,—for, I know, thou dar'ſt;
But this † thing dare not,—

Ste. That's moſt certain.

Cal. thou ſhalt be lord of it, and I'll ſerve thee.

Ste. How now ſhall this be compaſſ'd? Can'ſt thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord; I'll yield him thee aſleep,
Where thou may'ſt knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou ly'ſt, thou can'ſt not.

Cal. What a py'd ninny's this?—Thou ſcurvy patch!—
I do beſeech thy greatneſs, give him blows,
And take his bottle from him: when that's gone,
He ſhall drink nought but brine; for I'll not ſhew him
Where the quick freſhes are.

Ste. *Trinculo*, run into no further danger: interrupt the monſter one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out o' doors, and make a ſtock-fiſh of thee.

Tri. Why, what did I? I did nothing: I'll go no farther off.

Ste. Did'ſt thou not ſay, he ly'd?

Ari. Thou ly'ſt.

Ste. Do I ſo? take thou that: [*ſtriking him.*] As you like this, give me the lye another time.

Tri. I did not give the lye: Out o' your wits, and hearing too?—A pox o' your bottle! this can ſack, and drinking, do.—A murrain on your monſter, and the devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha.

Ste. Now forward with your tale.—Pr'ythee, ſtand further off.

Cal. Beat him enough: after a little time,
I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand further.—Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a cuſtom with him
I' the afternoon to ſleep: there thou may'ſt brain him,
Having firſt ſeiz'd his books; or with a log
Batter his ſkull, or paunch him with a ſtake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife: Remember,
Firſt to poſſeſs his books: for without them
He's but a ſot, as I am; nor hath not
One ſpirit to command; they all do hate him
As rootedly as I: burn but his books.
He has brave utenſils, (for ſo he calls them)
Which, when he has a houſe, he'll deck withal.
And that moſt deeply to conſider, is
The beauty of his daughter; he himſelf
Calls her, a non-pareil: I never ſaw a woman,
But only *Sycorax* my dam, and ſhe;
But ſhe as far ſurpaſſeth *Sycorax*,
As great'ſt does leaſt.

Ste. Is it ſo brave a laſs?

Cal. Ay, lord; ſhe will become thy bed, I warrant, And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monſter, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be king and queen; (ſave our graces!) and *Trinculo* and thyſelf ſhall be viceroys: — Doſt thou like the plot, *Trinculo?*

Tri. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand; I am ſorry, I beat thee: but, while thou liv'ſt, keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half hour will he be aſleep; Wilt thou deſtroy him then?

Ste. Ay, on mine honour.

Ari. "This will I tell my maſter."

Cal. Thou mak'ſt me merry: I am full of pleaſure; Let us be jocund: Will you troul the catch You taught me but while-ere?

Ste. At thy requeſt, monſter, I will do reaſon, any reaſon: — Come on, *Trinculo*; let us ſing.

Flout 'em, and ſcout 'em; and ſcout 'em, and flout 'em; Thought is free —

Cal. That's not the tune.

[Ariel *plays the Tune on a Tabor and Pipe.*

Ste. What is this ſame?

Tri. This is the tune of our catch, play'd by the picture of no-body.

Ste. If thou be'ſt a man, ſhew thyſelf in thy likeneſs: if thou be'ſt a devil, take't as thou liſt.

Tri. O, forgive me my ſins!

Ste. He that dies, pays all debts: I defy thee: — Mercy upon us!

Cal. Art thou afeard?

Ste. No, monſter, not I.

Cal. Be not afear'd; the iſle is full of noiſes,
Sounds, and ſweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.
Sometimes a thouſand twangling inſtruments
Will hum about mine ears; and ſometime voices,
That, if I then had wak'd after long ſleep,
Will make me ſleep again: and then, in dreaming,
The clouds, methought, would open, and ſhew riches
Ready to drop upon me; that, when I wak'd,
I cry'd to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I ſhall have my muſick for nothing.

Cal. When *Proſpero* is deſtroy'd.

Ste. That ſhall be by and by: I remember the ſtory.

Tri. The ſound is going away: let's follow it,
And after do our work.

Ste. Lead, monſter; we'll follow.—I would, I could ſee this taborer; he lays it on.

Tri. Wilt come?

Ste. I'll follow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Another Part of the Iſland.*

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, *and Others.*

Gon. By'r-lakin, I can go no further, ſir;
My old bones ake: Here's a maze trod, indeed,
Through forth-rights, and meanders! by your patience,
I needs muſt reſt me.

Alo. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myſelf attach'd with wearineſs,
To the dulling of my ſpirits: ſit down, and reſt.
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it

[20] v. *Note.*

No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd,
Whom thus we ſtray to find; and the ſea mocks
Our fruſtrate ſearch on land: Well, let him go.
Ant. "I am right glad, that he's ſo out of hope."
"Do not, for one repulſe, forego the purpose"
"That you resolv'd to effect."
Seb. "The next advantage"
"Will we take throughly."
Ant. "Let it be to-night;"
"For, now they are oppreſſ'd with travail, they"
"Will not, nor cannot, use ſuch vigilance"
"As when they are freſh,"
Seb. "I ſay, to-night: no more."

Solemn and ſtrange Musick: and Proſpero, *on the Top, invisible. Enter ſeveral ſtrange Shapes, bringing in a Banquet; and dance about it, with gentle Actions of Salutation; and, inviting the King, &c. to eat, they depart.*

Alo. What harmony is this? my good friends, hark.
Gon. Marvelous ſweet musick! [these?
Alo. Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were
Seb. A living drolery: Now I will believe,
That there are unicorns; that in *Arabia*
There is one tree, the phœnix' throne; one phœnix,
At this hour reigning there.
Ant. I'll believe both;
And what does elſe want credit, come to me,
And I'll be ſworn 'tis true: Travellers ne'er did lye,
Though fools at home condemn 'em.
Gon. If in *Naples*
I ſhould report this now, would they believe me?
If I ſhould ſay, I ſaw ſuch iſlanders,

(For, certes, these are people of the iſland)
Who though they are of monſtrous ſhape, yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle, kind, than of
Our human generation you ſhall find
Many, nay, almoſt any.

Pro. "Honeſt lord,"
"Thou haſt ſaid well; for ſome of you there present"
"Are worſe than devils."

Alo. I cannot too much muse;
Such ſhapes, ſuch geſture, and ſuch ſound, expreſſing
(Although they want the uſe of tongue) a kind
Of excellent dumb diſcourſe.

Pro. "Praise in departing."

Fra. They vaniſh'd ſtrangely.

Seb. No matter, ſince [machs.—
They have left their viands behind; for we have ſto-
Wilt please you taſte of what is here?

Alo. Not I. [boys,

Gon. 'Faith, ſir, you need not fear: When we were
Who would believe that there were mountaineers
Dew-lapt like bulls, whose throats had hanging at 'em
Wallets of fleſh? or that there were ſuch men
Whose heads ſtood in their breaſts? which now, we find,
Each putter-out on five for one will bring us
Good warrant of.

Alo. I will ſtand to, and feed,
Although my laſt; no matter, ſince I feel
The beſt is paſt:—Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand to, and do as we.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter Ariel, *like a Harpy: claps his Wings upon the Table; and, with a queint Device, the Banquet vaniſhes.*

24 out of five

Ari. You are three men of ſin, whom deſtiny
(That hath to inſtrument this lower world,
And what is in't) the never-ſurfeited ſea
Hath caused to belch up; and on this iſland,
Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongſt men
Being moſt unfit to live. I have made you mad;
[*ſeeing them draw.*
And even with ſuch like valour men hang and drown
Their proper ſelves: You fools! I and my fellows
Are miniſters of fate; the elements
Of whom your ſwords are temper'd may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemockt-at ſtabs
Kill the ſtill-closing waters, as diminiſh
One down that's in my plume; my fellow miniſters
Are like invulnerable: if you could hurt,
Your ſwords are now too maſſy for your ſtrengths,
And will not be uplifted: But remember
(For that's my buſineſs to you) that you three
From *Milan* did ſupplant good *Proſpero*;
Expos'd unto the ſea (which hath requit it)
Him, and his innocent child: for which foul deed,
The powers (delaying, not forgetting) have
Incenſ'd the ſeas and ſhores, yea, all the creatures,
Againſt your peace: thee of thy ſon, *Alonſo*,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me,
Ling'ring perdition (worſe than any death
Can be at once) ſhall ſtep by ſtep attend
You, and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from
(Which here, in this moſt deſolate iſle, elſe falls
Upon your heads) is nothing, but heart's ſorrow,
And a clear life enſuing.

He vaniſhes in Thunder: Then, to ſoft Musick,

4 up you; 14 dowle that's in my plumbe

Enter the Shapes again, and dance, with Mocks and Moes, and carry out the Table.

Pro. "Bravely the figure of this harpy haſt thou"
"Perform'd, my *Ariel*; a grace it had, devouring;"
"Of my inſtruction haſt thou nothing 'bated,"
"In what thou hadſt to ſay: ſo, with good life,"
"And observation ſtrange, my meaner miniſters"
"Their ſeveral kinds have done: my high charms work,"
"And these, mine enemies, are all knit up"
"In their diſtractions; they now are in my power:"
"And in these fits I leave them, while I visit"
"Young *Ferdinand*, (whom they ſuppose is drown'd)"
"And his and my lov'd darling." [*Exit, from above.*

Gon. I' the name of ſomething holy, ſir, why ſtand [you
In this ſtrange ſtare?

Alo. O, it is monſtrous, monſtrous!
Methought, the billows ſpoke, and told me of it,
The winds did ſing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The name of *Proſper*; it did baſe my treſpaſs:
Therefore my ſon i' the ooze is bedded; and
I'll ſeek him deeper than e'er plummet ſounded,
And with him there lye mudded. [*Exit.*

Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er. [*Exit.*

Ant. I'll be thy ſecond. [*Exit.*

Gon. All three of them are deſperate; their great guilt,
Like poiſon, given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the ſpirits: — I do beſeech you,
That are of ſuppler joints, follow them ſwiftly;
And hinder them from what this extaſy
May now provoke them to.

13 mine lov'd

Adr. Follow, I pray you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, *Before* Proſpero's *Cell.*

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, *and* Miranda.

Pro. If I have too auſterely puniſh'd you,
Your compenſation makes amends; for I
Have given you here a third of mine own life,
Or that for which I live; whom once again
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Haſt ſtrangely ſtood the teſt: here, afore heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift: O *Ferdinand*,
Do not ſmile at me, that I boaſt her off;
For thou ſhalt find, ſhe will out-ſtrip all praiſe,
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I do believe it
Againſt an oracle,

Pro. Then, as my gift, and thine own acquiſition
Worthily purchaſ'd, take my daughter: But
If thou doſt break her virgin knot, before
All ſanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be miniſter'd,
No ſweet aſperſion ſhall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-ey'd diſdain, and diſcord, ſhall beſtrew
The union of your bed with weeds ſo loathly,
That you ſhall hate it both: therefore take heed,
As *Hymen*'s lamps ſhall light you.

Fer. As I hope

[21] my gueſt, and

For quiet days, fair iſſue, and long life,
With ſuch love as is now, The murkieſt den,
The moſt oppórtune place, the ſtrong'ſt ſuggeſtion
Our worſer genius can, ſhall never melt
Mine honour into luſt; to take away
The edge of that day's celebration,
When I ſhall think, or *Phœbus'* ſteeds are founder'd,
Or night kept chain'd below.

Pro. Fairly ſpoke:
Sit then, and talk with her, ſhe is thine own.—
"What, *Ariel*; my induſtrious ſervant, *Ariel!*"

Enter Ariel.

Ari. "What would my potent maſter? here I am:"

Pro. "Thou, and thy meaner fellows, your laſt ſer-
"Did worthily perform; and I muſt use you" [vice"
"In ſuch another trick: go, bring the rabble,"
"O'er whom I give thee power, here, to this place:"
"Incite them to quick motion; for I muſt"
"Beſtow upon the eyes of this young couple"
"Some vanity of mine art; it is my promiſe,"
"And they expect it from me."

Ari. "Presently?"

Pro. "Ay, with a twinck."

Ari. "Before you can ſay, *Come*, and *go*;"
"And breath twice; and cry, *So*, *ſo*;"
"Each one, tripping on his toe,"
"Will be here with mop and moe:"
"Do you love me, maſter? no."

Pro. "Dearly, my delicate *Ariel:* Do not approach,"
"'Till thou doſt hear me call."

Ari. "Well, I conceive." [*Exit* Ariel.

Pro. Look, thou be true; do not give dalliance

[2] as 'tis now

Too much the rein ; the ſtrongeſt oaths are ſtraw
To the fire i' the blood : be more abſtemious,
Or elſe good-night your vow.

Fer. I warrant you, ſir ;
The white, cold, virgin ſnow upon my heart
Abates the ardor of my liver.

Pro. Well.—
" Now come, my *Ariel* ; bring a corollary, "
" Rather than want a ſpirit ; appear, and pertly."—
No tongue ; all eyes ; be ſilent. [*ſoft Muſick.*

A Maſque. Enter Iris.

Iri. *Ceres*, moſt bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and pease;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibling ſheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with ſtover, them to keep ;
Thy banks with pioned and tilled brims,
Which ſpungy *April* at thy heſt betrims, [groves,
To make cold nymphs chaſt crowns ; and thy broom
Whose ſhadow the diſmiſſed batchelor loves,
Being laſs-lorn ; thy pole-clipt vineyard ;
And thy ſea-marge, ſteril, and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyſelf doſt air ; The queen o'the ſky,
Whose watry arch, and meſſenger, am I,
Bids thee leave these ; and with her ſovereign grace,
Here on this graſs-plot, in this very place,
To come and ſport : her peacocks fly amain ;
Approach, rich *Ceres*, her to entertain.

Enter Ceres.

Cer. Hail, many-colour'd meſſenger, that ne'er
Doſt diſobey the wife of *Jupiter* ;
Who, with thy ſaffron wings, upon my flowers
Diffuſeſt honey-drops, refreſhing ſhowers ;

And with each end of thy blue bow doſt crown
My boſky acres, and my unſhrub'd down,
Rich ſcarf to my proud earth; Why hath thy queen
Summon'd me hither to this ſhort-graſſ'd green?
Iri. A contract of true love to celebrate;
And ſome donation freely to eſtate
On the bleſt lovers.
Cer. Tell me, heavenly bow,
If *Venus*, or her ſon, as thou doſt know,
Do now attend the queen? ſince they did plot
The means that duſky *Dis* my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's ſcandal'd company
I have fore-ſworn.
Iri. Of her ſociety
Be not afraid: I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards *Paphos*; and her ſon
Dove-drawn with her: here thought they to have done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are, that no bed-right ſhall be pay'd
'Till *Hymen*'s torch be lighted: but in vain;
Mars's hot minion is return'd again;
Her waſpiſh-headed ſon has broke his arrows,
Swears he will ſhoot no more, but play with ſparrows,
And be a boy right-out.
Cer. High'ſt queen of ſtate,
Great *Juno*, comes; I know her by her gait.

Enter Juno.

Jun. How does my bounteous ſiſter? Go with me,
To bleſs this twain; that they may proſp'rous be,
And honour'd in their iſſue.

S O N G.

Jun. Honour, riches, marriage-bleſſing,

* *long continuance, and encreaſing,*
* *hourly joys be ſtill upon you!*
* Juno *ſings her bleſſings on you.*
* Cer. *Earth's encreaſe, and foizon plenty;*
* *barns, and garners, never empty;*
* *vines, with cluſt'ring bunches growing;*
* *plants, with goodly burthen bowing;*
* *ſpring come to you, at the fartheſt,*
* *in the very end of harveſt!*
* *ſcarcity, and want, ſhall ſhun you;*
* Ceres' *bleſſing ſo is on you.*

Fer. This is a moſt majeſtic vision, and
Harmonious-charming lay: May I be bold
To think these ſpirits?

Pro. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd father, and a wife,
Makes this place paradiſe.

Juno *and* Ceres *whiſper, and ſend* Iris *on Employment.*

Pro. Now, ſilence, ſweet!
Juno, and *Ceres,* whiſper ſeriouſly;
There's ſomething elſe to do: huſh, and be mute,
Or elſe our ſpell is mar'd.

* *Iri.* You nymphs, call'd *Nayads,* of the wind'ring [brooks,
* With your ſedg'd crowns, and ever-harmleſs looks,
* Leave your criſp channels, and on this green-land
* Anſwer your ſummons; *Juno* does command:
* Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
* A contract of true love; be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

[13] charmingly: [22] Sweet now, ſilence:

* You ſun-burnt ſicklemen of *Auguſt* weary,
* Come hither from the furrow, and be merry;
* Make holiday: your rye-ſtraw hats put on,
* And these freſh nymphs encounter every one
* In country footing.

Enter certain Reapers, properly habited: they join with the Nymphs in a graceful Dance; towards the End whereof, Proſpero *ſtarts ſuddenly, and ſpeaks; after which, to a ſtrange, hollow, and confus'd Noiſe, they heavily vaniſh.*

Pro. "I had forgot that foul conſpiracy"
"Of the beaſt *Caliban*, and his confederates,"
"Againſt my life; the minute of their plot"
"Is almoſt come:"—Well done; avoid; no more. [ſion,

Fer. This is moſt ſtrange: your father's in ſome paſ-
That works him ſtrongly.

Mir. Never 'till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger ſo diſtemper'd.

Pro. You do look, my ſon, in a mov'd ſort,
As if you were diſmay'd: be cheerful, ſir.
Our revels now are ended: these our actors,
As I fore-told you, were all ſpirits; and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baſeleſs fabrick of this vision,
The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The ſolemn temples, the great globe itſelf,
Yea, all, which it inherit, ſhall diſſolve;
And, like this inſubſtantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind: We are ſuch ſtuff
As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a ſleep. Sir, I am vext;
Bear with my weakneſs; my old brain is troubl'd:

Be not diſturb'd with my infirmity:
If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell,
And there repose; a turn or two I'll walk,
To ſtill my beating mind.

Fer. Mir. We wiſh your peace. [*Exeunt.*

Pro. Come with a thought,—I thank ye—*Ariel*, come.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to: What's thy pleaſure?

Pro. Spirit,
We muſt prepare to meet with *Caliban.*

Ari. Ay, my commander: when I presented *Ceres*,
I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd
Leſt I might anger thee. [varlets?

Pro. Well; ſay again, where didſt thou leave these

Ari. I told you, ſir, they were red-hot with drinking:
So full of valour, that they ſmote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kiſſing of their feet: yet always bending
Towards their project: Then I beat my tabor;
At which, like unbackt colts, they prick'd their ears,
Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noſes
As they ſmelt muſick; ſo I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd, through
Tooth'd briars, ſharp furzes, pricking goſs, and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail ſhins: at laſt I left them
I'the filthy mantl'd pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'er-ſtunk their feet.

Pro. This was well done, my bird:
Thy ſhape invisible retain thou ſtill:
The trumpery in my houſe, go, bring it hither,
For ſtale to catch these thieves.

6 thank thee

Ari. I go, I go. [*Exit.*

Pro. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never ſtick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all loſt, quite loſt;
And as, with age, his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers: I will plague them all,

Re-enter Ariel, *loaden with gliſt'ring Apparel*, &c.

Even to roaring: — Come, hang them on this line.

Proſpero, *and* Ariel, *invisible. Enter* Caliban, Stephano, *and* Trinculo, *all wet.* [not

Cal. Pray you, tread ſoftly, that the blind mole may
Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.

Ste. Monſter, your fairy, which, you ſay, is a harmleſs fairy, has done little better than play'd the *Jack* with us.

Tri. Monſter, I do ſmell all horſe-piſs; at which my nose is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine. Do you hear, monſter; If I ſhould take a diſpleasure againſt you, look you, —

Tri. thou wert but a loſt monſter.

Cal. Good good my lord, give me thy favour ſtill:
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to ly; —
Shall hood-wink this miſchance: therefore, ſpeak ſoft-
All's huſht as midnight yet.

Tri. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool, —

Ste. There is not only diſgrace and diſhonour in that, monſter, but an infinite loſs.

Tri. That's more to me than my wetting: Yet this is your harmleſs fairy, monſter.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

Cal. Pr'ythee, my king, be quiet: See'ſt thou here,

[s] on them

This is the mouth o' the cell; no noise, and enter:
Do that good miſchief, which may make this iſland
Thine own for ever; and I, thy *Caliban*,
For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand: I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

Tri. O king *Stephano!* O peer! O worthy *Stephano!* look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool; it is but traſh.

Tri. Oh ho, monſter; we know what belongs to a frippery:—O king *Stephano!*

Ste. Put off that gown, *Trinculo*; by this hand, I'll have that gown.

Tri. Thy grace ſhall have it.

Cal. The dropſy drown this fool! what do you mean,
To doat thus on ſuch luggage? Let's along,
And do the murther firſt: if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our ſkins with pinches;
Make us ſtrange ſtuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monſter.—Miſtreſs line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line: Now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

Tri. Do, do; We ſteal by line and level, an't like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jeſt; here's † a garment for't: wit ſhall not go unrewarded, while I am king of this country: *Steal by line and level*, is an excellent paſs of pate; there's another † garment for't.

Tri. Monſter, come, put ſome lime upon your fingers, and away with the reſt.

Cal. I will have none on't: we ſhall lose our time,

16 let's alone

And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes,
With foreheads villainous low

Ste. Monſter, lay to your fingers; help to bear this away, where my hogſhead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.

Tri. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this. [*heaping Garments on him.*

A Noiſe of Hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in Shape of Dogs, and Hounds, and hunt them about; Proſpero, *and* Ariel, *ſetting them on.*

Pro. Hey, *Mountain*, hey!

Ari. *Silver!* there it goes, *Silver!*

Pro. *Fury, Fury!* there, *Tyrant*, there! hark, hark! [Cal. Ste. *and* Tri. *are driven out roaring.*

Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulſions; ſhorten up their ſinews
With aged cramps; and more pinch-ſpotted make them,
Than pard, or cat-o'mountain.

Ari. Hark, they roar.

Pro. Let them be hunted ſoundly. At this hour
Lye at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly ſhall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom; for a little,
Follow, and do me ſervice. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE, the ſame.

Enter Prospero, *and* Ariel.

Pro. Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not; my ſpirits obey; and time

[21] Lies at

Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day?
Ari. On the ſixth hour; at which time, my lord,
You ſaid our work ſhould ceaſe.
Pro. I did ſay ſo,
When firſt I rais'd the tempeſt. Say, my ſpirit,
How fares the king, and his followers?
Ari. Confin'd together
In the ſame faſhion as you gave in charge;
Juſt as you left them; all your prisoners, ſir,
In the lime-grove which weather-fends your cell;
They cannot budge, 'till your releaſe: The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three diſtracted;
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brim-full of ſorrow, and diſmay: but chiefly
Him that you term'd, ſir, *The good old lord*, Gonzalo;
His tears run down his beard, like winter drops
From eaves of reeds: your charm ſo ſtrongly works 'em,
That, if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.
Pro. Doſt thou think ſo, ſpirit?
Ari. Mine would, ſir, were I human.
Pro. And mine ſhall.
Haſt thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions? and ſhall not myſelf,
One of their kind, that reliſh all as ſharply,
Paſſion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am ſtrook to the quick,
Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainſt my fury
Do I take part: the rarer action is
In virtue, than in vengeance: they being penitent,
The ſole drift of my purpose, wrath doth end;
Not a frown further: Go, releaſe them, *Ariel*;

10 *Line-grove* 16 winters 31 doth extend

My charms I'll break, their ſenſes I'll reſtore,
And they ſhall be themſelves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, ſir. [*Exit.*

Pro. Ye elves of hills, brooks, ſtanding lakes, and groves;
And ye, that on the ſands with printleſs foot
Do chaſe the ebbing *Neptune*, and do fly him
When he comes back; you demi-puppets, that
By moon-ſhine do the green ſour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose paſtime
Is to make midnight muſhrooms; that rejoice
To hear the ſolemn curfeu; by whose aid
(Weak maſters though ye be) I have bedim'd
The noon-tide ſun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green ſea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted *Jove*'s ſtout oak
With his own bolt: the ſtrong-baſ'd promontory
Have I made ſhake; and by the ſpurs pluck'd up
The pine, and cedar: graves, at my command,
Have wak'd their ſleepers; op'd, and let them forth,
By my ſo potent art: But this rough magick
I here abjure: and, when I have requir'd
Some heavenly muſick, (which even now I do)
To work mine end upon their ſenſes that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my ſtaff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet ſound
I'll drown my book. [*ſolemn Muſick.*

Re-enter Ariel: *after him,* Alonso, *with a frantick Geſture, attended by* Gonzalo; Sebastian, *and* Antonio, *in like Manner, attended by* Adrian, *and* Franciſco: *They all enter the Circle which*

Proſpero *had made, and there ſtand charm'd*; *which*
Proſpero *observing, ſpeaks.*

A ſolemn air, the beſt comforter
To an unſettl'd fancy, cure thy brains,
Now uſeleſs, boil'd within thy ſkull! there ſtand,
For you are ſpell-ſtopt. —
Holy *Gonzalo*, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even ſociable to the ſhew of thine,
Fall fellow drops. — The charm diſſolves apace;
And as the morning ſteals upon the night,
Melting the darkneſs, ſo their rising ſenſes
Begin to chaſe the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason. — O good *Gonzalo*,
My true preserver, and a loyal ſir
To him thou follow'ſt; I will pay thy graces
Home, both in word and deed. — Moſt cruelly
Didſt thou, *Alonso*, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act; —
Thou art pinch'd for't now, *Sebaſtian*. — Fleſh and blood,
You, brother mine; that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorſe, and nature; who, with *Sebaſtian*,
(Whose inward pinches therefore are moſt ſtrong)
Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art. — Their underſtanding
Begins to ſwell; and the approaching tide
Will ſhortly fill the reasonable ſhore,
That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them,
That yet looks on me, or would know me: — *Ariel*,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell; —

[*Exit* ARIEL.

I will diſcaſe me, and myſelf present
As I was ſometime *Milan*: — quickly, ſpirit;

3 Ayre, and the 5 boile 9 fellowly drops 27 ly foule

Thou ſhalt ere long be free.

Re-enter ARIEL.

ARI. *Where the bee ſucks, there ſuck I;* SONG.
in a cowſlip's bell I lye,
there I couch: when owls do cry,
on the bat's back I do fly
after ſummer, merrily:
Merrily, merrily, ſhall I live now,
under the bloſſom that hangs on the bough.

[*helps to attire* Proſpero.

PRO. Why, that's my dainty *Ariel:* I ſhall miſs thee;
But yet thou ſhalt have freedom: So, ſo, ſo.
To the king's ſhip, invisible as thou art:
There ſhalt thou find the mariners aſleep
Under the hatches; the maſter, and the boatſwain,
Being awake, enforce them to this place,
And presently, I pr'ythee.

ARI. I drink the air before me, and return
Or ere your pulſe twice beat. [*Exit* ARIEL.

GON. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabits here; Some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

PRO. Behold, ſir king,
The wronged duke of *Milan*, *Proſpero:*
For more aſſurance that a living prince
Does now ſpeak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee, and thy company, I bid
A hearty welcome.

ALO. Whe'r thou be'ſt he, or no,
Or ſome enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulſe
Beats, as of fleſh and blood; and, ſince I ſaw thee,

5 v. *Note.*

The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madneſs held me: this muſt crave
(An if this be at all) a moſt ſtrange ſtory.
Thy dukedom I resign; and do entreat,
Thou pardon me my wrongs:—But how ſhould *Proſpero*
Be living, and be here?

Pro. Firſt, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age; whose honour cannot
Be measur'd, or confin'd.

Gon. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'll not ſwear.

Pro. You do yet taſte
Some ſubtleties o' the iſle, that will not let you
Believe things certain:—Welcome, my friends all:—
"But you, my brace of lords, were I ſo minded,"
"I here could pluck his highneſs' frown upon you,"
"And juſtify you traitors; at this time"
"I'll tell no tales."

Seb. "The devil ſpeaks in him." [*to* Ant.

Pro. "No."—
For you, moſt wicked ſir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankeſt fault; all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which, perforce, I know,
Thou muſt reſtore.

Alo. If thou be'ſt *Proſpero*,
Give us particulars of thy preservation:
How thou haſt met us here, who three hours ſince
Were wreck'd upon this ſhore; where I have loſt
(How ſharp the point of this remembrance is!)
My dear ſon *Ferdinand*.

Pro. I am woe for't, ſir.

Alo. Irreparable is the loſs; and patience
Says, it is paſt her cure.
Pro. I rather think,
You have not ſought her help; of whose ſoft grace,
For the like loſs, I have her ſovereign aid,
And reſt myſelf content.
Alo. You the like loſs?
Pro. As great to me, as late, ſir: and ſupportable
To make the dear loſs, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you; for I
Have loſt my daughter.
Alo. Daughter?
O heavens! that they were living both in *Naples*,
The king and queen there! that they were, I wiſh
Myſelf were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my ſon lies. When did you lose your daughter?
Pro. In this laſt tempeſt. I perceive, these lords
At this encounter do ſo much admire,
That they devour their reason; and ſcarce think,
Their eyes do offices of truth, these words
Are natural breath: but, howſoe'er you have
Been juſtl'd from your ſenſes, know for certain
That I am *Proſpero*, and that very duke
Which was thruſt forth of *Milan*; who moſt ſtrangely
Upon this ſhore, where you were wreckt, was landed,
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfaſt, nor
Befitting this firſt meeting: Welcome, ſir;
This cell's my court: here have I few attendants,
And ſubjects none abroad: pray you, look in:
My dukedom ſince you have given me again,

12 A daughter? 20 Their words

I will requite you with as good a thing;
At leaſt, bring forth a wonder, to content you
As much, as me my dukedom.

Cell opens; and diſcovers FERDINAND, *and* MIRANDA, *playing at Cheſs.*

MIR. Sweet lord, you play me falſe.

FER. No, my dear'ſt love,
I would not for the world. [gle,

MIR. Yes, for a ſcore of kingdoms you ſhould wran-
And I would call it fair play.

ALO. If this prove
A vision of the iſland, one dear ſon
Shall I twice lose.

SEB. A moſt high miracle!

FER. Though the ſeas threaten, they are merciful;
I have curſ'd them without cause.

[*running to* Alonso, *and kneeling.*

ALO. Now all the bleſſings
Of a glad father compaſs thee about!
Arise, and ſay how thou cam'ſt here.

MIR. O wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has ſuch people in't!

PRO. 'Tis new to thee. [play?

ALO. What is this maid, with whom thou waſt at
Your eld'ſt acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is ſhe the goddeſs that hath ſever'd us,
And brought us thus together?

FER. Sir, ſhe is mortal;
But, by immortal providence, ſhe's mine:
I chose her, when I could not aſk my father

For his advice; nor thought I had one: ſhe
Is daughter to this famous duke of *Milan*,
Of whom ſo often I have heard renown,
But never ſaw before; of whom I have
Receiv'd a ſecond life, and ſecond father
This lady makes him to me.

Alo. I am her's:
But, o, how oddly will it ſound, that I
Muſt aſk my child forgiveneſs?

Pro. There, ſir, ſtop;
Let us not burthen our remembrance with
A heavineſs that's gone.

Gon. I have inly wept,
Or ſhould have ſpoke ere this: Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a bleſſed crown;
For it is you, that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither!

Alo. I ſay, amen, *Gonzalo*.

Gon. Was *Milan* thruſt from *Milan*, that his iſſue
Should become kings of *Naples?* O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy; and ſet it down
With gold, on laſting pillars: In one voyage
Did *Claribel* her husband find at *Tunis*;
And *Ferdinand*, her brother, found a wife,
Where he himſelf was loſt; *Proſpero* his dukedom,
In a poor iſle; and all of us ourſelves,
When no man was his own.

Alo. Give me your hands: [*to* Fer. *and* Mir.
Let grief and ſorrow ſtill embrace his heart,
That doth not wiſh you joy!

Gon. Be it ſo! amen!

Re-enter Ariel; *with the Maſter, and Boatſwain,*

[11] remembrances,

amazedly following.

O look, ſir, look, ſir, here is more of us:
I propheſy'd, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown:—Now, blaſphemy,
That ſwear'ſt grace o'er-board, not an oath on ſhore?
Haſt thou no mouth by land? What is the news?

Boa. The beſt news is, that we have ſafely found
Our king, and company: the next, our ſhip,—
Which, but three glaſſes ſince, we gave out ſplit,—
Is tight, and yare, and bravely rig'd, as when
We firſt put out to ſea.

Ari. "Sir, all this ſervice"
"Have I done ſince I went."

Pro. "My trickſey ſpirit!"

Alo. These are not natural events; they ſtrengthen,
From ſtrange to ſtranger:—Say, how came you hither?

Boa. If I did think, ſir, I were well awake,
I'd ſtrive to tell you. We were dead aſleep,
And (how, we know not) all clapt under hatches:
Where, but even now, with ſtrange and ſeveral noises,
Of roaring, ſhrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And more diverſity of ſounds, all horrible,
We were awak'd; ſtraightway, at liberty:
Where we, in all her trim, freſhly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ſhip; our maſter
Cap'ring to eye her: On a trice, ſo please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.

Ari. "Was't well done?"

Pro. "Bravely, my diligence: thou ſhalt be free."

Alo. This is as ſtrange a maze as e'er men trod;
And there is in this buſineſs more than nature

18 dead of ſleepe 24 all our trim

Was ever conduct of: ſome oracle
Muſt rectify our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my liege,
Do not infeſt your mind with beating on
The ſtrangeneſs of this buſineſs; at pickt leisure,
Which ſhall be ſhortly, ſingle I'll resolve you
(Which to you ſhall ſeem probable) of every
These happen'd accidents: 'till when, be chearful;
And think of each thing well.—"Come hither, ſpirit;"
"Set *Caliban*, and his companions, free;" [ſir?
"Unty the ſpell." [*Exit* Ari.] How fares my gracious
There are yet miſſing of your company
Some few odd lads, that you remember not.

Re-enter Ariel, *driving in* Caliban, Stephano, *and* Trinculo, *in their ſtoln Apparel.*

Ste. Every man ſhift for all the reſt, and let no man take care for himſelf; for all is but fortune:—*Coragio*, bully monſter, *Coragio!*

Tri. If these be true ſpies which I wear in my head, here's a goodly ſight.

Cal. O *Setebos*, these be brave ſpirits, indeed!
How fine my maſter is! I am afraid,
He will chaſtise me.

Seb. Ha, ha; What things are these, my lord *Antonio?*
Will money buy them?

Ant. Very like; one of them
Is a plain fiſh, and, no doubt, marketable.

Pro. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,
Then ſay, if they be true:—This miſ-ſhapen knave,—
His mother was a witch; and one ſo ſtrong
That could controul the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command without her power:

These three have rob'd me; and this demi-devil
(For he's a baſtard one) had plotted with them
To take my life: two of these fellows you
Muſt know, and own; this thing of darkneſs I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I ſhall be pinch'd to death.

Alo. Is not this *Stephano*, my drunken butler?

Seb. He is drunk now; Where had he wine?

Alo. And *Trinculo* is reeling ripe; Where ſhould they
Find this grand 'lixir that hath gilded them? —
How cam'ſt thou in this pickle?

Tri. I have been in ſuch a pickle ſince I ſaw you laſt, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I ſhall not fear fly-blowing.

Seb. Why, how now, *Stephano?*

Ste. O, touch me not; I am not *Stephano*, but a cramp.

Pro. You'd be king o'the iſle, ſirrah?

Ste. I ſhould have been a ſore one then.

Alo. This is as ſtrange a thing as e'er I look'd on.

Pro. He is as diſproportion'd in his manners,
As in his ſhape: — Go, ſirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handſomely.

Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter,
And ſeek for grace: What a thrice-double aſs
Was I, to take this † drunkard for a god;
And worſhip this † dull fool?

Pro. Go to, away. [found it.

Alo. Hence, and beſtow your luggage where you

Seb. Or ſtole it, rather.

[*Exeunt* Cal. Ste. *and* Tri.

Pro. Sir, I invite your highneſs, and your train,

[10] grand Liquor [19] a ſtrange

To my poor cell: where you ſhall take your reſt
For this one night; which (part of it) I'll waſte
With ſuch diſcourſe, as, I not doubt, ſhall make it
Go quick away: the ſtory of my life;
And the particular accidents, gone by
Since I came to this iſle: And, in the morn,
I'll bring you to your ſhip; and ſo to *Naples*;
Where I have hope to ſee the nuptials
Of these our dear-beloved ſolemniz'd:
And thence retire me to my *Milan*; where
Every third thought ſhall be my grave.

Alo. I long
To hear the ſtory of your life; which muſt
Take the ear ſtrangely.

Pro. I'll deliver all;
And promise you calm ſeas, auſpitious gales,
And ſail ſo expeditious, that ſhall catch
Your royal fleet far off:—"My *Ariel*; chick,"
"That is thy charge: Then, to the elements;"
"Be free; and fare thou well."—Please you, draw near.

advancing,

Now my charms are all o'er-thrown,
And what ſtrength I have 's mine own;
Which is moſt faint: now, 'tis true,
I muſt be here confin'd by you,
Or ſent to Naples: *Let me not,*
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare iſland, by your ſpell;
But releaſe me from my bands

With the help of your good hands:
Gentle breath of yours my ſails
Muſt fill, or elſe my project fails,
Which was to please: Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant,
And my ending is deſpair;
Unleſs I be reliev'd by prayer;
Which pierces ſo, that it aſſaults
Mercy itſelf, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence ſet me free.

[*Exeunt.*

The two

GENTLEMEN

of

VERONA.

Perſons represented.

Duke, Vice-roy of Milan:
Thurio, } *Gentlemen of his Court.*
Eglamour, }
Valentine, } *Gentlemen of* Verona.
Protheus, }
Antonio, Protheus' *Father:*
Panthino, *his Domeſtick.*
Speed, *Page to* Valentine.
Launce, *Servant to* Protheus.
Servant, attending the Duke.
Hoſt, a Milaneſe.
three Out-laws.

Silvia, *Daughter to the Duke.*
Julia, *a Lady of* Verona:
Lucetta, *her Woman.*

Other Attendants, Out-laws, and Musicians.

Scene, diſperſ'd; in Verona, Milan,
and the Frontiers of Mantua.

The *two* GENTLEMEN *of* VERONA.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Verona. *A Street.*

Enter VALENTINE, *and* PROTHEUS.

VAL. Ceaſe to perſuade, my loving *Protheus*;
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits:
Wer't not, affection chains thy tender days
To the ſweet glances of thy honour'd love,
I rather would entreat thy company,
To ſee the wonders of the world abroad,
Than, living dully ſluggardiz'd at home,
Wear out thy youth in ſhapeleſs idleneſs.
But, ſince thou lov'ſt, love ſtill, and thrive therein;
Even as I would, when I to love begin.

PRO. Wilt thou be gone? ſweet *Valentine*, adieu!
Think on thy *Protheus*, when thou, haply, ſee'ſt
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:
Wiſh me partaker in thy happineſs,
When thou doſt meet good hap; and, in thy danger,
(If ever danger do environ thee)

Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy beads-man, *Valentine*.

Val. And on a love-book pray for my ſucceſs.

Pro. Upon ſome book I love, I'll pray for thee.

Val. That's on ſome ſhallow ſtory of deep love,
How young *Leander* croſſ'd the *Helleſpont*.

Pro. That's a deep ſtory of a deeper love;
For he was more than over ſhoes in love.

Val. 'Tis true; for you are over boots in love,
And yet you never ſwom the *Helleſpont*.

Pro. Over the boots? nay, give me not the boots.

Val. No, I will not; for it boots thee not.

Pro. What? [groans;

Val. To be in love,—where ſcorn is bought with
Coy looks, with heart-ſore ſighs; one fading moment's
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights: [mirth
If haply won, perhaps a hapleſs gain;
If loſt, why then a grievous labour won;
However, but a folly bought with wit,
Or elſe a wit by folly vanquiſhed.

Pro. So, by your circumſtance, you call me fool.

Val. So, by your circumſtance, I fear, you'll prove.

Pro. 'Tis love you cavil at; I am not love.

Val. Love is your maſter; for he maſters you:
And he that is ſo yoked by a fool,
Methinks, ſhould not be chronicl'd for wise.

Pro. Yet writers ſay, As in the ſweeteſt bud
The eating canker dwells; ſo eating love
Inhabits in the fineſt wits of all.

Val. And writers ſay, As the moſt forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow;
Even ſo by love the young and tender wit

Is turn'd to folly; blaſting in the bud,
Losing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waſte I time, to counſel thee
That art a votary to fond desire?
Once more, adieu: my father at the road
Expects my coming, there to ſee me ſhip'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee, *Valentine.*

Val. Sweet *Protheus*, no; now let us take our leave:
At *Milan* let me hear from thee by letters,
Of thy ſucceſs in love, and what news elſe
Betideth here in abſence of thy friend;
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

Pro. All happineſs bechance to thee in *Milan!*

Val. As much to you at home! and ſo, farewel.

[*Exit* Valentine.

Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love:
He leaves his friends, to dignify them more;
I leave myſelf, my friends, and all for love.
Thou, *Julia*, thou haſt metamorphos'd me;
Made me neglect my ſtudies, loſe my time,
War with good counſel, ſet the world at nought;
Made wit with musing weak, heart ſick with thought.

Enter Speed, *bluntly.*

Spe. Sir *Protheus!* 'ſave you, ſir: Saw you my maſter?

Pro. But now he parted hence, to embark for *Milan.*

Spe. Twenty to one then, he is ſhip'd already;
And I have play'd the ſheep, in loſing him,

Pro. Indeed, a ſheep doth very often ſtray,
An' if the ſhepherd be a while away.

Spe. You conclude, that my maſter is a ſhepherd then, and I a ſheep?

19 I love my

Pro. I do.

Spe. Why then my horns are his horns, wheher I wake, or ſleep.

Pro. A ſilly anſwer, and fitting well a ſheep.

Spe. This proves me ſtill a ſheep.

Pro. True; and thy maſter a ſhepherd.

Spe. Nay, that I can deny by a circumſtance.

Pro. It ſhall go hard, but I'll prove it by another.

Spe. The ſhepherd ſeeks the ſheep, and not the ſheep the ſhepherd; but I ſeek my maſter, and my maſter ſeeks not me: therefore I am no ſheep.

Pro. The ſheep for fodder follows the ſhepherd, the ſhepherd for food follows not the ſheep; thou for wages follow'ſt thy maſter, thy maſter for wages follows not thee: therefore thou art a ſheep.

Spe. Such another proof will make me cry, ba.

Pro. But doſt thou hear? gav'ſt thou my letter to *Julia?*

Spe. Ay, ſir: I, a loſt mutton, gave your letter to her, a lac'd mutton; and ſhe, a lac'd mutton, gave me, a loſt mutton, nothing for my labour.

Pro. Here's too ſmall a paſture for ſuch ſtore of muttons.

Spe. If the ground be overcharg'd, you were beſt ſtick her.

Pro. Nay, in that you are a-ſtray; 'twere beſt pound you.

Spe. Nay, ſir, leſs than a pound ſhall ſerve me for carrying your letter.

Pro. You miſtake; I mean the pound, a pinfold.

Spe. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over,
'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

Pro. But what ſaid ſhe? [Speed *nods.*] Did ſhe nod?

Spe. I.

Pro. Nod? I? why, that's noddy,

Spe. You miſtook, ſir; I ſaid, ſhe did nod: and you aſk me, if ſhe did nod; and I ſaid, I.

Pro. And that, ſet together, is — noddy.

Spe. Now you have taken the pains to ſet it together, take it for your pains.

Pro. No, no, you ſhall have it for bearing the letter.

Spe. Well, I perceive, I muſt be fain to bear with you.

Pro. Why, ſir, how do you bear with me?

Spe. Marry, ſir, the letter very orderly; having nothing but the word, noddy, for my pains.

Pro. Beſhrew me, but you have a quick wit.

Spe. And yet it cannot overtake your ſlow purſe.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in brief; What ſaid ſhe?

Spe. Open your purſe; that the money, and the matter, may be both at once deliver'd.

Pro. Well, ſir, here ✝ is for your pains: What ſaid ſhe?

Spe. Truly, ſir, I think you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why, could'ſt thou perceive ſo much from her?

Spe. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; no, not ſo much as a ducat for delivering your letter: And, being ſo hard to me that brought your mind, I fear ſhe'll prove as hard to you in telling your mind. Give her no token but ſtones, for ſhe's as hard as ſteel.

Pro. What, ſaid ſhe nothing?

Spe. No, not ſo much as — *take this for thy pains.* To teſtify your bounty, I thank you, you have teſter'd me; in requital whereof, henceforth carry your letters

yourſelf: and ſo, ſir, I'll commend you to my maſter.
[*Exit.*

Pro. Go, go, begone, to ſave your ſhip from wreck;
Which cannot periſh, having thee aboard,
Being deſtin'd to a drier death on ſhore: —
I muſt go ſend ſome better meſſenger;
I fear, my *Julia* would not deign my lines,
Receiving them from ſuch a worthleſs poſt. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The ſame. Garden of* Julia's *Houſe.*
Enter Julia, *and* Lucetta.

Jul. But ſay, *Lucetta*, (now we are alone)
Would'ſt thou then counſel me to fall in love?

Luc. Ay, madam; ſo you ſtumble not unheedfully.

Jul. Of all the fair reſort of gentlemen,
That every day with parle encounter me,
In thy opinion which is worthieſt love? [mind,

Luc. 'Please you repeat their names, I'll ſhew my
According to my ſhallow ſimple ſkill.

Jul. What think'ſt thou of the fair ſir *Eglamour?*

Luc. As of a knight well-ſpoken, neat, and fine;
But, were I you, he never ſhould be mine.

Jul. What think'ſt thou of the rich *Mercatio?*

Luc. Well, of his wealth; but, of himſelf, ſo, ſo.

Jul. What think'ſt thou of the gentle *Protheus?*

Luc. Lord, lord! to ſee what folly reigns in us!

Jul. How now? what means this paſſion at his name?

Luc. Pardon, dear madam; 'tis a paſſing ſhame,
That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should cenſure thus on lovely gentlemen.

Jul. Why not on *Protheus*, as of all the reſt?

Luc. Then thus — of many good I think him beſt.

Jul. Your reason?
Luc. I have no other but a woman's reason;
I think him so, because I think him so.
Jul. And would'st thou have me cast my love on him?
Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.
Jul. Why, he of all the rest hath never mov'd me.
Luc. Yet he of all the rest, I think, best loves you.
Jul. His little speaking shews his love but small.
Luc. Fire, that is closest kept, burns most of all.
Jul. They do not love, that do not shew their love.
Luc. O, they love least, that let men know their love.
Jul. I would, I knew his mind.
Luc. Peruse this † paper, madam.
Jul. To *Julia*, — Say, from whom?
Luc. That the contents will shew.
Jul. Say, say; who gave it thee? [*Protheus:*
Luc. Sir *Valentine*'s page; and sent, I think, from
He would have given it you, but I, being in the way,
Did in your name receive it; pardon the fault, I pray.
Jul. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker!
Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?
To whisper and consPire against my youth?
Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth;
And you an officer fit for the place.
There, take the † paper, see it be return'd;
Or else return no more into my sight.
Luc. To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.
Jul. Will you be gone?
Luc. "that you may ruminate." [*Exit.*
Jul. And yet I would I had o'er-look'd the letter.
It were a shame, to call her back again,
And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.

What fool is ſhe, that knows I am a maid,
And would not force the letter to my view?
Since maids, in modeſty, ſay, no, to that,
Which they would have the profferer conſtrue, ay.
Fie, fie! how wayward is this fooliſh love;
That, like a teſty babe, will ſcratch the nurſe,
And presently, all humbl'd, kiſs the rod!
How churliſhly I chid *Lucetta* hence,
When willingly I would have had her here!
How angerly I taught my brow to frown,
When inward joy enforc'd my heart to ſmile!
My penance is, to call *Lucetta* back,
And aſk remiſſion for my folly paſt: —
What ho! *Lucetta!*

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. What would your ladyſhip?
Jul. Is it near dinner-time?
Luc. I would, it were;
That you might kill your ſtomach on your meat,
And not upon your maid.
Jul. What is't, that you
Took up ſo gingerly?
Luc. Nothing.
Jul. Why didſt thou ſtoop then?
Luc. To take a paper up, that I let fall.
Jul. And is that paper nothing?
Luc. Nothing concerning me.
Jul. Then let it lie for thoſe that it concerns.
Luc. Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,
Unleſs it have a falſe interpreter.
Jul. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rime.
Luc. That I might ſing it, madam, to a tune:

Give me a note; your ladyſhip can ſet.
Jul. As little by ſuch toys as may be poſſible:
Beſt ſing it to the tune of, *Light o' love.*
Luc. It is too heavy for ſo light a tune.
Jul. Heavy? belike, it hath ſome burden then.
Luc. Ay; and melodious were it, would you ſing it.
Jul. And why not you?
Luc. I cannot reach ſo high.
Jul. Let's ſee your † ſong: Why, how now, minion?
Luc. Keep tune there ſtill, ſo you will ſing it out:
And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.
Jul. You do not?
Luc. No, madam, it is too ſharp.
Jul. You, minion, are too ſaucy.
Luc. Nay, now you are too flat,
And mar the concord with too harſh a deſcant:
There wanteth but a mean to fill your ſong.
Jul. The mean is drown'd with your unruly baſe.
Luc. Indeed, I bid the baſe for *Protheus.*
Jul. This babble ſhall not henceforth trouble me.—
Here is a coil with proteſtation!—
[*looking over the Letter; tears, and throws it away.*
Go, get you gone; and let the papers lye:
You would be fing'ring them, to anger me. [pleas'd,
Luc. She makes it ſtrange; but ſhe would be beſt
To be ſo anger'd with another letter. [*Exit.*
Jul. Nay, would I were ſo anger'd with the ſame!
O hateful hands, to tear ſuch loving words!
Injurious waſps; to feed on ſuch ſweet honey,
And kill the bees, that yield it, with your ſtings!
I'll kiſs each ſeveral paper for amends.
[*picking up the Pieces.*

Look, here is writ — *kind* Julia, — Unkind *Julia!*
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw † thy name againſt the bruising ſtones,
Trampling contemptuouſly on thy diſdain.
And here is writ — *love-wounded* Protheus: —
Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee, 'till thy wound be throughly heal'd;
And thus † I ſearch it with a ſovereign kiſs.
But twice, or thrice, was *Protheus* written down:
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,
'Till I have found each letter in the letter,
Except mine own name; that ſome whirlwind bear
Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock,
And throw it thence into the raging ſea.
Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ, —
Poor forlorn Protheus, *paſſionate* Protheus,
To the ſweet Julia; — that I'll tear away;
And yet I will not, ſith ſo prettily
He couples it to his complaining names:
Thus † will I fold them one upon another;
Now kiſs, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. Madam,
Dinner is ready, and your father ſtays.

Jul. Well, let us go.

Luc. What, ſhall these papers lye like tell-tales here?

Jul. If you reſpect them, beſt to take them up.

Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down:
Yet here they ſhall not lye, for catching cold.

Jul. I ſee, you have a month's mind to them.

Luc. Ay, madam, you may ſay what ſights you ſee;
I ſee things too, although you judge I wink.

Jul. Come, come, will't please you go? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. A Room in* Antonio's *House.*

Enter Antonio, *and* Panthino.

Ant. Tell me, *Panthino*, what sad talk was that,
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?

Pan. 'Twas of his nephew *Protheus*, your son.

Ant. Why, what of him?

Pan. He wonder'd, that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home;
While other men, of slender reputation,
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:
Some to the wars, to try their fortune there;
Some to discover islands far away;
Some to the studious universities.
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said, that *Protheus*, your son, was meet;
And did request me, to importune you
To let him spend his time no more at home;
Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.

Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have consider'd well his loss of time;
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being try'd and tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by industry atchiev'd,
And perfected by the swift course of time:
Then, tell me, whither were I best to send him?

Pan. I think, your lordship is not ignorant,
How his companion, youthful *Valentine*,
Attends the emperor in his royal court.

Ant. I know it well. [thither:

Pan. 'Twere good, I think, your lordſhip ſent him
There ſhall he practiſe tilts and tournaments,
Hear ſweet diſcourſe, converſe with noblemen;
And be in eye of every exercise,
Worthy his youth and nobleneſs of blood.

Ant. I like thy counſel; well haſt thou advis'd:
And, that thou may'ſt perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it ſhall make known;
Even with the ſpeedieſt expedition
I will diſpatch him to the emperor's court.

Pan. To-morrow, may it please you, don *Alphonso*,
With other gentlemen of good eſteem,
Are journeying to ſalute the emperor,
And to commend their ſervice to his will.

Ant. Good company; with them ſhall *Protheus* go:
And, in good time, now will we break with him.

Enter Protheus, *at a Diſtance, reading.*

Pro. Sweet love! ſweet lines! ſweet life! ſweet Julia!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn:
O, that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To ſeal our happineſs with their conſents!
O heavenly *Julia!*

Ant. How now? what letter are you reading there?

Pro. May't please your lordſhip, 'tis a word or two
Of commendations ſent from *Valentine*;
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.

Ant. Lend me the letter; let me ſee what news.

Pro. There is no news, my lord; but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well belov'd,
And daily graced by the emperor;

Wiſhing me with him, partner of his fortune.

Ant. And how ſtand you affected to his wiſh?

Pro. As one relying on your lordſhip's will,
And not depending on his friendly wiſh.

Ant. My will is ſomething ſorted with his wiſh:
Muſe not that I thus ſuddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end.
I am resolv'd, that thou ſhalt ſpend ſome time
With *Valentino* in the emperor's court;
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition thou ſhalt have from me.
To-morrow be in readineſs to go:
Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.

Pro. My lord, I cannot be ſo ſoon provided;
Please you, deliberate a day or two.

Ant. Look, what thou want'ſt, ſhall be ſent after thee:
No more of ſtay; to-morrow thou muſt go.—
Come on, *Panthino*; you ſhall be employ'd
To haſten on his expedition.

[*Exeunt* Antonio, *and* Panthino.

Pro. Thus have I ſhun'd the fire, for fear of burning,
And drench'd me in the ſea, where I am drown'd:
I fear'd to ſhew my father *Julia*'s letter,
Leſt he ſhould take exceptions to my love;
And with the vantage of mine own excuſe
Hath he excepted moſt againſt my love.
O, how this ſpring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an *April* day;
Which now ſhews all the beauty of the ſun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!

Re-enter Panthino.

Pan. Sir *Protheus*, your father calls for you;

He is in haſte, therefore, I pray you, go.
Pro. Why, this it is! my heart accords thereto;
And yet a thousand times it anſwers, no. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. Milan. *A Room in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter Valentine, Speed *following.*

Spe. Sir, your † glove.
Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.
Spe. Why, then this may be yours; for this is but one.
Val. Ha! let me ſee: ay, give it me, it's mine:—
Sweet ornament, that decks a thing divine!
Ah *Silvia! Silvia!*
Spe. Madam *Silvia!* madam *Silvia!*
Val. How now, ſirrah?
Spe. She is not within hearing, ſir.
Val. Why, ſir, who bad you call her?
Spe. Your worſhip, ſir; or elſe I miſtook.
Val. Well, you'll ſtill be too forward.
Spe. And yet I was laſt chidden for being too ſlow.
Val. Go to, ſir: tell me, do you know madam *Silvia?*
Spe. She that your worſhip loves?
Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?
Spe. Marry, by these ſpecial marks; Firſt, you have learn'd, like ſir *Protheus*, to wreath your arms like a male-content; to reliſh a love-ſong, like a *robin*-red-breaſt; to walk alone, like one that had the peſtilence; to ſigh, like a ſchool-boy that had loſt his *A B C*; to weep, like a young wench that had bury'd her grandame; to faſt, like one that takes

diet; to watch, like one that fears robbing; to ſpeak puling, like a beggar at hollowmaſs: You were wont, when you laugh'd, to crow like a cock; when you walk'd, to walk like one of the lions; when you faſted, it was presently after dinner; when you look'd ſadly, it was for want of money: and now you are metamorphos'd with a miſtreſs; that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my maſter.

Val. Are all these things perceiv'd in me?

Spe. They are all perceiv'd without you.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Spe. Without you? nay, that's certain; for, without you were ſo ſimple, none elſe would: but you are ſo without these follies, that these follies are within you, and ſhine through you like the water in an urinal; that not an eye, that ſees you, but is a physician to comment on your malady.

Val. But, tell me, doſt thou know my lady *Silvia?*

Spe. She that you gaze on ſo, as ſhe ſits at ſupper?

Val. Haſt thou obſerv'd that? even ſhe I mean.

Spe. Why, ſir, I know her not.

Val. Doſt thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'ſt her not?

Spe. Is ſhe not hard-favour'd, ſir?

Val. Not ſo fair, boy, as well-favour'd.

Spe. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What doſt thou know?

Spe. That ſhe is not ſo fair, as (of you) well favour'd.

Val. I mean, that her beauty is exquisite, but her favour infinite.

Spe. That's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Spe. Marry, ſir, ſo painted, to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

Val. How eſteem'ſt thou me? I account of her beauty.

Spe. You never ſaw her ſince ſhe was deform'd.

Val. How long hath ſhe been deform'd?

Spe. Ever ſince you lov'd her.

Val. I have lov'd her ever ſince I ſaw her; and ſtill I ſee her beautiful.

Spe. If you love her, you cannot ſee her.

Val. Why?

Spe. Because love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have, when you chid at ſir *Protheus* for going ungarter'd!

Val. What ſhould I ſee then?

Spe. Your own present folly, and her paſſing deformity: for he, being in love, could not ſee to garter his hoſe; and you, being in love, cannot ſee to put on your hoſe.

Val. Belike, boy, then you are in love; for laſt morning you could not ſee to wipe my ſhoes.

Spe. True, ſir; I was in love with my bed: I thank you, you ſwing'd me for my love; which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I ſtand affected to her. [ceaſe.

Spe. I would you were ſet, ſo your affection would

Val. Laſt night ſhe enjoin'd me to write ſome lines to one ſhe loves.

Spe. And have you?

Val. I have,

Spe. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No, boy; but as well as I can do them: —

Peace, here she comes.

Enter SILVIA.

SPE. "O excellent motion! o exceeding puppet!" "now will he interpret to her."

VAL. Madam and mistress, a thousand good morrows.

SPE. "O, gi' ye good even! here's a million of man-"ners."

SIL. Sir *Valentine* and servant, to you two thousand.

SPE. "He should give her interest; and she gives it "him."

VAL. As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter
Unto the secret nameless friend of yours;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your ladyship. [*gives the Letter.*

SIL. I thank you, gentle servant: 'tis very clerkly done.

VAL. Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off;
For, being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random, very doubtfully.

SIL. Perchance, you think too much of so much pains.

VAL. No, madam; so it stead you, I will write,
Please you command, a thousand times as much.
And yet,—

SIL. A pretty period! Well, I guess the sequel;
And yet I will not name 't:—and yet I care not:—
And yet take this † again:—and yet I thank you;
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

SPE. "And yet you will; and yet another yet."

VAL. What means your ladyship? do you not like it?

SIL. Yes, yes; the lines are very quaintly writ:
But, since unwillingly, take them again;
Nay, take † them.

VAL. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. Ay, ay; you writ them, ſir, at my requeſt;
But I will none of them; they are for you:
I would have had them writ more movingly.

Val. Please you, I'll write your ladyſhip another.

Sil. And, when it's writ, for my ſake read it over:
And, if it please you, ſo; if not, why, ſo.

Val. If it please me, madam? what then?

Sil. Why, if it please you, take it for your labour;
And ſo, good morrow, ſervant. [*Exit* Silvia.

Spe. O jeſt unſeen, inſcrutable, invisible,
As a nose on a man's face, or a weather-cock on a ſteeple!
My maſter ſues to her; and ſhe hath taught her ſuitor,
He being her pupil, to become her tutor.
O excellent deviſe! was there ever heard a better?
That my maſter, being ſcribe, to himſelf ſhould write the letter? [yourſelf?

Val. How now, ſir? what are you reasoning with

Spe. Nay, I was riming; 'tis you that have the reason.

Val. To do what?

Spe. To be a ſpokesman from madam *Silvia*.

Val. To whom?

Spe. To yourſelf: why, ſhe wooes you by a figure.

Val. What figure?

Spe. By a letter, I ſhould ſay.

Val. Why, ſhe hath not writ to me.

Spe. What need ſhe, when ſhe hath made you write to yourſelf? Why, do you not perceive the jeſt?

Val. No, believe me.

Spe. No believing you indeed, ſir: But did you perceive her earneſt?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.

Spe. Why, ſhe hath given you a letter.

Val. That's the letter I writ to her friend. [end.

Spe. And that letter hath ſhe deliver'd, and there an

Val. I would, it were no worſe.

Spe. I'll warrant you, 'tis as well:
For often have you writ to her; and ſhe, in modeſty,
Or elſe for want of idle time, could not again reply;
Or fearing elſe ſome meſſenger that might her mind diſcover,
Herſelf hath taught her love himſelf to write unto her lover.—
All this I ſpeak in print, for in print I found it.—
Why muſe you, ſir? 'tis dinner-time.

Val. I have din'd.

Spe. Ay, but hearken, ſir; though the cameleon love can feed on the air, I am one that am nouriſh'd by my victuals, and would fain have meat: O, be not like your miſtreſs; be moved, be moved. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Verona. *Room in* Julia's *Houſe.*

Enter Protheus, *and* Julia.

Pro. Have patience, gentle *Julia.*

Jul. I muſt, where is no remedy.

Pro. When poſſibly I can, I will return.

Jul. If you turn not, you will return the ſooner.
Keep this † remembrance for thy *Julia*'s ſake.
[*giving a Ring.*

Pro. Why, then we'll make exchange; here, take you

Jul. And ſeal the bargain with a holy kiſs. [† this.

Pro. Here is † my hand for my true conſtancy:
And when that hour o'er-ſlips me in the day,
Wherein I ſigh not, *Julia*, for thy ſake,
The next enſuing hour ſome foul miſchance

Torment me for my love's forgetfulneſs!
My father ſtays my coming; anſwer not;
The tide is now: nay, not thy tide of tears;
That tide will ſtay me longer than I ſhould.
Julia, farewel. — What, gone without a word?
[*Exit* JULIA.
Ay, ſo true love ſhould do: it cannot ſpeak;
For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

Enter PANTHINO.

PAN. Sir *Protheus*, you are ſtay'd for.

PRO. Go, I come: —
Alas, this parting ſtrikes poor lovers dumb. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The ſame. A Street.*

Enter LAUNCE, *with a Dog in a String.*

LAU. Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the *Launces* have this very fault: I have receiv'd my proportion, like the prodigious ſon, and am going with ſir *Protheus* to the imperial's court. I think, *Crab* my dog be the ſoureſt-natur'd dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my ſiſter crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our houſe in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur ſhed one tear: he is a ſtone, a very pibble-ſtone, and has no more pity in him than a dog; a *Jew* would have wept to have ſeen our parting; why, my grandame, having no eyes, look you, wept herſelf blind at my parting. Nay, I'll ſhow you the manner of it: This ſhoe is my father; — no, this left ſhoe is my father; — no, no, this left ſhoe is my mother; — nay, that cannot be ſo neither; — yes, it is ſo, it is ſo; it hath the worſer ſole: This ſhoe, with the

[11] I come, I come:

hole in it, is my mother; and this, my father; A vengeance on't! there 'tis: now, ſir, this ſtaff is my ſiſter; for, look you, ſhe is as white as a lilly, and as ſmall as a wand: this hat is *Nan* our maid: I am the dog;—no, the dog is himſelf, and I am the dog,—o, the dog is me, and I am myſelf; ay, ſo, ſo: Now come I to my father, *Father, your bleſſing*; now ſhould not the ſhoe ſpeak a word for weeping; now ſhould I kiſs my father; well, he weeps on: now come I to my mother;—O, that ſhe could ſpeak now, like a wode woman!—well, I kiſs her;—why, there 'tis; here's my mother's breath up and down: now come I to my ſiſter; mark the moan ſhe makes: now the dog all this while ſheds not a tear, nor ſpeaks a word; but ſee how I lay the duſt with my tears.

Enter PANTHINO.

PAN. Launce! away, away, aboard; thy maſter is ſhip'd, and thou art to poſt after with oars: What's the matter? why weep'ſt thou, man? Away, aſs; you'll lose the tide, if you tarry any longer.

LAU. It is no matter, if the ty'd were loſt; for it is the unkindeſt ty'd that ever any man ty'd.

PAN. What's the unkindeſt tide?

LAU. Why, he that's ty'd here; *Crab*, my dog.

PAN. Tut, man! I mean, thou'lt lose the flood; and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage; and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy maſter; and, in losing thy maſter, lose thy ſervice; and, in losing thy ſervice,—Why doſt thou ſtop my mouth?

LAU. For fear thou ſhould'ſt lose thy tongue.

PAN. Where ſhould I lose my tongue?

LAU. In thy tale.

[10] a would-woman

Pan. In thy tail?

Lau. Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the maſter, and the ſervice? — Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my ſighs.

Pan. Come, come away, man; I was ſent to call thee.

Lau. Sir, call me what thou dar'ſt.

Pan. Wilt thou go?

Lau. Well, I will go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Milan. *A Room in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter Silvia, Valentine, Thurio, *and* Speed.

Sil. Servant, —

Val. Miſtreſs? [*they converſe apart.*

Spe. Maſter, ſir *Thurio* frowns on you.

Val. Ay, boy, it's for love.

Spe. Not of you.

Val. Of my miſtreſs then.

Spe. 'Twere good, you knock'd him.

Sil. Servant, you are ſad.

Val. Indeed, madam, I ſeem ſo.

Thu. Seem you that you are not?

Val. Haply, I do.

Thu. So do counterfeits.

Val. So do you.

Thu. What ſeem I, that I am not?

Val. Wise.

Thu. What inſtance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quote you my folly?

Val. I quote it in your jerkin.

Thu. My jerkin is a doublet.

Val. Well then, I'll double your folly.

Thu. How?

Sil. What, angry, sir *Thurio?* do you change colour?

Val. Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of cameleon.

Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your blood, than live in your air.

Val. You have said, sir.

Thu. Ay, sir, and done too, for this time. [gin.

Val. I know it well, sir; you always end ere you be-

Sil. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

Val. 'Tis indeed, madam; we thank the giver.

Sil. Who is that, servant?

Val. Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire: sir *Thurio* borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows kindly in your company.

Thu. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well, sir: you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers; for it appears by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more; here comes my father.

Enter Duke, *attended.*

Duk. Now, daughter *Silvia?* you are hard beset.—
Sir *Valentine,* your father's in good health:
What say you to a letter from your friends,
Of much good news?

Val. My lord, I will be thankful
To any happy messenger from thence.

Duk. Know you don *Antonio,* your countryman?

Val. Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman
To be of worth, and worthy eſtimation,
And not without deſert ſo well reputed.
Duk. Hath he not a ſon?
Val. Ay, my good lord; a ſon, that well deſerves
The honour and regard of ſuch a father.
Duk. You know him well?
Val. I knew him as myſelf; for from our infancy
We have converſ'd, and ſpent our hours together:
And though myſelf have been an idle truant,
Omitting the ſweet benefit of time
To cloath mine age with angel-like perfection,
Yet hath ſir *Protheus* (for that's his name)
Made uſe and fair advantage of his days;
His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;
And, in a word, (for far behind his worth
Come all the praiſes that I now beſtow)
He is compleat in feature, and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.
Duk. Beſhrew me, ſir, but, if he make this good,
He is as worthy for an empreſs' love
As meet to be an emperor's counſellor.
Well, ſir; this gentleman is come to me,
With commendation from great potentates,
And here he means to ſpend his time a while:
I think, 'tis no unwelcome news to you.
Val. Should I have wiſh'd a thing, it had been he.
Duk. Welcome him then according to his worth;
Silvia, I ſpeak to you, — and you, ſir *Thurio*; —
For *Valentine*, I need not cite him to it:
I'll ſend him hither to you presently. [*Exit.*

Val. This is the gentleman, I told your ladyſhip,
Had come along with me, but that his miſtreſs
Did hold his eyes lock'd in her cryſtal looks.
Sil. Belike, that now ſhe hath enfranchis'd them
Upon ſome other pawn for fealty.
Val. Nay, ſure, I think, ſhe holds them prisoners ſtill.
Sil. Nay, then he ſhould be blind; And, being blind,
How could he ſee his way to ſeek out you?
Val. Why, lady, love hath twenty pair of eyes.
Thu. They ſay, that love hath not an eye at all.
Val. To ſee ſuch lovers, *Thurio*, as yourſelf;
Upon a homely object love can wink. [man.
Sil. Have done, have done; here comes the gentle-
Enter Protheus. [you,
Val. Welcome, dear *Protheus!*—Miſtreſs, I beſeech
Confirm his welcome with ſome ſpecial favour.
Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither;
If this be he you oft have wiſh'd to hear from.
Val. Miſtreſs, it is: ſweet lady, entertain him
To be my fellow-ſervant to your ladyſhip.
Sil. Too low a miſtreſs for ſo high a ſervant.
Pro. Not ſo, ſweet lady; but too mean a ſervant
To have a look of ſuch a worthy miſtreſs.
Val. Leave off diſcourſe of diſability:—
Sweet lady, entertain him for your ſervant.
Pro. My duty will I boaſt of, nothing elſe.
Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed:
Servant, you are welcome to a worthleſs miſtreſs.
Pro. I'll die on him that ſays ſo, but yourſelf.
Sil. That you are welcome, ſir?
Pro. That you are worthleſs.
Enter an Attendant.

[32] v. *Note.*

[you.

Att. Madam, my lord your father would ſpeak with

Sil. I wait upon his pleasure.—Come, ſir *Thurio*,
Go you with me:— Once more, new ſervant, welcome:
I'll leave you to confer of home affairs;
When you have done, we look to hear from you.

Pro. We'll both attend upon your ladyſhip.

[*Exeunt* Silvia, Thurio, Speed, *and Att.*

Val. Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came?

Pro. Your friends are well, and have them much

[commended.

Val. And how do yours?

Pro. I left them all in health.

Val. How does your lady? and how thrives your love?

Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you;
I know, you joy not in a love-diſcourſe.

Val. Ay, *Protheus*, but that life is alter'd now:
I have done penance for contemning love;
Whose high imperious thoughts have puniſh'd me
With bitter faſts, with penitential groans,
With nightly tears, and daily heart-ſore ſighs;
For, in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chac'd ſleep from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own heart's ſorrow.
O gentle *Protheus*, love's a mighty lord;
And hath ſo humbl'd me, as, I confeſs,
There is no woe to his correction;
Nor, to his ſervice, no ſuch joy on earth!
Now, no diſcourſe, except it be of love;
Now can I break my faſt, dine, ſup, and ſleep,
Upon the very naked name of love.

Pro. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye:
Was this the idol that you worſhip ſo?

Val. Even ſhe; And is ſhe not a heavenly ſaint?

Pro. No; but she is an earthly paragon.
Val. Call her divine.
Pro. I will not flatter her.
Val. O, flatter me; for love delights in praise.
Pro. When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills;
And I must minister the like to you.
Val. Then speak the truth by her; if not divine,
Yet let her be a principality,
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.
Pro. Except my mistress.
Val. Sweet, except not any;
Except thou wilt except against my love.
Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own?
Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too:
She shall be dignify'd with this high honour,—
To bear my lady's train; lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss,
And, of so great a favour growing proud,
Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower,
And make rough winter everlastingly.
Pro. Why, *Valentine*, what bragadism is this?
Val. Pardon me, *Protheus:* all I can is nothing
To her whose worth makes other worthies nothing;
She is alone—
Pro. Then, why, then let her alone.
Val. Not for the world: why, man, she is mine own;
And I as rich in having such a jewel,
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,
Because thou see'st me doat upon my love.
My foolish rival, that her father likes,

Only for his poſſeſſions are ſo huge,
Is gone with her along; and I muſt after;
For love, thou know'ſt, is full of jealouſy.

Pro. But ſhe loves you?

Val. Ay, and we are betroth'd;
Nay, more, my Protheus, our marriage hour,
With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determin'd of: how I muſt climb her window;
The ladder made of cords; and all the means
Plotted, and 'greed on, for my happineſs.
Good *Protheus*, go with me to my chamber,
In theſe affairs to aid me with thy counſel.

Pro. Go on before; I ſhall enquire you forth:
I muſt unto the road, to diſembarque
Some neceſſaries that I needs muſt uſe,
And then I'll preſently attend on you.

Val. Will you make haſte?

Pro. I will. — [*Exit* Valentine.
Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by ſtrength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Is it mine own, or *Valentino*'s praiſe,
Her true perfection, or my falſe tranſgreſſion,
That makes me, reasonleſs, to reason thus?
She's fair; and ſo is *Julia* that I love; —
That I did love; for now my love is thaw'd,
Which, like a waxen image 'gainſt a fire,
Bears no impreſſion of the thing it was.
Methinks, my zeal to *Valentine* is cold,
And that I love him not as I was wont:
O, but I love his lady too too much;

And that's the reason I love him ſo little.
How ſhall I doat on her with more advice,
That thus without advice begin to love her?
'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazzl'd my reason's light;
But when I look on her perfections,
There is no reason but I ſhall be blind.
If I can check my erring love, I will;
If not, to compaſs her I'll use my ſkill. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *The ſame. A Street.*

Enter SPEED, *and* LAUNCE, *meeting.*

SPE. *Launce!* by mine honeſty, welcome to *Milan.*

LAU. Forſwear not thyſelf, ſweet youth; for I am not welcome. I reckon this always—That a man is never undone, 'till he be hang'd; nor never welcome to a place, 'till ſome certain ſhot be pay'd, and the hoſteſs ſay, welcome.

SPE. Come on, you mad-cap, I'll to the ale-houſe with you presently; where, for one ſhot of five pence, thou ſhalt have five thousand welcomes. But, ſirrah, how did thy maſter part with madam *Julia?*

LAU. Marry, after they clos'd in earneſt, they parted very fairly in jeſt.

SPE. But ſhall ſhe marry him?

LAU. No.

SPE. How then? ſhall he marry her?

LAU. No, neither.

SPE. What, are they broken?

LAU. No, they are both as whole as a fiſh.

SPE. Why then, how ſtands the matter with them?

LAU. Marry, thus; when it ſtands well with him, it ſtands well with her.

Spe. What an aſs art thou? I underſtand thee not.

Lau. What a block art thou, that thou can'ſt not? my ſtaff underſtands me.

Spe. What thou ſay'ſt?

Lau. Ay, and what I do too: look thee, I'll but lean, and my ſtaff underſtands me.

Spe. It ſtands under thee, indeed.

Lau. Why, ſtand-under and under-ſtand is all one.

Spe. But, tell me true, will't be a match?

Lau. Aſk my dog: if he ſay, ay, it will; if he ſay, no, it will; if he ſhake his tail, and ſay nothing, it will.

Spe. The conclusion is then, that it will.

Lau. Thou ſhalt never get ſuch a ſecret from me, but by a parable.

Spe. 'Tis well, that I get it ſo. But *Launce*, how ſay'ſt thou, that my maſter is become a notable lover?

Lau. I never knew him otherwiſe.

Spe. Than how?

Lau. A notable lubber, as thou reporteſt him to be.

Spe. Why, thou whorſon aſs, thou miſtak'ſt me.

Lau. Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy maſter.

Spe. I tell thee, my maſter is become a hot lover.

Lau. Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himſelf in love. If thou wilt go with me to the ale-houſe, ſo; if not, thou art an *Hebrew*, a *Jew*, and not worth the name of a chriſtian.

Spe. Why?

Lau. Because thou haſt not ſo much charity in thee as to go to the ale with a chriſtian: Wilt thou go?

Spe. At thy ſervice. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *The ſame. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter PROTHEUS.

PRO. To leave my *Julia*, ſhall I be forſworn;
To love fair *Silvia*, ſhall I be forſworn;
To wrong my friend, I ſhall be much forſworn;
And even that power, which gave me firſt my oath,
Provokes me to this threefold perjury:
Love bad me ſwear, and love bids me forſwear:
O ſweet ſuggeſting love, if thou haſt ſin'd,
Teach me, thy tempted ſubject, to excuse it!
At firſt I did adore a twinkling ſtar,
But now I worſhip a celeſtial ſun:
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
And he wants wit, that wants resolved will
To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better:—
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,
Whose ſovereignty ſo oft thou haſt prefer'd
With twenty thousand ſoul-confirming oaths.
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;
But there I leave to love, where I ſhould love.
Julia I lose, and *Valentine* I lose:
If I keep them, I needs muſt lose myſelf;
If I lose them, This find I by their loſs,—
For *Valentine*, myſelf; for *Julia*, *Silvia*.
I to myſelf am dearer than a friend;
For love is ſtill moſt precious in itſelf:
And *Silvia* (witneſs heaven, that made her fair)
Shews *Julia* but a ſwarthy *Ethiope*.
I will forget that *Julia* is alive,
Remembring that my love to her is dead;
And *Valentine* I'll hold an enemy,
Aiming at *Silvia* as a ſweeter friend.
I cannot now prove conſtant to myſelf,

[22] thus

Without ſome treachery us'd to *Valentine:* —
This night, he meaneth with a corded ladder
To climb celeſtial *Silvia*'s chamber-window;
Myſelf in counſel, his competitor:
Now presently I'll give her father notice
Of their diſguising, and pretended flight;
Who, all enrag'd, will baniſh *Valentine*;
For *Thurio*, he intends, ſhall wed his daughter:
But, *Valentine* being gone, I'll quickly croſs,
By ſome fly trick, blunt *Thurio*'s dull proceeding.
Love, lend me wings to make my purpose ſwift,
As thou haſt lent me wit to plot this drift! [*Exit.*

SCENE VII. Verona. *A Room in* Julia's *Houſe.*

Enter JULIA, *and* LUCETTA.

Jul. Counſel, *Lucetta*; gentle girl, aſſiſt me!
And, even in kind love, I do conjure thee, —
Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
Are visibly charácter'd and engrav'd, —
To leſſon me; and tell me ſome good mean,
How, with my honour, I may undertake
A journey to my loving *Protheus.*

Luc. Alas, the way is weariſome and long.

Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
To meaſure kingdoms with his feeble ſteps;
Much leſs ſhall ſhe, that hath love's wings to fly;
And when the flight is made to one ſo dear,
Of ſuch divine perfection, as ſir *Protheus.*

Luc. Better forbear, 'till *Protheus* make return.

Jul. O, know'ſt thou not, his looks are my ſoul's food?
Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that food ſo long a time.

Didſt thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou would'ſt as ſoon go kindle fire with ſnow,
As ſeek to quench the fire of love with words.
Luc. I do not ſeek to quench your love's hot fire;
But qualify the fire's extream rage,
Leſt it ſhould burn above the bounds of reason.
Jul. The more thou dam'ſt it up, the more it burns:
The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'ſt, being ſtop'd, impatiently doth rage;
But, when his fair courſe is not hindered,
He makes ſweet muſick with th' enamel'd ſtones,
Giving a gentle kiſs to every ſedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And ſo by many winding nooks he ſtrays,
With willing ſport, to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my courſe:
I'll be as patient as a gentle ſtream,
And make a paſtime of each weary ſtep,
'Till the laſt ſtep have brought me to my love,
And there I'll reſt; as, after much turmoil,
A bleſſed ſoul doth in *Elysium*.
Luc. But in what habit will you go along?
Jul. Not like a woman; for I would prevent
The looſe encounters of laſcivious men:
Gentle *Lucetta*, fit me with ſuch weeds
As may beſeem ſome well-reputed page.
Luc. Why, then your ladyſhip muſt cut your hair.
Jul. No, girl; I'll knit it up in ſilken ſtrings,
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots:
To be fantaſtick, may become a youth
Of greater time than I ſhall ſhew to be.
Luc. What faſhion, madam, ſhall I make your bree-[ches?

Jul. That fits as well, as, Tell me, good my lord,
What compaſs will you wear your farthingale?—
Why, e'en what faſhion thou beſt lik'ſt, *Lucetta*. [dam.
Luc. You muſt needs have them with a cod-piece, ma-
Jul. Out, out, *Lucetta!* that will be ill-favour'd.
Luc. A round hose, madam, now's not worth a pin,
Unleſs you have a cod-piece to ſtick pins on.
Jul. Lucetta, as thou lov'ſt me, let me have
What thou think'ſt meet, and is moſt mannerly.
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me,
For undertaking ſo unſtay'd a journey?
I fear me, it will make me ſcandaliz'd.
Luc. If you think ſo, then ſtay at home, and go not.
Jul. Nay, that I will not.
Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go:
If *Protheus* like your journey, when you come,
No matter who's diſpleas'd, when you are gone;
I fear me, he will ſcarce be pleas'd withal.
Jul. That is the leaſt, *Lucetta*, of my fear:
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And inſtances of infinite of love,
Warrant me welcome to my *Protheus*.
Luc. All these are ſervants to deceitful men.
Jul. Baſe men, that use them to ſo baſe effect!
But truer ſtars did govern *Protheus*' birth:
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love ſincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears, pure meſſengers ſent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud, as heaven from earth.
Luc. Pray heaven, he prove ſo, when you come to him!
Jul. Now, as thou lov'ſt me, do him not that wrong,
To bear a hard opinion of his truth:

Only deserve my love, by loving him;
And presently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note of what I ſtand in need of,
To furniſh me upon my longing journey:
All that is mine I leave at thy diſpose,
My goods, my lands, my reputation;
Only, in lieu thereof, diſpatch me hence:
Come, anſwer not, but to it presently;
I am impatient of my tarriance. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. Milan. *Anti-room of the Palace.*

Enter Duke, PROTHEUS, *and* Thurio.

Duk. Sir *Thurio*, give us leave, I pray, a while;
We have ſome ſecrets to confer about.—
[*Exit* Thurio.
Now, tell me, *Protheus*, what's your will with me?

Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would diſcover,
The law of friendſhip bids me to conceal:
But, when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me, undeserving as I am,
My duty pricks me on to utter that
Which elſe no worldly good ſhould draw from me.
Know, worthy prince, ſir *Valentine* my friend
This night intends to ſteal away your daughter;
Myſelf am one made privy to the plot:
I know, you have determin'd to beſtow her
On *Thurio*, whom your gentle daughter hates;
And, ſhould ſhe thus be ſtoln away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age:

Thus, for my duty's ſake, I rather chose
To croſs my friend in his intended drift;
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of ſorrows, which would preſs you down,
Being unprevented, to your timeleſs grave.

Duk. Protheus, I thank thee for thine honeſt care;
Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs myſelf have often ſeen,
Haply when they have judg'd me faſt aſleep;
And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid
Sir *Valentine* her company, and my court:
But, fearing leſt my jealous aim might err,
And ſo unworthily diſgrace the man,
(A raſhneſs that I ever yet have ſhun'd)
I gave him gentle looks; thereby to find
That which thyſelf haſt now diſclos'd to me.
And, that thou may'ſt perceive my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is ſoon ſuggeſted,
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
The key whereof myſelf have ever kept;
And thence ſhe cannot be convey'd away.

PRO. Know, noble lord, they have devis'd a mean
How he her chamber-window will aſcend,
And with a corded ladder fetch her down:
For which the youthful lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it presently;
Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.
But, good my lord, do it ſo cunningly,
That my diſcovery be not aimed at;
For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publiſher of this pretence.

Duk. Upon mine honour, he ſhall never know

That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adieu, my lord; ſir *Valentine* is coming.

[*Exit* Protheus.

Enter Valentine.

Duk. Sir *Valentine*, whither away ſo faſt?

Val. Please it your grace, there is a meſſenger
That ſtays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.

Duk. Be they of much import?

Val. The tenour of them doth but ſignify
My health, and happy being at your court.

Duk. Nay, then no matter, ſtay with me a while;
I am to break with thee of ſome affairs
That touch me near, wherein thou muſt be ſecret.
'Tis not unknown to thee, that I have ſought
To match my friend ſir *Thurio* to my daughter.

Val. I know it well, my lord; and, ſure, the match
Were rich and honourable; beſides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities
Beſeeming ſuch a wife as your fair daughter:
Cannot your grace win her to fancy him?

Duk. No, truſt me; ſhe is peeviſh, ſullen, froward,
Proud, diſobedient, ſtubborn, lacking duty;
Neither regarding that ſhe is my child,
Nor fearing me as if I were her father:
And, may I ſay to thee, this pride of hers,
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;
And, where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cheriſh'd by her child-like duty,
I now am full resolv'd to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower;

For me, and my poſſeſſions, ſhe eſteems not.

Val. What would your grace have me to do in this?

Duk. There is a lady, ſir, in *Milan* here,
Whom I affect; but ſhe is nice, and coy,
And nought eſteems my aged eloquence:
Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor,
(For long agone I have forgot to court;
Beſides, the faſhion of the time is chang'd)
How, and which way, I may beſtow myſelf,
To be regarded in her ſun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if ſhe reſpect not words;
Dumb jewels often, in their ſilent kind,
More than quick words do move a woman's mind.

Duk. But ſhe did ſcorn a preſent that I ſent her.

Val. A woman ſometimes ſcorns what beſt contents
Send her another; never give her o'er; [her:
For ſcorn at firſt makes after-love the more.
If ſhe do frown, 'tis not in hate of you;
But, rather, to beget more love in you:
If ſhe do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;
For why, the fools are mad, if left alone:
Take no repulſe, whatever ſhe doth ſay;
For, *Get you gone*, ſhe doth not mean, away.
Flatter, and praiſe, commend, extol their graces;
Though ne'er ſo black, ſay, they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I ſay, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duk. But ſhe I mean, is promis'd by her friends
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth;
And kept ſeverely from reſort of men,
That no man hath acceſs by day to her.

Val. Why, then I would reſort to her by night.

3 Lady in *Verona* here

Duk. Ay, but the doors be lock'd, and keys kept ſafe,
That no man hath recourſe to her by night.
Val. What lets, but one may enter at her window?
Duk. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground;
And built ſo ſhelving, that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.
Val. Why, then a ladder, quaintly made of cords,
To caſt up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would ſerve to ſcale another *Hero*'s tower,
So bold *Leander* would adventure it.
Duk. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Advise me where I may have ſuch a ladder.
Val. When would you use it? pray, ſir, tell me that.
Duk. This very night; for love is like a child,
That longs for every thing that he can come by.
Val. By ſeven o'clock I'll get you ſuch a ladder.
Duk. But hark thee; I will go to her alone,
How ſhall I beſt convey the ladder thither?
Val. It will be light, my lord; that you may bear it
Under a cloak, that is of any length.
Duk. A cloak as long as thine will ſerve the turn?
Val. Ay, my good lord.
Duk. Then let me ſee thy cloak;
I'll get me one of ſuch another length.
Val. Why, any cloak will ſerve the turn, my lord.
Duk. How ſhall I faſhion me to wear a cloak? —
I pray thee, let me feel thy † cloak upon me. —
What letter is this ſame? What's here? *To* Silvia?
And here an engine fit for my proceeding!
I'll be ſo bold to break the ſeal for once. [*reads.*

My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia *nightly*;
And ſlaves they are to me, that ſend them flying:

O, could their maſter come and go as lightly,
Himſelf would lodge where ſenſeleſs they are lying.
My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom reſt them;
While I, their king, that thither them importune,
Do curſe the grace that with ſuch grace hath bleſt them,
Because myſelf do want my ſervants' fortune:
I curſe myſelf, for they are ſent by me,
That they ſhould harbour where their lord would be.
What's here?
Silvia, *this night I will enfranchize thee.*
'Tis ſo; and here's the ladder for the purpose. —
Why, *Phaeton*, (for thou art *Merops*' ſon)
Wilt thou aſpire to guide the heavenly car,
And with thy daring folly burn the world?
Wilt thou reach ſtars, because they ſhine on thee?
Go, baſe intruder! over-weening ſlave!
Beſtow thy fawning ſmiles on equal mates;
And think, my patience, more than thy desert,
Is priviledge for thy departure hence:
Thank me for this, more than for all the favours,
Which, all too much, I have beſtow'd on thee.
But if thou linger in my territories
Longer than ſwifteſt expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
By heaven, my wrath ſhall far exceed the love
I ever bore my daughter, or thyſelf.
Be gone, I will not hear thy vain excuſe;
But, as thou lov'ſt thy life, make ſpeed from hence.
[*Exit* Duke.

Val. And why not death, rather than living torment?
To die, is to be baniſh'd from myſelf;
And *Silvia* is myſelf: baniſh'd from her,

Is ſelf from ſelf; A deadly baniſhment!
What light is light, if *Silvia* be not ſeen?
What joy is joy, if *Silvia* be not by?
Unleſs it be, to think that ſhe is by,
And feed upon the ſhadow of perfection.
Except I be by *Silvia* in the night,
There is no musick in the nightingale;
Unleſs I look on *Silvia* in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon:
She is my eſſence; and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair influence
Foſter'd, illumin'd, cheriſh'd, kept alive.
I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom:
Tarry I here, I but attend on death;
But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter PROTHEUS, *and* LAUNCE.

Pro. Run, boy, run, run, and ſeek him out.

Lau. So-ho! ſo-ho!

Pro. What ſee'ſt thou?

Lau. Him we go to find; there's not a hair on's head, but 'tis a *Valentine*.

Pro. *Valentine?*

Val. No.

Pro. Who then? his ſpirit?

Val. Neither.

Pro. What then?

Val. Nothing.

Lau. Can nothing ſpeak?—Maſter, ſhall I ſtrike?

Pro. Whom would'ſt thou ſtrike?

Lau. Nothing.

Pro. Villain, forbear.

Lau. Why, ſir, I'll ſtrike nothing: I pray you.

Pro. Sirra, I ſay, forbear.—Friend *Valentine*, a word.

Val. My ears are ſtopt, and cannot hear good news,
So much of bad already hath poſſeſt them.

Pro. Then in dumb ſilence will I bury mine;
For they are harſh, untunable, and bad.

Val. Is *Silvia* dead?

Pro. No, *Valentine.*

Val. No *Valentine*, indeed, for ſacred *Silvia:*—
Hath ſhe forſworn me?

Pro. No, *Valentine.*

Val. No *Valentine*, if *Silvia* have forſworn me.—
What is your news?

Lau. Sir, there is a proclamation, that you are vaniſh'd.

Pro. That thou art baniſh'd, o, that is the news,
From hence, from *Silvia*, and from me thy friend.

Val. O, I have fed upon this woe already,
And now exceſs of it will make me ſurfeit.
Doth *Silvia* know that I am baniſhed?

Pro. Ay, ay; and ſhe hath offer'd to the doom,
(Which, unreverſ'd, ſtands in effectual force)
A ſea of melting pearl, which ſome call tears:
Thoſe at her father's churliſh feet ſhe tender'd;
With them, upon her knees, her humble ſelf;
Wringing her hands, whoſe whiteneſs ſo became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for woe:
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad ſighs, deep groans, nor ſilver-ſhedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompaſſionate ſire;
But *Valentine*, if he be ta'en, muſt die.
Beſides, her interceſſion chaf'd him ſo,
When ſhe for thy repeal was ſuppliant,
That to cloſe priſon he commanded her,

With many bitter threats of 'biding there.

Val. No more; unleſs the next word that thou ſpeak'ſt
Have ſome malignant power upon my life:
If ſo, I pray thee, breath it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endleſs dolour.

Pro. Ceaſe to lament for that thou canſt not help,
And ſtudy help for that which thou lament'ſt.
Time is the nurſe and breeder of all good.
Here if thou ſtay, thou canſt not ſee thy love;
Beſides, thy ſtaying will abridge thy life:
Hope is a lover's ſtaff; walk hence with that,
And manage it againſt deſpairing thoughts:
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence;
Which, being writ to me, ſhall be deliver'd
Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.
The time now ſerves not to expoſtulate:
Come, I'll convey thee through the city-gate;
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love-affairs:
As thou lov'ſt *Silvia*, though not for thyſelf,
Regard thy danger, and along with me.

Val. I pray thee, *Launce*, an if thou ſee'ſt my boy,
Bid him make haſte and meet me at the north-gate.

Pro. Go, ſirra, find him out:—Come, *Valentine*.

Val. O my dear *Silvia!* hapleſs *Valentine!*

[*Exeunt* Valentine, *and* Protheus.

Lau. I am but a fool, look you; and yet I have the wit to think, my maſter is a kind of a knave: but that's all one, if he be but one knave. He lives not now, that knows me to be in love: yet I am in love; but a team of horſe ſhall not pluck that from me: nor who 'tis I love; and yet 'tis a woman: but what

woman, I will not tell myſelf; and yet 'tis a milk-maid: yet 'tis not a maid; for ſhe hath had goſſips: yet 'tis a maid; for ſhe is her maſter's maid, and ſerves for wages. She hath more qualities than a water-ſpaniel, — which is much in a bare chriſtian: here is [*pulling out a Paper.*] the cat-log of her conditions. Imprimis, *She can fetch and carry:* Why, a horſe can do no more: nay, a horſe cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore, is ſhe better than a jade. Item, *She can milk*, look you; A ſweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

Enter SPEED.

SPE. How now, ſignior *Launce?* what news with your maſterſhip?

LAU. With my maſter's ſhip? why, it is at ſea.

SPE. Well, your old vice ſtill; miſtake the word: What news then in your paper?

LAU. The blackeſt news that ever thou heard'ſt.

SPE. Why, man, how black?

LAU. Why, as black as ink.

SPE. Let me read them.

LAU. Fie on thee, jolt-head; thou canſt not read.

SPE. Thou ly'ſt, I can.

LAU. I will try thee: Tell me this, Who begot thee?

SPE. Marry, the ſon of my grandfather.

LAU. O illiterate loiterer! it was the ſon of thy grandmother: this proves, that thou canſt not read.

SPE. Come, fool, come; try me in thy paper.

LAU. There ✝; And ſaint *Nicholas* be thy ſpeed!

SPE. Imprimis, *She can milk.* [*reads.*

LAU. Ay, that ſhe can.

SPE. Item, *She brews good ale.*

7 Condition. 15 Maſterſhip?

Lau. And thereof comes the proverb, —Bleſſing o' your heart, you brew good ale.

Spe. Item, *She can ſow.*

Lau. That's as much as to ſay, Can ſhe ſo?

Spe. Item, *She can knit.*

Lau. What need a man care for a ſtock with a wench, when ſhe can knit him a ſtock?

Spe. Item, *She can waſh and ſcour.*

Lau. A ſpecial virtue; for then ſhe need not to be waſh'd and ſcour'd.

Spe. Item, *She can ſpin.*

Lau. Then may I ſet the world on wheels, when ſhe can ſpin for her living.

Spe. Item, *She hath many nameleſs virtues.*

Lau. That's as much as to ſay, baſtard virtues; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

Spe. *Here follow her vices.*

Lau. Cloſe at the heels of her virtues.

Spe. Item, *She is not to be kiſſ'd faſting, in reſpect of her breath.*

Lau. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfaſt. Read on.

Spe. Item, *She hath a ſweet mouth.*

Lau. That makes amends for her ſour breath.

Spe. Item, *She doth talk in her ſleep.* [talk.

Lau. It's no matter for that, ſo ſhe ſleep not in her

Spe. Item, *She is ſlow in words.*

Lau. O villain, that ſet this down among her vices! To be ſlow in words, is a woman's only virtue: —I pray thee, out with't; and place it for her chief virtue.

Spe. Item, *She is proud.*

Lau. Out with that too; it was *Eve*'s legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

Spe. Item, *She hath no teeth.*

Lau. I care not for that neither, because I love cruſts.

Spe. Item, *She is curſt.*

Lau. Well, the beſt is, ſhe hath no teeth to bite.

Spe. Item, *She will often praise her liquor.*

Lau. If her liquor be good, ſhe ſhall: if ſhe will not, I will; for good things ſhould be prais'd.

Spe. Item, *She is too liberal.*

Lau. Of her tongue ſhe cannot; for that's writ down ſhe is ſlow of: of her purſe ſhe ſhall not; for that I'll keep ſhut: now, of another thing ſhe may; and that cannot I help. Well, proceed.

Spe. Item, *She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.*

Lau. Stop there; I'll have her: ſhe was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that laſt article: Rehearſe that once more.

Spe. Item, *She hath more hair than wit,*—

Lau. More hair than wit,—it may be; I'll prove it: The cover of the ſalt hides the ſalt, and therefore it is more than the ſalt: the hair, that covers the wit, is more than the wit; for the greater hides the leſs. What's next?

Spe. —*and more faults than hairs,*—

Lau. That's monſtrous; O, that that were out!

Spe. —*and more wealth than faults.*

Lau. Why, that word makes the faults gracious. Well, I'll have her: And if it be a match, as nothing is impoſſible,—

Spe. What then?

Lau. Why, then will I tell thee, — that thy maſter ſtays for thee at the north gate.

Spe. For me?

Lau. For thee! ay; who art thou? he hath ſtay'd for a better man than thee.

Spe. And muſt I go to him?

Lau. Thou muſt run to him; for thou haſt ſtay'd ſo long, that going will ſcarce ſerve the turn.

Spe. Why didſt not tell me ſooner? 'pox of your love-letters! [*Exit.*

Lau. Now will he be ſwing'd for reading my letter; An unmannerly ſlave, that will thruſt himſelf into ſecrets! I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The ſame. A Room in the ſame.*

Enter Duke, *and* Thurio; Protheus *behind.*

Duk. Sir *Thurio*, fear not, but that ſhe will love you,
Now *Valentine* is baniſh'd from her ſight.

Thu. Since his exile ſhe hath deſpis'd me moſt,
Forſworn my company, and rail'd at me,
That I am deſperate of obtaining her.

Duk. This weak impreſs of love is as a figure
Trenched in ice; which, with an hour's heat,
Diſſolves to water, and doth loſe his form:
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthleſs *Valentine* ſhall be forgot. —
How now, ſir *Protheus?* is your countryman,
According to our proclamation, gone?

Pro. Gone, my good lord.

Duk. My daughter takes his going grievouſly.

Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

Duk. So I believe; but *Thurio* thinks not ſo.
Protheus, the good conceit I hold of thee
(For thou haſt ſhown ſome ſign of good desert)
Makes me the better to confer with thee.

Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your grace,
Let me not live to look upon your grace.

Duk. Thou know'ſt, how willingly I would effect
The match between ſir *Thurio* and my daughter:

Pro. I do, my lord.

Duk. And alſo, I do think, thou art not ignorant
How ſhe opposes her againſt my will.

Pro. She did, my lord, when *Valentine* was here.

Duk. Ay, and perverſly ſhe perſevers ſo.
What might we do to make the girl forget
The love of *Valentine*, and love ſir *Thurio?*

Pro. The beſt way is, to ſlander *Valentine*
With falſhood, cowardice, and poor deſcent;
Three things that women highly hold in hate.

Duk. Ay, but ſhe'll think, that it is ſpoke in hate.

Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it:
Therefore it muſt, with circumſtance, be ſpoken
By one, whom ſhe eſteemeth as his friend.

Duk. Then you muſt undertake to ſlander him.

Pro. And that, my lord, I ſhall be loth to do:
'Tis an ill office for a gentleman;
Eſpecially, againſt his very friend.

Duk. Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your ſlander never can endamage him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being intreated to it by your friend.

Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord: if I can do it,
By ought that I can ſpeak in his diſpraise,

She ſhall not long continue love to him.
But ſay, this weed her love from *Valentine*,
It follows not, that ſhe will love ſir *Thurio*.

Thu. Therefore, as you unwind her love from him,
Leſt it ſhould ravel, and be good to none,
You muſt provide to bottom it on me:
Which muſt be done, by praiſing me as much
As you in worth diſpraiſe ſir *Valentine*.

Duk. And, *Protheus*, we dare truſt you in this kind;
Because we know, on *Valentine*'s report,
You are already love's firm votary,
And cannot ſoon revolt and change your mind.
Upon this warrant, ſhall you have acceſs,
Where you with *Silvia* may confer at large;
For ſhe is lumpiſh, heavy, melancholy,
And, for your friend's ſake, will be glad of you:
Where you may temper her by your perſuasion,
To hate young *Valentine*, and love my friend.

Pro. As much as I can do, I will effect:—
But you, ſir *Thurio*, are not ſharp enough;
You muſt lay lime, to tangle her desires,
By wailful ſonnets, whoſe composed rimes
Should be full fraught with ſerviceable vows.

Duk. Ay, Much is the force of heaven-bred poeſy.

Pro. Say, that upon the altar of her beauty
You ſacrifice your tears, your ſighs, your heart:
Write 'till your ink be dry, and with your tears
Moiſt it again; and frame ſome feeling line,
That may diſcover ſuch integrity:
For *Orpheus*' lute was ſtrung with poets' ſinews;
Whoſe golden touch could ſoften ſteel and ſtones,
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans

Forſake unſounded deeps to dance on ſands.
After your dire-lamenting elegies,
Visit by night your lady's chamber window
With ſome ſweet concert: to their inſtruments
Tune a deploring dump; the night's dead ſilence
Will well become ſuch ſweet-complaining grievance.
This, or elſe nothing, will inherit her.

Duk. This diſcipline ſhows thou haſt been in love.

Thu. And thy advice this night I'll put in practice:
Therefore, ſweet *Protheus*, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city presently,
To ſort ſome gentlemen well ſkill'd in musick:
I have a ſonnet, that will ſerve the turn,
To give the onſet to thy good advice.

Duk. About it, gentlemen.

Pro. We'll wait upon your grace, 'till after ſupper;
And afterward determine our proceedings.

Duk. Even now about it; I will pardon you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The Frontiers of* Mantua. *A Foreſt.*

Enter certain Out-laws.

1. *O.* Fellows, ſtand faſt; I ſee a paſſenger.

2. *O.* If there be ten, ſhrink not, but down with 'em.

Enter Valentine, *and* Speed.

3. *O.* Stand, ſir, and throw us that you have about you;
If not, we'll make you ſit, and riffle you.

Spe. Ɗ, ſir, we are undone! these are the villains
That all the travellers do fear ſo much.

Val. My friends,—

1. *O.* That's not ſo, ſir; we are your enemies.
2. *O.* Peace, peace; we'll hear him.
3. *O.* Ay, by my beard, will we;
For he's a proper man.
VAL. Then know, that I have little wealth to loſe;
A man I am, croſſ'd with adverſity:
My riches are these poor habiliments;
Of which if you ſhould here diſfurniſh me,
You take the ſum and ſubſtance that I have.
2. *O.* Whither travel you?
VAL. To *Verona.*
1. *O.* And whence came you?
VAL. From *Milan.*
3. *O.* Have you long ſojourned there? [ſtay'd,
VAL. Some ſixteen months; and longer might have
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.
1. *O.* What, were you baniſh'd thence?
VAL. I was.
2. *O.* For what offence?
VAL. For that which now torments me to rehearſe:
I kill'd a man, whoſe death I much repent;
But yet I ſlew him manfully in fight,
Without falſe vantage, or baſe treachery.
1. *O.* Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done ſo:
But were you baniſh'd for ſo ſmall a fault?
VAL. I was, and held me glad of ſuch a doom.
2. *O.* Have you the tongues?
VAL. My youthful travel therein made me happy;
Or elſe I often had been miserable.
3. *O.* By the bare ſcalp of *Robin Hood*'s fat friar,
This fellow were a king for our wild faction.
1. *O.* We'll have him: Sirs, a word. [*talk apart.*

Spe. Maſter, be one of them;
It is an honourable kind of thievery.
Val. Peace, villain.
2. *O.* Tell us this, Have you any thing to take to?
Val. Nothing, but my fortune.
3. *O.* Know then, that ſome of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thruſt from the company of awful men:
Myſelf was from *Verona* baniſhed,
For practiſing to ſteal away a lady,
An heir, and near ally'd unto the duke.
2. *O.* And I from *Mantua*, for a gentleman
Who, in my mood, I ſtab'd unto the heart.
1. *O.* And I, for ſuch like petty crimes as these.
But to the purpose, — (for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawleſs lives)
And, partly, ſeeing you are beautify'd
With goodly ſhape; and, by your own report,
A linguiſt; and a man of ſuch perfection,
As we do in our quality much want; —
2. *O.* Indeed, because you are a baniſh'd man,
Therefore, above the reſt, we parly to you:
Are you content to be our general;
To make a virtue of neceſſity,
And live, as we do, in this wilderneſs?
3. *O.* What ſay'ſt thou? wilt thou be of our conſort?
Say, ay, and be the captain of us all:
We'll do thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,
Love thee as our commander, and our king.
1. *O.* But, if thou ſcorn our courteſy, thou dy'ſt.
2. *O.* Thou ſhalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.
Val. I take your offer, and will live with you;

[11] and Neece, allide

Provided, that you do no outrages
On ſilly women, or poor paſſengers.
3. *O.* No, we deteſt ſuch vile baſe practices.
Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our crews,
And ſhow thee all the treasure we have got;
Which, with ourſelves, all reſt at thy diſpose. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Milan. *Court of the Palace.*

Enter PROTHEUS.

Pro. Already I've been falſe to *Valentine*,
And now I muſt be as unjuſt to *Thurio*.
Under the colour of commending him,
I have acceſs my own love to prefer;
But *Silvia* is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthleſs gifts:
When I proteſt true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falſhood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think, how I have been forſworn
In breaking faith with *Julia* whom I lov'd:
And, notwithſtanding all her ſudden quips,
(The leaſt whereof would quell a lover's hope)
Yet, ſpaniel-like, the more ſhe ſpurns my love,
The more it grows, and fawneth on her ſtill.
But here comes *Thurio:* now muſt we to her window,
And give ſome evening muſick to her ear.

Enter THURIO, *and Musicians.*

Thu. How now, ſir *Protheus?* are you crept before us?

Pro. Ay, gentle *Thurio*; for, you know, that love
Will creep in ſervice where it cannot go.

Thu. Ay, but, I hope, ſir, that you love not here.

Pro. Sir, but I do; or elſe I would be hence.

[10] have I

Thu. Who? *Silvia?*

Pro. Ay, *Silvia,*—for your ſake.

Thu. I thank you, for your own.—Now, gentlemen, Let's tune, and to it luſtily a while.

Enter Hoſt, *at a Diſtance*; *with* Julia, *apparel'd like a Boy.*

Hoſt. Now, my young gueſt! methinks, you're allicholly; I pray you, why is it?

Jul. Marry, mine hoſt, because I cannot be merry.

Hoſt. Come, we'll have you merry: I'll bring you where you ſhall hear muſick, and ſee the gentleman that you aſk'd for.

Jul. But ſhall I hear him ſpeak?

Hoſt. Ay, that you ſhall.

Jul. That will be muſick.

Hoſt. Hark, hark! [*Muſick plays.*

Jul. Is he among these?

Hoſt. Ay: but peace, let's hear 'em.

SONG.

Who is Silvia? *what is ſhe,*
that all our ſwains commend her?
holy, fair, and wise is ſhe;
the heaven ſuch grace did lend her,
that ſhe might admired be.

2.

Is ſhe kind, as ſhe is fair?
for beauty lives with kindneſs:
Love doth to her eyes repair,
to help him of his blindneſs;
and, being help'd, inhabits there.

3.

Then to Silvia *let us ſing,*

that Silvia *is excelling*;
She excels each mortal thing,
upon the dull earth dwelling:
to her let us garlands bring.

Hoſt. How now? are you ſadder than you were before? How do you, man? the muſick likes you not.

Jul. You miſtake; the muſician likes me not.

Hoſt. Why, my pretty youth?

Jul. He plays falſe, father.

Hoſt. How? out of tune on the ſtrings?

Jul. Not ſo; but yet ſo falſe, that he grieves my very heart-ſtrings.

Hoſt. You have a quick ear.

Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf; it makes me have a ſlow heart.

Hoſt. I perceive, you delight not in muſick.

Jul. Not a whit, when it jars ſo.

Hoſt. Hark, what fine change is in the muſick!

Jul. Ay; that change is the ſpight.

Hoſt. You would have them always play but one thing.

Jul. I would always have one play but one thing. But, hoſt, doth this ſir *Protheus*, that we talk on, often reſort unto this gentlewoman?

Hoſt. I tell you what *Launce* his man told me, he lov'd her out of all nick.

Jul. Where is *Launce?*

Hoſt. Gone to ſeek his dog; which, to-morrow, by his maſter's command, he muſt carry for a present to his lady. [*Muſick ceaſes.*

Jul. Peace! ſtand aſide, the company parts.

Pro. Sir *Thurio*, fear not you; I will ſo plead,

That you ſhall ſay, my cunning drift excels.

Thu. Where meet we?

Pro. At ſaint *Gregory*'s well.

Thu. Farewel. [*Exeunt* Thurio, *and Musick.* Silvia *appears above, at her Window.*

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyſhip!

Sil. I thank you for your musick, gentlemen:
Who is that, that ſpake?

Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,
You'd quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Sil. Sir *Protheus*, as I take it.

Pro. Sir *Protheus*, gentle lady, and your ſervant.

Sil. What is your will?

Pro. That I may compaſs yours.

Sil. You have your wiſh; my will is even this,—
That presently you hie you home to bed.
Thou ſubtle, perjur'd, falſe, diſloyal man!
Think'ſt thou, I am ſo ſhallow, ſo conceitleſs,
To be ſeduced by thy flattery,
That haſt deceiv'd ſo many with thy vows?
Return, return, and make thy love amends:
For me, (by this pale queen of night I ſwear)
I am ſo far from granting thy requeſt,
That I deſpise thee for thy wrongful ſuit;
And by and by intend to chide myſelf,
Even for this time I ſpend in talking to thee.

Pro. I grant, ſweet love, that I did love a lady;
But ſhe is dead.

Jul. "'Twere falſe, if I ſhould ſpeak it;"
"For, I am ſure, ſhe is not buried."

Sil. Say, that ſhe be: yet *Valentine*, thy friend,
Survives; to whom, thyſelf art witneſs,

I am betroth'd; And art thou not aſham'd
To wrong him with thy importúnacy?

Pro. I likewise hear, that *Valentine* is dead

Sil. And ſo, ſuppose, am I; for in his grave,
Aſſure thyſelf, my love is buried.

Pro. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.

Sil. Go to thy lady's grave, and call her's thence;
Or, at the leaſt, in her's ſepúlcher thine.

Jul. "He heard not that."

Pro. Madam, if that your heart be ſo obdurate,
Vouchſafe me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber;
To that I'll ſpeak, to that I'll ſigh, and weep:
For, ſince the ſubſtance of your perfect ſelf
Is elſe devoted, I am but a ſhadow;
And to your ſhadow will I make true love.

Jul. "If 'twere a ſubſtance, you would ſure deceive it,"
"And make it but a ſhadow, as I am."

Sil. I am very loth to be your idol, ſir:
But, ſince your falſhood ſhall become you well
To worſhip ſhadows, and adore falſe ſhapes,
Send to me in the morning, and I'll ſend it:
And ſo, good reſt.

Pro. As wretches have o'er night,
That wait for execution in the morn.

[*Exeunt* Protheus; *and* Silvia, *from above.*

Jul. Hoſt, will you go?

Hoſt. By my halydom, I was faſt aſleep.

Jul. Pray you, where lies ſir *Protheus?*

Hoſt. Marry, at my houſe: Truſt me, I think 'tis almoſt day.

Jul. Not ſo: but it hath been the longeſt night

That e'er I watch'd, and the moſt heavieſt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The ſame.*

Enter EGLAMOUR.

Egl. This is the hour that madam *Silvia*
Entreated me to call, and know her mind;
There's ſome great matter ſhe'd employ me in. —
Madam!

Enter SILVIA, *above.*

Sil. Who calls?

Egl. Your ſervant, and your friend;
One that attends your ladyſhip's commands.

Sil. Sir *Eglamour!* a thouſand times good morrow.

Egl. As many, worthy lady, to yourſelf.
According to your ladyſhip's impoſe,
I am thus early come; to know what ſervice
It is your pleaſure to command me in.

Sil. O *Eglamour*, thou art a gentleman
(Think not, I flatter; for, I ſwear, I do not)
Valiant, and wiſe, remorſeful, well accompliſh'd.
Thou art not ignorant, what dear good will
I bear unto the baniſh'd *Valentine*;
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain *Thurio*, whom my very ſoul abhors:
Thyſelf haſt lov'd; and I have heard thee ſay,
No grief did ever come ſo near thy heart,
As when thy lady and thy true-love dy'd,
Upon whoſe grave thou vow'dſt pure chaſtity:
Sir *Eglamour*, I would to *Valentine*,
To *Mantua*, where, I hear, he makes abode;
And, for the ways are dangerous to paſs,
I do deſire thy worthy company,

24 abhor'd

Upon whose faith and honour I repose.
Urge not my father's anger, *Eglamour*,
But think upon my grief, a lady's grief;
And on the juſtice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a moſt unholy match,
Which heaven, and fortune, ſtill rewards with plagues.
I do desire thee, even from a heart
As full of ſorrows as the ſea of ſands,
To bear me company and go with me:
If not, to hide what I have ſaid to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances;
Which ſince I know they virtuouſly are plac'd,
I give conſent to go along with you;
Wreaking as little what betideth me,
As much I wiſh all good befortune you.
When will you go?

Sil. This evening coming on.

Egl. Where ſhall I meet you?

Sil. At friar *Patrick*'s cell,
Where I intend holy confeſſion.

Egl. I will not fail your ladyſhip.
Good morrow, gentle lady.

Sil. Good morrow, kind ſir *Eglamour*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The ſame.* Silvia's *Anti-chamber.*
Enter Launce, *with his Dog.*

Lau. When a man's ſervant ſhall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard; one that I brought up of a puppy; one that I ſav'd from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and ſiſters went to it: I have taught him — even as one would ſay

preciſely, Thus I would teach a dog. I was ſent to deliver him, as a present to miſtreſs *Silvia*, from my maſter; and I came no ſooner into the dining-chamber, but he ſteps me to her trencher, and ſteals her capon's leg. O, 'tis a foul thing, when a cur cannot keep himſelf in all companies! I would have, as one ſhould ſay, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hang'd for't; ſure as I live, he had ſuffer'd for't: you ſhall judge: He thruſts me himſelf into the company of three or four gentleman-like dogs, under the duke's table; he had not been there (bleſs the mark!) a piſſing while, but all the chamber ſmelt him: *Out with the dog*, ſays one; *What cur is that?* ſays another; *Whip him out*, ſays the third; *Hang him up*, ſays the duke: I, having been acquainted with the ſmell before, knew it was *Crab*; and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs, *Friend*, quoth I, *you mean to whip the dog? Ay, marry, do I*, quoth he; *You do him the more wrong*, quoth I; *'twas I did the thing you wot of:* he makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber: How many maſters would do this for his ſervant? nay, I'll be ſworn, I have ſat in the ſtocks for puddings he hath ſtoln, otherwise he had been executed; I have ſtood on the pillory for geeſe he hath kill'd, otherwise he had ſuffer'd for't: — thou think'ſt not of this now: Nay, I remember the trick you ſerv'd me, when I took my leave of madam *Julia*; Did not I bid thee ſtill mark me, and do as I do? when didſt thou ſee me heave up my leg, and make

water againſt a gentlewoman's farthingale? didſt thou ever ſee me do ſuch a trick?

Enter PROTHEUS, *and* JULIA.

PRO. *Sebaſtian* is thy name? I like thee well,
And will employ thee in ſome ſervice presently.

JUL. In what you please; I'll do, ſir, what I can.

PRO. I hope, thou wilt. — How now, you whorſon peasant?
Where have you been these two days loitering?

LAU. Marry, ſir, I carry'd miſtreſs *Silvia* the dog you bad me.

PRO. And what ſays ſhe to my little jewel?

LAU. Marry, ſhe ſays, your dog was a cur; and tells you, curriſh thanks is good enough for ſuch a present.

PRO. But ſhe receiv'd my dog?

LAU. No, indeed, did ſhe not; here † have I brought him back again.

PRO. What, didſt thou offer her this from me?

LAU. Ay, ſir; the other ſquirrel was ſtoln from me by the hangman's boy in the market-place: and then I offer'd her mine own; who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

PRO. Go, get thee hence, and find my dog again,
Or ne'er return again into my ſight.
Away, I ſay; Stay'ſt thou to vex me here? —
[*Exit* LAUNCE.
A ſlave, that, ſtill an end, turns me to ſhame. —
Sebaſtian, I have entertained thee,
Partly, that I have need of ſuch a youth,
That can with ſome diſcretion do my buſineſs,
For 'tis no truſting to yon' fooliſh lowt;
But, chiefly, for thy face, and thy behaviour,

Which (if my augury deceive me not)
Witneſs good bringing up, fortune, and truth:
Therefore, know thou, for this I entertain thee.
Go presently, and take this † ring with thee,
Deliver it to madam *Silvia*;
She lov'd me well, deliver'd it to me.

Jul. It ſeems, you lov'd not her, to leave her token:
She is dead, belike?

Pro. Not ſo; I think, ſhe lives.

Jul. Alas!

Pro. Why doſt thou cry, alas?

Jul. I cannot choose
But pity her.

Pro. Wherefore ſhould'ſt thou pity her?

Jul. Because, methinks, that ſhe lov'd you as well
As you do love your lady *Silvia:*
She dreams on him, that has forgot her love;
You doat on her, that cares not for your love:
'Tis pity, love ſhould be ſo contrary;
And thinking on it makes me cry, alas. [withal

Pro. Well, Give her that ring, and give her there-
This † letter; that's her chamber: Tell my lady,
I claim the promise for her heavenly picture:
Your meſſage done, hie home unto my chamber,
Where thou ſhalt find me ſad and ſolitary.

[*Exit* Protheus.

Jul. How many women would do ſuch a meſſage?
Alas, poor *Protheus!* thou haſt entertain'd
A fox, to be the ſhepherd of thy lambs:
Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him
That with his very heart deſpiseth me?
Because he loves her, he deſpiseth me;

Because I love him, I muſt pity him.
This ring I gave him, when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good will:
And now am I (unhappy meſſenger)
To plead for that, which I would not obtain;
To carry that, which I would have refus'd;
To praise his faith, which I would have diſprais'd.
I am my maſter's true confirmed love;
But cannot be true ſervant to my maſter,
Unleſs I prove falſe traitor to myſelf:
Yet will I woo for him; but yet ſo coldly,
As, heaven it knows, I would not have him ſpeed.

Enter SILVIA.

Gentlewoman, good day! I pray you, be my mean
To bring me where to ſpeak with madam *Silvia*.

SIL. What would you with her, if that I be ſhe?

JUL. If you be ſhe, I do entreat your patience
To hear me ſpeak the meſſage I am ſent on.

SIL. From whom?

JUL. My maſter; from ſir *Protheus*, madam.

SIL. O, he ſends you for a picture; does he not?

JUL. Ay, madam.

SIL. *Urſula*, bring my picture there.—[*Picture brought.*
Go, give your maſter this †: tell him from me,
One *Julia*, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber than this ſhadow.

JUL. Madam, will please you to peruse this letter?—
Pardon me, madam; I have, unadvis'd,
Deliver'd you a paper that I ſhould not;
This † is the letter to your ladyſhip.

SIL. I pray thee, let me look on that again.

JUL. It may not be; good madam, pardon me.

20 From my Maſter, Sir

Sil. There, hold. [*giving back the firſt Letter.*
I will not look upon your maſter's lines:
I know, they are ſtuff'd with proteſtations,
And full of new-found oaths; which he will break,
As easily as I do tear † his paper.

Jul. Madam, he ſends your ladyſhip this † ring.

Sil. The more ſhame for him, that he ſends it me;
For I have heard him ſay a thousand times,
His *Julia* gave it him at his departure:
Though his falſe finger have prophan'd the ring,
Mine ſhall not do his *Julia* ſo much wrong.

Jul. She thanks you.

Sil. What ſay'ſt thou?

Jul. I thank you, madam, that you tender her:
Poor gentlewoman! my maſter wrongs her much.

Sil. Doſt thou know her?

Jul. Almoſt as well as I do know myſelf:
To think upon her woes, I do proteſt,
That I have wept a hundred ſeveral times.

Sil. Belike, ſhe thinks that *Protheus* hath forſook her.

Jul. I think, ſhe doth; and that's her cause of ſorrow.

Sil. Is ſhe not paſſing fair?

Jul. She hath been fairer, madam, than ſhe is:
When ſhe did think my maſter lov'd her well,
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you;
But ſince ſhe did neglect her looking-glaſs,
And threw her ſun-expelling maſque away,
The air hath ſtarv'd the roses in her cheeks,
And pinch'd the lilly tincture of her face,
That now ſhe is become as black as I.

Sil. How tall was ſhe?

Jul. About my ſtature: for, at pentecoſt,

When all our pageants of delight were play'd,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trim'd in madam *Julia*'s gown;
Which ſerved me as fit, by all men's judgment,
As if the garment had been made for me:
Therefore, I know ſhe is about my height.
And, at that time, I made her weep a-good;
For I did play a lamentable part:
Madam, 'twas *Ariadne*, paſſioning
For *Theſeus*' perjury, and unjuſt flight:
Which I ſo lively acted with my tears,
That my poor miſtreſs, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly; and, 'would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very ſorrow.

Sil. She is beholding to thee, gentle youth: —
Alas, poor lady! deſolate and left! —
I weep myſelf, to think upon thy words.
Here, youth, there is ☩ my purſe; I give thee this
For thy ſweet miſtreſs' ſake, because thou lov'ſt her.
Farewel. [*Exit* Silvia.

Jul. And ſhe ſhall thank you for't, if e'er you know
A virtuous gentlewoman, mild, and beautiful: [her. —
I hope, my maſter's ſuit will be but cold,
Since ſhe reſpects my miſtreſs' love ſo much.
Alas, how love can trifle with itſelf!
Here is her picture: Let me ſee; I think,
If I had ſuch a tyre, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers:
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
Unleſs I flatter with myſelf too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow;
If that be all the difference in his love,

I'll get me ſuch a colour'd periwig:
Her eyes are grey as glaſs; and ſo are mine:
Ay, but her forehead's low; and mine's as high:
What ſhould it be, that he reſpects in her,
But I can make reſpective in myſelf,
If this fond love were not a blinded god?
Come, ſhadow, come, and take this ſhadow up,
For 'tis thy rival: O thou ſenſeleſs form,
Thou ſhalt be worſhip'd, kiſſ'd, lov'd, and ador'd;
And, were there ſenſe in his idolatry,
My ſubſtance ſhould be ſtatue in thy ſtead.
I'll use thee kindly for thy miſtreſs' ſake,
That us'd me ſo; or elſe, by *Jove* I vow,
I ſhould have ſcratch'd out your unſeeing eyes,
To make my maſter out of love with thee. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The ſame. An Abbey.*

Enter EGLAMOUR.

Egl. The ſun begins to gild the weſtern ſky;
And now it is about the very hour,
That *Silvia*, at friar *Patrick*'s cell, ſhould meet me:
She will not fail; for lovers break not hours,
Unleſs it be to come before their time;
So much they ſpur their expedition.

Enter SILVIA.

See, where ſhe comes:—Lady, a happy evening!

Sil. Amen, amen! go on, good *Eglamour*,
Out at the poſtern by the abbey wall;
I fear, I am attended by ſome ſpies.

Egl. Fear not: the foreſt is not three leagues off;
If we recover that, we're ſure enough. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The ſame. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Thurio, Protheus, *and* Julia.

Thu. Sir *Protheus*, what ſays *Silvia* to my ſuit?

Pro. O, ſir, I find her milder than ſhe was;
But yet ſhe takes exceptions at your perſon.

Thu. What, that my leg's too long?

Pro. No; that it is too little.

Thu. I'll wear a boot, to make it ſomewhat rounder.

Pro. But love will not be ſpur'd to what it loaths.

Thu. What ſays ſhe to my face?

Pro. She ſays, it is a fair one.

Thu. Nay, then the wanton lies; my face is black.

Pro. But pearls are fair; and the old ſaying is,
Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.

Jul. "'Tis true, ſuch pearls as put out ladies' eyes;
"For I had rather wink, than look on them.".

Thu. How likes ſhe my diſcourſe?

Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.

Thu. But well, when I diſcourſe of love, and peace?"

Jul. "But better, indeed, when you do hold your [peace."

Thu. What ſays ſhe to my valour?

Pro. O, ſir, ſhe makes
No doubt of that.

Jul. "She needs not, when ſhe knows it cowardice."

Thu. What ſays ſhe to my birth?

Pro. That you are well deriv'd.

Jul. "True; from a gentleman, to a fool."

Thu. Conſiders ſhe my poſſeſſions?

Pro. O, ay; and pities them.

[18] *Thu.* 'Tis

Thu. Wherefore?
Jul. "That such an ass should owe them."
Pro. That they are out by lease.
Jul. Here comes the duke.

Enter Duke.

Duk. How now, sir *Protheus?* how now, *Thurio?*
Which of you saw sir *Eglamour* of late?
Thu. Not I.
Pro. Nor I.
Duk. Saw you my daughter?
Pro. Neither.
Duk. Why, then she's fled unto the peasant *Valentine*;
And *Eglamour* is in her company.
'Tis true; for friar *Laurence* met them both,
As he in penance wander'd through the forest:
Him he knew well; and guess'd, that it was she;
But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it:
Besides, she did intend confession
At *Patrick*'s cell this even; and there she was not:
These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.
Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,
But mount you presently; and meet with me
Upon the rising of the mountain foot
That leads toward *Mantua*, whither they are fled:
Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me. [*Exit.*
Thu. Why, this it is to be a peevish girl,
That flies her fortune when it follows her:
I'll after; more to be reveng'd on *Eglamour*,
Than for the love of reckless *Silvia*. [*Exit.*
Pro. And I will follow, more for *Silvia*'s love,
Than hate of *Eglamour* that goes with her. [*Exit.*
Jul. And I will follow, more to cross that love,

Than hate for *Silvia* that is gone for love. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *Frontiers of* Mantua. *The Foreſt. Shouts. Enter* Out-laws, *with* SILVIA.

1. *O.* Come, come;
Be patient, we muſt bring you to our captain.

SIL. A thousand more miſchances than this one
Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.

2. *O.* Come, Bring her away.

1. *O.* Where is the gentleman that was with her?

3. *O.* Being nimble-footed, he hath out-run us;
But *Moses*, and *Valerius*, follow him.
Go thou with her to the weſt end of the wood,
There is our captain: we'll follow him that's fled;
The thicket is beſet, he cannot 'ſcape. [*Exeunt.*

1. *O.* Come, I muſt bring you to our captain's cave:
Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,
And will not use a woman lawleſly.

SIL. O *Valentine*, this I endure for thee! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The ſame. Another Part of it. Enter* VALENTINE.

VAL. How uſe doth breed a habit in a man!
This ſhadowy deſert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flouriſhing peopl'd towns:
Here can I ſit alone, unſeen of any,
And, to the nightingale's complaining notes,
Tune my diſtreſſes, and record my woes.
O thou that doſt inhabit in my breaſt,
Leave not the manſion ſo long tenantleſs;
Leſt, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was!

Repair me with thy presence, *Silvia* ;
Thou gentle nymph, cheriſh thy forlorn ſwain !
What hallowing, and what ſtir, is this to-day ?
These are my mates, that make their wills their law,
Have ſome unhappy paſſenger in chace :
They love me well ; yet I have much to do,
To keep them from uncivil outrages.
Withdraw thee, *Valentine*; who's this comes here ?

Enter PROTHEUS, SILVIA, *and* JULIA.

Pro. Madam, this ſervice I have done for you,
(Though you reſpect not ought your ſervant doth)
To hazard life, and reſcue you from him,
That would have forc'd your honour, and your love :
Vouchſafe me, for my meed, but one fair look ;
A ſmaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And leſs than this, I am ſure, you cannot give.

Val. "How like a dream is this, I ſee, and hear !"
"Love, lend me patience to forbear a while"

Sil. O miserable, unhappy, that I am !

Pro. Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came ;
But, by my coming, I have made you happy.

Sil. By thy approach thou mak'ſt me moſt unhappy.

Jul. "And me, when he approacheth to your pre-
Sil. Had I been ſeized by a hungry lion, [ſence."
I would have been a breakfaſt to the beaſt,
Rather than have falſe *Protheus* reſcue me.
O, heaven be judge, how I love *Valentine*,
Whose life's as tender to me as my ſoul ;
And full as much (for more there cannot be)
I do deteſt falſe perjur'd *Protheus :*
Therefore be gone, ſolicit me no more.

Pro. What dangerous action, ſtood it next to death,

Would I not undergo for one calm look?
O, 'tis the curſe in love, and ſtill approv'd,
When women cannot love where they're belov'd!

Sil. When *Protheus* cannot love where he's belov'd:
Read over *Julia*'s heart, thy firſt beſt love,
For whose dear ſake thou didſt then rend thy faith
Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths
Deſcended into perjury, to love me.
Thou haſt no faith left now, unleſs thou'dſt two,
And that's far worſe than none; better have none
Than plural faith, which is too much by one:
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!

Pro. In love,
Who reſpects friend?

Sil. All men but *Protheus*.

Pro. Nay, if the gentle ſpirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form,
I'll woo you like a ſoldier, at arm's end;
And love you 'gainſt the nature of love, force you.

Sil. O heaven!

Pro. I'll force thee yield to my desire.

Val. Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch;
Thou friend of an ill faſhion.

Pro. *Valentine!* [love;

Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith, or
(For ſuch is a friend now) treacherous man,
Thou haſt beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could have perſuaded me: Now I dare not ſay,
I have one friend alive; thou would'ſt diſprove me:
Who ſhould be truſted now, when one's right hand
Is perjur'd to the bosom? *Protheus*,
I am ſorry, I muſt never truſt thee more,

But count the world a ſtranger for thy ſake.
The private wound is deepeſt: O time accurſt!
'Mongſt all foes, that a friend ſhould be the worſt!
Pro. My ſhame, and guilt, confounds me. —
Forgive me, *Valentine:* if hearty ſorrow
Be a ſufficient ranſom for offence,
I tender't here; I do as truly ſuffer,
As e'er I did commit.
Val. Then I am pay'd;
And once again I do receive thee honeſt: —
Who by repentance is not ſatiſfy'd,
Is nor of heaven, nor earth; for these are pleas'd;
By penitence th' Eternal's wrath's appeas'd: —
And, that my love may appear plain and free,
All, that was mine in *Silvia*, I give thee.
Jul. O me unhappy! [*faints.*
Pro. Look to the boy. [matter?
Val. Why, boy! why, wag! how now? what is the
Look up; ſpeak.
Jul. O good ſir, my maſter charg'd me
To deliver a ring to madam *Silvia*;
Which, out of my neglect, was never done.
Pro. Where is that ring, boy?
Jul. Here 'tis; this ⸸ is it.
Pro. How! let me ſee:
Why, this is the ring I gave to *Julia*.
Jul. O, cry you mercy, ſir, I have miſtook;
This † is the ring you ſent to *Silvia*. [part,
Pro. But, how cam'ſt thou by this ring? at my de-
I gave this unto *Julia*.
Jul. And *Julia* herſelf did give it me;
And *Julia* herſelf hath brought it hither.

[2] time, moſt acc-

Pro. How! *Julia?*

Jul. Behold † her that gave aim to all thy oaths,
And entertain'd them deeply in her heart:
How oft haſt thou with perjury cleft the root?
O *Protheus*, let this habit make thee bluſh;
Be thou aſham'd, that I have took upon me
Such an immodeſt rayment; if ſhame live
In a diſguise of love:
It is the leſſer blot, modeſty finds,
Women to change their ſhapes, than men their minds.

Pro. Than men their minds! 'tis true: O heaven! were man
But conſtant, he were perfect: that one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all ſins:
Inconſtancy falls off, ere it begins:
What is in *Silvia*'s face, but I may ſpy
More freſh in *Julia*'s, with a conſtant eye?

Val. Come, come, a hand from either:
Let me be bleſt to make this happy close;
'Twere pity, two ſuch friends ſhould be long foes.

Jul. Bear witneſs, heaven, I have my wiſh for ever.

Pro. And I mine. [*embracing.*

Shouts; and Enter Outlaws, *with* Duke, *and* Thurio.

Out. A prize, a prize, a prize!

Val. Forbear, I ſay; it is my lord the duke:—
Your grace is welcome to a man diſgrac'd,
The baniſh'd *Valentine.*

Duk. Sir *Valentine!*

Thu. Yonder is *Silvia*; and *Silvia*'s mine.

Val. *Thurio*, give back, or elſe embrace thy death;
Come not within the measure of my wrath:

† all th' ſins

Do not name *Silvia* thine; if once again,
Milan ſhall not behold thee: Here ſhe ſtands,
Take but poſſeſſion of her with a touch;
I dare thee but to breath upon my love.

Thu. Sir *Valentine*, I care not for her, I:
I hold him but a fool, that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not:
I claim her not, and therefore ſhe is thine.

Duk. The more degenerate and baſe art thou,
To make ſuch means for her as thou haſt done,
And leave her on ſuch ſlight conditions. —
Now, by the honour of my anceſtry,
I do applaud thy ſpirit, *Valentine*,
And think thee worthy of an empreſs' love:
Know then, I here forget all former griefs,
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again;
Plead a new ſtate in thy unrival'd merit,
To which I thus ſubſcribe, — Sir *Valentine*,
Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd;
Take thou thy † *Silvia*, for thou haſt deſerv'd her.

Val. I thank your grace; the gift hath made me happy.
I now beſeech you, for your daughter's ſake,
To grant one boon that I ſhall aſk of you.

Duk. I grant it, for thine own, whate'er it be.

Val. These baniſh'd men, that I have kept withal,
Are men endu'd with worthy qualities;
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their exile:
They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

Duk. Thou haſt prevail'd; I pardon them, and thee:
Diſpoſe of them, as thou know'ſt their deſerts.

† *Verona* ſhall not hold

Come, let us go; we will include all jars
With triumphs, mirth, and rare ſolemnity.
Val. And, as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our diſcourſe to make your grace to ſmile:
What think you of this page, my lord?
Duk. I think, the boy hath grace in him; he bluſhes.
Val. I warrant you, my lord; more grace than boy.
Duk. What mean you by that ſaying?
Val. 'Please you, I'll tell you as we paſs along,
That you will wonder, what hath fortuned.—
Come, *Protheus*; 'tis your penance, but to hear
The ſtory of your loves diſcovered:
That done, our day of marriage ſhall be yours;
One feaſt, one houſe, one mutual happineſs.

[*Exeunt.*

The

MERRY WIVES

of

WINDSOR.

Perſons represented.

Sir John Falſtaff:
Nym, Piſtol, Bardolph, } *his Followers:*
Robin, *his Page:*
Hoſt of the garter Inn.
Ford, Page, } *Gentlemen of* Windſor:
William, *Son to* Page:
Sir Hugh Evans, *a* Welch *Parſon.*
Shallow, *a country Juſtice:*
Slender, *his Cousin, a fooliſh 'Squire,* Fenton, *a young Gentleman,* *Doctor* Caius, *a* French *Physician,* } *Suitors to* Page's *Daughter.*
Rugby, *Servant to D.* Caius:
Simple, *Servant to* Slender:
John, Robert, } *Servants in* Ford's *Family.*

Miſtreſs Ford.
Miſtreſs Page:
Miſtreſs Anne, *her Daughter, in Love with* Fenton.
Miſtreſs Quickly, *Houſe-keeper to D.* Caius.

Scene, Windſor; *and Parts adjacent.*

The *MERRY WIVES of* WINDSOR.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Before* Page's *Houſe.*

Enter Juſtice SHALLOW, SLENDER, *and Sir* Hugh EVANS.

SHAL. Sir *Hugh*, perſuade me not; I will make a ſtar-chamber matter of it: if he were twenty ſir *John Falſtaffs*, he ſhall not abuse *Robert Shallow*, eſquire,—

SLEN. In the county of *Gloſter*, juſtice of peace and *coram.*

SHAL. Ay, cousin *Slender*, and *cuſtalorum.*

SLEN. Ay, and *ratolorum* too; and a gentleman born, maſter parſon; who writes himſelf, *armigero*; in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, *armigero.*

SHAL. Ay, that I do; and have done, any time these three hundred years.

SLEN. All his ſucceſſors, gone before him, have don't; and all his anceſtors, that come after him, may: they may give the dozen white luces in their coat.

SHAL. It is an old coat.

Sir H. The dozen white louſes do become an old coat

12 hath don't

well; it agrees well paſſant: it is a familiar beaſt to man, and ſignifies — love.

Shal. The luce [*to* Slen. *ſhowing him his Seal-ring.*] is the freſh fiſh; the ſalt fiſh is an old coat.

Slen. I may quarter, coz'.

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Sir H. It is marring, indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Sir H. Yes, py'r-lady; if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three ſkirts for yourſelf, in my ſimple conjectures: but that is all one: If ſir *John Falſtaff* have committed diſparagements unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make atonements and compremises between you

Shal. The council ſhall hear it; it is a riot.

Sir H. It is not meet the council hear a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot: the council, look you, ſhall deſire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your viſaments in that.

Shal. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the ſword ſhould end it.

Sir H. It is petter that friends is the ſword, and end it: and there is alſo another device in my prain, which, peradventure, prings goot diſcretions with it: There is *Anne Page*, which is daughter to maſter *Thomas Page*, which is pretty virginity.

Slen. Miſtreſs *Anne Page?* ſhe has brown hair, and ſpeaks ſmall like a woman.

Sir H. It is that fery perſon for all the 'orld, as juſt as you will deſire; and ſeven hundred pounds of monies, and gold, and ſilver, is her grandfire, upon his death's bed, (Got deliver to a joyful reſurrections!)

give, when ſhe is able to overtake ſeventeen years old: It were a goot motion, if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between maſter *Abraham*, and miſtreſs *Anne Page*.

Shal. Did her grandfire leave her ſeven hundred pound?

Sir H. Ay, and his father is make her a petter penny.

Shal. I know the young gentlewoman; ſhe has good gifts.

Sir H. Seven hundred pounds, and poſſibilities, is good gifts.

Shal. Well, let us ſee honeſt maſter *Page:* Is *Falſtaff* there?

Sir H. Shall I tell you a lye? I do deſpise a liar, as I do deſpise one that is falſe; or, as I deſpise one that is not true: The knight ſir *John* is there; and I beſeech you, be ruled by your well-willers: I will peat the door for maſter *Page*.—What, hoa! Got pleſs your houſe here!

Enter Page.

Page. Who's there?

Sir H. Here is Got's pleſſing, and your friend, and juſtice *Shallow:* and here is young maſter *Slender*; that, peradventures, ſhall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Page. I am glad to ſee your worſhips well: I thank you for my venison, maſter *Shallow*.

Shal. Maſter *Page*, I am glad to ſee you; Much good do it your good heart! I wiſh'd your venison better; it was ill killed: — How doth good miſtreſs *Page?* — and I thank you always with my heart, la;

5 v. *Note.*

with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.

Page. I am glad to ſee you, good maſter *Slender.*

Slen. How does your fallow greyhound, ſir? I heard ſay, he was out-run on *Cotſall.*

Page. It could not be judg'd, ſir.

Slen. You'll not confeſs, you'll not confeſs.

Shal. That he will not;—'tis your fault, 'tis your fault: 'Tis a good dog.

Page. A cur, ſir.

Shal. Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog; Can there be more ſaid? he is good, and fair. Is ſir *John Falſtaff* here?

Page. Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

Sir H. It is ſpoke as a chriſtians ought to ſpeak.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me, maſter *Page.*

Page. Sir, he doth in ſome ſort confeſs it.

Shal. If it be confeſſed, it is not redreſſed; Is not that ſo, maſter *Page?* He hath wrong'd me; indeed, he hath; at a word, he hath; believe me; *Robert Shallow* eſquire ſaith, he is wronged.

Page. Here comes ſir *John.*

Enter Sir John Falstaff, Nym, Pistol, *and* Bardolph.

Fals. Now, maſter *Shallow*; you'll complain of me to the king?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, kill'd my deer, and broke open my lodge.

Fals. But not kiſſ'd your keeper's daughter?

Shal. Tut a pin! this ſhall be anſwer'd.

Fals. I will answer it straight; — I have done all this: — That is now answer'd.

Shal. The council shall know this.

Fals. 'Twere better for you if it were known in council? you'll be laugh'd at.

Sir H. Pauca verba, sir *John*; good worts.

Fals. Good worts! good cabbage: — *Slender*, I broke your head; What matter have you against me?

Slen. Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you; and against your coney-catching rascals, *Bardolph*, *Nym*, and *Pistol*.

Bard. You *Banbury* cheese!

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Pist. How now, *Mephostophilus?*

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say! *pauca*, *pauca*; slice! that's my humour.

Slen. Where's *Simple* my man? — can you tell, cousin?

Sir H. Peace, I pray you! Now let us understand: There is three umpires in this matter, as I understand: that is — master *Page*, *fidelicet*, master *Page*; and there is myself, *fidelicet*, myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine host of the garter.

Page. We three, to hear it, and end it between them.

Sir H. Fery goot: I will make a prief of it in my note-book; and we will afterwards 'ork upon the cause, with as great discreetly as we can.

Fals. Pistol, —

Pist. He hears with ears.

Sir H. The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this,

He hears with ear? Why, it is affectations.

Fals. *Piſtol*, did you pick maſter *Slender*'s purſe?

Slen. Ay, by these gloves, did he, (or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again elſe) of ſeven groats in mill-ſixpences, and two *Edward* ſhovel-boards, that coſt me two ſhilling and two-pence a-piece of *Yead Miller*, by these gloves.

Fals. Is this true, *Piſtol?*

Sir H. No, it is falſe, if it is a pickpurſe.

Pist. Ha, thou mountain foreigner! —
Sir *John* and maſter mine,
I combat challenge of this latten bilboe: —
Word of denial in thy *labras* here;
Word of denial; froth and ſcum, thou ly'ſt.

Slen. By these gloves, then 'twas † he.

Nym. Be avis'd, ſir, and paſs good humours: I will ſay, marry trap, with you, if you run the nuthook's humour on me; that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then † he in the red face had it: for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an aſs.

Fals. What ſay you, *Scarlet* and *John?*

Bard. Why, ſir, for my part, I ſay, the gentleman had drunk himſelf out of his five ſentences;

Sir H. It is his five ſenſes: fie, what the ignorance is!

Bard. And being ſap, ſir, was, as they ſay, caſhier'd; and ſo conclusions paſt the careeres.

Slen. Ay, you ſpake in *Latin* then too; but 'tis no matter: I'll ne'er be drunk whilſt I live again, but in honeſt, civil, godly company, for this trick: if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Sir H. So Got'udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fals. You hear all these matters deny'd, gentlemen; you hear it.

Enter Miſtreſs Anne Page, *with Wine*; *Miſt.* Ford, *and Miſt.* Page, *following her.*

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within.

Slen. O heaven! this is miſtreſs *Anne Page.*

Page. How now, miſtreſs *Ford?*

Fals. Miſtreſs *Ford*, by my troth, you are very well met: by your leave, good miſtreſs. [*kiſſing her.*

Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome:—Come, we have a hot venison paſty to dinner; come, gentlemen; I hope, we ſhall drink down all unkindneſs.

[*Exeunt All, but* Shal. Slen. *and Sir* H. Evans.

Slen. I had rather than forty ſhillings, I had my book of ſongs and ſonnets here:—

Enter Simple.

How now, *Simple*; where have you been? I muſt wait on myſelf, muſt I? You have not the book of riddles about you, have you?

Simp. Book of riddles! why, did you not lend it to *Alice Short-cake*, upon *Allhallowmas* laſt, a fortnight afore *Michaelmas*?

Shal. Come, coz; come, coz; we ſtay for you. A word with you, coz: marry, this, coz; There is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by ſir *Hugh* here;—Do you underſtand me?

Slen. Ay, ſir, you ſhall find me reasonable; if it be ſo, I ſhall do that that is reason.

Shal. Nay, but underſtand me.

Slen. So I do, ſir.

Sir H. Give ear to his motions, maſter *Slender :* I will deſcription the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do as my cousin *Shallow* ſays : I pray you, pardon me ; he's a juſtice of peace in his country, ſimple though I ſtand here.

Sir H. But that is not the queſtion ; the queſtion is concerning your marriage.

Shal. Ay, there's the point, ſir.

Sir H. Marry, is it ; the very point of it ; to miſtreſs *Anne Page.*

Slen. Why, if it be ſo, I will marry her, upon any reasonable demands.

Sir H. But can you affection the 'oman ? let us command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips ; — for divers philoſophers hold, that the lips is parcel of the mouth ; — Therefore, preciſely, can you carry your good will to the maid ?

Shal. Cousin *Abraham Slender*, can you love her ?

Slen. I hope, ſir, — I will do as it ſhall become one that would do reason.

Sir H. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies, you muſt ſpeak possitable, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

Shal. That you muſt ; Will you, upon good dowry, marry her ?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that, upon your requeſt, cousin, in any reason.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, ſweet coz ; what I do is to pleasure you, coz : Can you love the maid ?

Slen. I will marry her, ſir, at your requeſt ; but if

there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decreaſe it upon better acquaintance, when we are marry'd, and have more occaſion to know one another: I hope, upon familiarity will grow more content: but if you ſay, *marry her*, I will marry her, that I am freely diſſolv'd, and diſſolutely.

Sir H. It is a fery diſcretion anſwer; ſave the faul' is in the 'ort, diſſolutely: the 'ort is, according to our meaning, resolutely; — his meaning is good.

Shal. Ay, I think my cousin meant well.

Slen. Ay, or elſe I would I might be hang'd, la.

Re-enter Anne Page.

Shal. Here comes fair miſtreſs *Anne:* — 'Would I were young, for your ſake, miſtreſs *Anne!*

Anne. The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worſhips' company.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair miſtreſs *Anne.*

Sir H. Od's pleſſed will! I will not be abſence at the grace. [*Exeunt* Shallow, *and Sir* Hugh Evans.

Anne. Will't please your worſhip to come in, ſir?

Slen. No, I thank you, forſooth, heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, ſir.

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forſooth: — Go, ſirrah, for all you are my man, go, wait upon my cousin *Shallow*; [*Exit* Simple.] a juſtice of peace ſometime may be beholding to his friend for a man: — I keep but three men and a boy yet, 'till my mother be dead: But what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your worſhip: they will not ſit, 'till you come.

Slen. I'faith, I'll eat nothing: I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, ſir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you: I bruis'd my ſhin th' other day with playing at ſword and dagger with a maſter of fence, three veneys for a diſh of ſtew'd prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the ſmell of hot meat ſince. Why do your dogs bark ſo? be there bears i' th' town?

Anne. I think, there are, ſir; I heard them talk'd of.

Slen. I love the ſport well; but I ſhall as ſoon quarrel at it, as any man in *England:*—You are afraid, if you ſee the bear looſe, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, ſir.

Slen. That's meat and drink to me now: I have ſeen *Sackerſon* looſe, twenty times; and have taken him by the chain: but, I warrant you, the women have ſo cry'd and ſhriek'd at it, that it paſſ'd:—but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favour'd rough things.

Re-enter Page.

Page. Come, gentle maſter *Slender*, come; we ſtay for you.

Slen. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, ſir.

Page. By cock and pye, you ſhall not choose, ſir: come, come.

Slen. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, ſir.

Slen. Miſtreſs *Anne*, yourſelf ſhall go firſt.

Anne. Not I, ſir; pray you, keep on.

Slen. Truly, I will not go firſt; truly, la: I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, sir.

Slen. I'll rather be unmannerly, than troublesome: You do yourself wrong, indeed, la. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter Sir Hugh Evans, *and* Simple.

Sir H. Go your ways, and ask of doctor *Caius'* house, which is the way: and there dwells one mistress *Quickly*; which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his wringer.

Simp. Well, sir.

Sir H. Nay, it is petter yet:—give her this † letter; for it is a 'oman that altogethers acquaintance with mistress *Anne Page*; and the letter is, to desire and require her to solicit your master's desires to mistress *Anne Page:* I pray you, be gone; I will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and cheese to come.

[*Exeunt, severally.*

SCENE III. *A Room in the garter Inn.*

Enter Falstaff, Host, Bardolph, Pistol, Nym, *and* Robin.

Fals. Mine host of the garter,—

Host. What says my bully rook? speak schollarly, and wisely.

Fals. Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

Host. Discard, bully *Hercules*; cashier: let them wag; trot, trot.

Fals. I sit at ten pounds a week.

Host. Thou'rt an emperor, *Cesar*, *Keisar*, and *Pheasar*. I will entertain *Bardolph*; he shall draw, he shall tap:

Said I well, bully *Hector?*

Fals. Do so, good mine host.

Host. I have spoke; let him follow:—Let me see thee froth and lime: I am at a word; follow.

[*Exit* Host.

Fals. *Bardolph*, follow him; a tapster is a good trade: An old cloak makes a new jerkin; a wither'd serving-man, a fresh tapster: Go; adieu.

Bard. It is a life that I have desir'd: I will thrive.

[*Exit* Bardolph.

Pist. O base *Gongarian* wight! wilt thou the spigot wield?

Nym. He was gotten in drink: Is not the humour conceited?

Fals. I am glad, I am so acquit of this tinder-box; his thefts were too open: his filching was like an unskilful singer, he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour is, to steal at a minute's rest.

Pist. Convey, the wise it call: Steal! foh; a fico for the phrase!

Fals. Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels.

Pist. Why then, let kybes ensue.

Fals. There is no remedy; I must coney-catch, I must shift.

Pist. Young ravens must have food.

Fals. Which of you know *Ford* of this town?

Pist. I ken the wight; he is of substance good.

Fals. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards, and more.

Fals. No quips now, *Pistol:* Indeed, I am in the

waſte two yards about: but I am now about no waſte; I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to *Ford*'s wife; I ſpy entertainment in her; ſhe diſcourſes, ſhe carves, ſhe gives the leer of invitation: I can conſtrue the action of her familiar ſtile; and the hardeſt voice of her behaviour, to be engliſh'd rightly, is, *I am ſir* John Falſtaff's.

Pist. He hath ſtudy'd her will, and tranſlated her will; out of honeſty into *Engliſh*.

Nym. The anchor is deep: Will that humour paſs?

Fals. Now, the report goes, ſhe hath all the rule of her husband's purſe; ſhe hath legions of angels.

Pist. As many devils entertain; and, *To her, boy*, ſay I.

Nym. The humour rises; it is good: humour me the angels.

Fals. I have writ me here † a letter to her: and here another † to *Page*'s wife; who even now gave me good eyes too, examin'd my parts with moſt judicious *oeillades:* ſometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, ſometimes my portly belly.

Pist. Then did the ſun on dunghill ſhine.

Nym. I thank thee for that humour.

Fals. O, ſhe did ſo courſe-o'er my exteriors with ſuch a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did ſeem to ſcorch me up like a burning-glaſs! Here's † another letter to her: ſhe bears the purſe too; ſhe is a region in *Guiana*, all gold and bounty. I will be 'cheator to them both, and they ſhall be exchequers to me; they ſhall be my *Eaſt* and *Weſt-Indies*, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear thou † this letter to miſtreſs *Page*; and thou † this to miſtreſs *Ford:* we will

20 illiads 29 Cheators

thrive, lads, we will thrive.

Pist. Shall I sir *Pandarus* of *Troy* become,
And by my side wear steel? then, *Lucifer* take all!

Nym. I will run no base humour: here, take the humour letter; I will keep the 'haviour of reputation.

Fals. Hold, sirrah, [*to* Rob.] bear you † these letters tightly;
Sail, like my pinnace, to the golden shores.—
Rogues, hence, avaunt, vanish like hailstones, go;
Trudge, plod, away, o'the hoof, seek shelter, pack!
Falstaff will learn the humour of this age,
French thrift, you rogues, myself and skirted page.
[*Exeunt* Falstaff, *and* Robin.

Pist. Let vultures gripe thy guts! for gourd and *Fullam* holds;
And high and low beguiles the rich and poor:
Tester I'll have in pouch, when thou shalt lack,
Base *Phrygian Turk!*

Nym. I have operations in my head, which be humours of revenge.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By welkin, and her star!

Pist. With wit, or steel?

Nym. With both the humours I:
I will discuss the humour of this love to *Ford.*

Pist. And I to *Page* shall eke unfold,
How *Falstaff*, varlet vile,
His dove will prove, his gold will hold,
And his soft couch defile.

Nym. My humour shall not cool: I will incense *Ford* to deal with poison; I will possess him with yellowness, for the revolt of mien is dangerous: that is my true

10 plod away o'th' heofe 32 of mine

humour.

Pist. Thou art the *Mars* of male-contents: I second thee; troop on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A Room in Doctor* Caius' *House.*

Enter Mistress Quickly, Simple, *and* John Rugby.

Quic. What; *John Rugby!* — I pray thee, go to the casement; and see if you can see my master, master doctor *Caius*, coming: if he do, i'faith, and find any body in the house, here will be an old abusing of God's patience, and the king's *English*.

Rugb. I'll go watch. [*Exit* Rugby.

Quic. Go; and we'll have a posset for't soon at night, i'faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire. — An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal; and, I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate: his worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish that way: but nobody but has his fault; — but let that pass. *Peter Simple*, you say, your name is?

Simp. Ay, for fault of a better.

Quic. And master *Slender*'s your master?

Simp. Ay, forsooth.

Quic. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring-knife?

Simp. No, forsooth: he hath but a little whey-face, with a little yellow beard; a cane-colour'd beard.

Quic. A softly-sp'rited man, is he not?

Simp. Ay, forsooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands, as any is between this and his head; he hath fought with a warrener.

Quic. How say you? — oh, I should remember him;

Does he not hold up his head, as it were, and ſtrut in his gait?

Simp. Yes, indeed, does he.

Quic. Well, heaven ſend *Anne Page* no worſe fortune! Tell maſter parſon *Evans*, I will do what I can for your maſter: *Anne* is a good girl; and I wiſh —

Re-enter Rugby, *haſtily.*

Rugb. Out, alas! here comes my maſter.

Quic. We ſhall all be ſhent: — Run in here, good young man; go into this cloſet; [*Shuts him in.*] he will not ſtay long. — What, *John Rugby*; *John!* what, *John* I ſay! — Go, *John*, go, enquire for my maſter; I doubt he be not well, that he comes not home: — *and down, down, adown-a*, &c. [*ſinging.*

Enter Doctor Caius.

D. Cai. Vat is you ſing? I do not like dese toys: Pray you, go and vetch me in my cloſet *un boitier verd*; a box, a green-a box; — Do intend vat I ſpeak? — a green-a box.

Quic. Ay, forſooth, I'll fetch it you. "I am glad" "he went not in himſelf: if he had found the young" "man, he would have been horn-mad."

D. Cai. Fe, fe, fe, fe! ma foi, il fait fort chaud. Je m'en vai a la cour, — la grande affaire.

Quic. Is it this, ſir?

D. Cai. Oui; *mette le au mon pocket*; *depeche*, quickly: — Vere is dat knave *Rugby?*

Quic. What, *John Rugby*; *John!*

Rugb. Here, ſir.

D. Cai. You are *John Rugby*, and you are *Jack Rugby*: Come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to de court.

Rugb. 'Tis ready, ſir, here in the porch.

D. Cai. By my trot, I tarry too long :—Od's me! *qu' ay je oublié?* dere is ſome ſimples in my closet, dat I vil not for de varld I ſhall leave behind.

Quic. Ah me! he'll find the young man there, and be mad.

D. Cai. O *diable, diable!* vat is in my closet?—Villany, *larron!*—[*pulling* Simple *out.*] *Rugby*, my rapier.

Quic. Good maſter, be content.

D. Cai. Verefore ſhall I be content-a?

Quic. The young man is an honeſt man.

D. Cai. Vat ſhall de honeſt man do in my closet? dere is no honeſt man dat ſhall come in my closet.

Quic. I beſeech you, be not ſo flegmatic; hear the truth of it. He came of an errand to me from parſon *Hugh:*

D. Cai. Vell.

Simp. Ay, forſooth; to desire her to—

Quic. Peace, I pray you.

D. Cai. Peace-a your tongue;—Speak-a your tale.

Simp. To desire this honeſt gentlewoman, your maid, to ſpeak a good word to miſtreſs *Anne Page* for my maſter in the way of marriage.

Quic. This is all, indeed-la; but I'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not.

D. Cai. Sir *Hugh* ſend a you?—*Rugby*, *baillez* me ſome paper:—Tarry you a little-a while.

[*ſitting down to write.*

Quic. I am glad, he is ſo quiet: if he had been throughly moved, you ſhould have heard him ſo loud and ſo melancholy;—But notwithſtanding, man, I'll do your maſter what good I can: and the very yea and the

[26] hallow mee

no is, the *French* doctor my maſter, — I may call him my maſter, look you, for I keep his houſe; and I waſh, wring, brew, bake, ſcour, dreſs meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myſelf.

Simp. 'Tis a great charge, to come under one body's hand.

Quic. Are you avis'd o' that? you ſhall find it a great charge: And to be up early, and down late; — but notwithſtanding, (to tell you in your ear; I would have no words of it) my maſter himſelf is in love with miſtreſs *Anne Page:* but notwithſtanding that,—I know *Anne*'s mind,—that's neither here nor there.

D. Cai. You, jack'nape; give-a dis † letter to ſir *Hugh*; by gar, it is a ſhallenge: I vill cut his troat in de park; and I vill teach a ſcurvy jackanape prieſt to meddle or make: — you may be gone; it is not good you tarry here: — by gar, I vill cut all his two ſtones; by gar, he ſhall not have a ſtone to trow at his dog.

[*Exit* Simple.

Quic. Alas, he ſpeaks but for his friend.

D. Cai. It is no matter-a for dat: — do not you tell-a me, dat I ſhall have *Anne Page* for myſelf? — by gar, I vill kill de jack prieſt; and I have appointed mine hoſt of de *jarteer* to measure our weapon: — by gar, I vill myſelf have *Anne Page.*

Quic. Sir, the maid loves you, and all ſhall be well: we muſt give folks leave to prate; What, the good year!

D. Cai. Rugby, come to de court vit me: — By gar, if I have not *Anne Page,* I ſhall turn your head out of door: — Follow my heels, *Rugby.*

[*Exeunt* Caius, *and* Rugby.

† good-jer

Quic. You ſhall have *An* fool's head of your own :— No, I know *Anne*'s mind for that: never a woman in *Windſor* knows more of *Anne*'s mind than I do; nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heaven.

Fent. [*within.*] Who's within there, ho?

Quic. Who's there, I trow? come near the houſe, I pray you.

Enter Fenton.

Fent. How now, good woman; how doſt thou?

Quic. The better that it pleases your good worſhip to aſk.

Fent. What news? how does pretty miſtreſs *Anne?*

Quic. In truth, ſir, and ſhe is pretty, and honeſt, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way, I praise heaven for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good, think'ſt thou? ſhall I not lose my ſuit?

Quic. 'Troth, ſir, all is in his hands above: but notwithſtanding, maſter *Fenton*, I'll be ſworn on a book, ſhe loves you; Have not your worſhip a wart above your eye?

Fent. Yes, marry, have I; What of that?

Quic. Well, thereby hangs a tale;—good faith, it is ſuch another *Nan*;—but, I deteſt, an honeſt maid as ever broke bread: We had an hour's talk of that wart; I ſhall never laugh but in that maid's company: but, indeed, ſhe is given too much to allicholly and musing: But, for you—well, go to.

Fent. Well, I ſhall ſee her to-day: Hold, there's money for thee; let me have thy voice in my behalf: if thou ſee'ſt her before me, commend me—

Quic. Will I? i'faith, that we will: and I will tell

your worſhip more of the wart, the next time we have confidence; and of other wooers.

Fent. Well, farewel; I am in great haſte now. [*Exit.*

Quic. Farewel to your worſhip.—Truly, an honeſt gentleman; but *Anne* loves him not; for I know *Anne's* mind as well as another does: Out upon't! what have I forgot? [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Before* Page's *Houſe.*

Enter Miſtreſs Page, *with a Letter.*

M. Pa. What, have I 'ſcap'd love-letters in the holiday time of my beauty, and am I now a ſubject for them? Let me ſee: [*reads.*

Aſk me no reaſon why I love you; for though love use reaſon for his preciſian, he admits him not for his counſellor: You are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's ſympathy: you are merry, ſo am I; Ha! ha! then there's more ſympathy: you love ſack, and ſo do I; Would you deſire better ſympathy? let it ſuffice thee, miſtreſs Page, *(at the leaſt, if the love of ſoldier can ſuffice) that I love thee: I will not ſay, pity me, 'tis not a ſoldier-like phraſe; but I ſay, love me. By me,*

Thine own true knight,
By day or night,
Or any kind of light,
With all his might
For thee to fight,

John Falſtaff.

What a *Herod* of *Jewry* is this?—O wicked, wicked

world! — one that is well-nigh worn to pieces with age, to ſhow himſelf a young gallant! What one unweigh'd behaviour hath this *Flemiſh* drunkard pick'd (with the devil's name) out of my converſation, that he dares in this manner aſſay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company! — What ſhould I ſay to him? — I was then frugal of my mirth: Heaven forgive me! Why, I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of men. How ſhall I be reveng'd on him? for reveng'd I will be, as ſure as his guts are made of puddings.

Enter Miſtreſs FORD.

M. Fo. Miſtreſs *Page!* truſt me, I was going to your houſe.

M. PA. And, truſt me, I was going to you. You look very ill.

M. Fo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to ſhew to the contrary.

M. PA. 'Faith, but you do, in my mind.

M. Fo. Well, I do then; yet, I ſay, I could ſhew you to the contrary: O, miſtreſs *Page*, give me ſome counſel!

M. PA. What's the matter, woman?

M. Fo. O woman, if it were not for one trifling reſpect, I could come to ſuch honour!

M. PA. Hang the trifle, woman; take the honour: What is it?—diſpence with trifles;—what is it?

M. Fo. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment, or ſo, I could be knighted.

M. PA. What, — thou ly'ſt? — ſir *Alice Ford!* These knights will hack; and ſo thou ſhould'ſt not alter the article of thy gentry.

[2] What an un-

M. Fo. We burn daylight: here, ✝ read, read; perceive how I might be knighted.—I ſhall think the worſe of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking: And yet he would not ſwear; prais'd women's modeſty; and gave ſuch orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomelineſs, that I would have ſworn his diſpoſition would have gone to the truth of his words: but they do no more adhere, and keep place together, than the hundredth pſalm to the tune of *Green ſleeves.* What tempeſt, I trow, threw this whale, with ſo many tuns of oil in his belly, a-ſhore at *Windſor?* How ſhall I be reveng'd on him? I think, the beſt way were to entertain him with hope, 'till the wicked fire of luſt have melted him in his own greaſe.—Did you ever hear the like?

M. Pa. Letter for letter; but that the name of *Page* and *Ford* differs!—To thy great comfort in this myſtery of ill opinions, here's ✝ the twin brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit firſt; for, I proteſt, mine never ſhall. I warrant, he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank ſpace for different names, (ſure, more) and these are of the ſecond edition: He will print them, out of doubt; for he cares not what he puts into the preſs, when he would put us two: I had rather be a gianteſs, and lye under mount *Pelion.* Well, I will find you twenty laſcivious turtles, e'er one chaſt man.

M. Fo. Why, this is the very ſame, the very hand, the very words; What doth he think of us?

M. Pa. Nay, I know not:—It makes me almoſt ready to wrangle with mine own honeſty: I'll entertain myſelf like one that I am not acquainted withal; for,

4 praiſe 9 hundred Pſalmes

sure, unless he know some strain in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

M. Fo. Boarding, call you it? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

M. Pa. So will I; if he come under my hatches, I'll never to sea again. Let's be reveng'd on him: let's appoint him a meeting; give him a show of comfort in his suit; and lead him on with a fine-baited delay, 'till he hath pawn'd his horses to mine host of the garter.

M. Fo. Nay, I will consent to act any villany against him, that may not sully the charineſs of our honesty. O, that my husband saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

M. Pa. Why, look where he comes; and my good man too: he's as far from jealousy, as I am from giving him cause; and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

M. Fo. You are the happier woman.

M. Pa. Let's consult together against this greasy knight: Come hither. [*they converse apart.*

Enter Ford, Pistol, Page, *and* Nym.

Ford. Well, I hope it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a curtal dog in some affairs:
Sir *John* affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, sir, my wife is not young. [poor,

Pist. He wooes both high and low, both rich and
Both young and old, one with another, *Ford*;
He loves thy gally-mawfry; *Ford*, perpend.

Ford. Love my wife?

Pist. With liver burning hot: Prevent; or go thou
Like sir *Acteon*, he, with *Ringwood* at thy heels:

O, odious is the name!

Ford. What name, ſir?

Pist. The horn, I ſay: Farewel.
Take heed; have open eye; for thieves do foot by night:
Take heed, ere ſummer comes, or cuckoo birds do ſing.—
Away, ſir corporal *Nym.*—
Believe it, *Page*; he ſpeaks ſenſe.

Ford. "I will be patient; I will find out this."

Nym. And this is true; [*to* Page.] I like not the humour of lying. He hath wronged me in ſome humours: I ſhould have born the humour'd letter to her; but I have a ſword, and it ſhall bite upon my neceſſity. He loves your wife; there's the ſhort and the long. My name is corporal *Nym*; I ſpeak, and I avouch. 'Tis true: my name is *Nym*, and *Falſtaff* loves your wife. Adieu! I love not the humour of bread and cheese; and there's the humour of it. Adieu. [*Exeunt* Pistol, *and* Nym.

Page. *The humour of it*, quoth 'a! here's a fellow frights humour out of his wits.

Ford. "I will ſeek out *Falſtaff*."

Page. I never heard ſuch a drawling, affecting rogue.

Ford. "If I do find it,—Well."

Page. I will not believe ſuch a *Cataian*, though the prieſt o'the town commended him for a true man.

Ford. "'Twas a good ſenſible fellow:—Well."

Page. How now, *Meg?*

M. Pa. Whither go you, *George?* Hark you.

M. Fo. How now, ſweet *Frank?* why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy. Get you home, go.

M. Fo. 'Faith, thou haſt ſome crotchets in thy head.—

Now, will you go, miſtreſs *Page?*

M. Pa. Have with you.—You'll come to dinner, *George?*—" Look who comes yonder: ſhe ſhall be our" " meſſenger to this paltry knight."

Enter Miſtreſs Quickly.

M. Fo. " Truſt me, I thought on her: ſhe'll fit it."

M. Pa. You are come to ſee my daughter *Anne?*

Quic. Ay, forſooth; And, I pray, how does good miſtreſs *Anne?*

M. Pa. Go in with us, and ſee; we have an hour's talk with you. [*Exeunt* Women.

Page. How now, maſter *Ford?*

Ford. You heard what this knave told me; did you not?

Page. Yes; And you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em, ſlaves! I do not think the knight would offer it: but these, that accuse him in his intent towards our wives, are a yoak of his diſcarded men; very rogues, now they be out of ſervice.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry, were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that—Does he lye at the garter?

Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he ſhould intend this voyage toward my wife, I would turn her looſe to him; and what he gets more of her than ſharp words, let it lye on my head.

Ford. I do not miſdoubt my wife; but I would be loth to turn them together: A man may be too confident: I would have nothing lye on my head: I cannot be thus ſatiſfy'd.

Page. Look where my ranting hoſt of the garter comes: there is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purſe, when he looks ſo merrily.—How now, mine hoſt?

Enter Hoſt, *and* Shallow.

Hoſt. How now, bully rook? thou'rt a gentleman:—Cavalero juſtice, I ſay!

Shal. I follow, mine hoſt, I follow.—Good even, and twenty, good maſter *Page!* Maſter *Page*, will you go with us? we have ſport in hand.

Hoſt. Tell him, cavalero juſtice; tell him, bully rook.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought, between ſir *Hugh* the *Welch* prieſt and *Caius* the *French* doctor.

Ford. Good mine hoſt o' the garter, a word with you. [*drawing him aſide.*

Hoſt. What ſay'ſt thou, my bully rook?

Shal. Will you [*to* Page.] go with us to behold it? My merry hoſt hath had the measuring of their weapons; and, I think, hath appointed them contrary places: for, believe me, I hear the parſon is no jeſter. Hark, I will tell you what our ſport ſhall be.

[*they converſe apart.*

Hoſt. Haſt thou no ſuit againſt my knight, my gueſt cavalier?

Ford. None, I proteſt: but I'll give you a pottle of burnt ſack, to give me recourſe to him, and tell him my name is *Brook*; only for a jeſt.

Hoſt. My hand, bully; thou ſhalt have egreſs and regreſs, (ſaid I well?) and thy name ſhall be *Brook:* It is a merry knight.—Will you go, mynheers?

Shal. Have with you, mine hoſt.

PAGE. I have heard, the *Frenchman* hath good ſkill in his rapier.

SHAL. Tut, ſir, I could have told you more: In these times you ſtand on diſtance, your paſſes, ſtoccadoes, and I know not what; 'tis the heart, maſter *Page*, 'tis † here, 'tis here: I have ſeen the time, with my long ſword, I would have made you four tall fellows ſkip like rats.

Hoſt. Here, boys, here, here! ſhall we wag?

PAGE. Have with you:—I had rather hear them ſcold, than fight. [*Exeunt* Hoſt, PAGE, *and* SHAL.

FORD. Though *Page* be a ſecure fool, and ſtands ſo firmly on his wife's frailty, yet I cannot put off my opinion ſo easily: She was in his company at *Page*'s houſe; and, what they made there, I know not. Well, I will look further into't; and I have a diſguise to ſound *Falſtaff*: If I find her honeſt, I lose not my labour; if ſhe be otherwise, 'tis labour well beſtowed.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II. *A Room in the garter Inn.*

Enter FALSTAFF, *and* PISTOL.

FALS. I will not lend thee a penny.

PIST. Why, then the world's mine oiſter, which I with ſword will open.

FALS. Not a penny. I have been content, ſir, you ſhould lay my countenance to pawn: I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and your coach-fellow *Nym*; or elſe you had looked through the grate, like a geminy of baboons. I am damn'd in hell, for ſwearing to gentlemen my friends, you were good ſoldiers, and tall fellows: and when miſtreſs

Bridget loſt the handle of her fan, I took't upon mine honour, thou hadſt it not.

Pist. Didſt not thou ſhare? hadſt thou not fifteen pence?

Fals. Reason, you rogue, reason; Think'ſt thou I'll endanger my ſoul *gratis?* At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you: go, a ſhort knife and a throng; to your manor of *Pickt-hatch*, go. You'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue! you ſtand upon your honour! Why, thou unconfinable baſeneſs, it is as much as I can do, to keep the terms of my honour preciſe: I, I, I myſelf ſometimes, leaving the fear of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my neceſſity, am fain to ſhuffle, to hedge, and to lurch; and yet you, rogue, will enſconce your rags, your cat-o'-mountain looks, your red-lattice phrases, and your bold-beating oaths, under the ſhelter of your honour! you will not do it, you!

Pist. I do relent; What would'ſt thou more of man?

Enter Robin.

Rob. Sir, here's a woman would ſpeak with you.

Fals. Let her approach.

Enter Miſtreſs Quickly.

Quic. Give your worſhip good morrow.

Fals. Good morrow, good wife.

Quic. Not ſo, an't please your worſhip.

Fals. Good maid, then.

Quic. I'll be ſworn; as my mother was, the firſt hour I was born.

Fals. I do believe the ſwearer: What with me?

Quic. Shall I vouchſafe your worſhip a word or two?

Fals. Two thouſand, fair woman; and I'll vouch-

ſafe thee the hearing.

Quic. There is one miſtreſs *Ford*, ſir;—I pray, come a little nearer this ways:—I myſelf dwell with maſter doctor *Caius*.

Fals. Well, on: Miſtreſs *Ford*, you ſay;—

Quic. Your worſhip ſays very true: I pray your worſhip, come a little nearer this ways.

Fals. I warrant thee, no body hears; mine own people, mine own people.

Quic. Are they ſo? Heaven bleſs them, and make them his ſervants!

Fals. Well, miſtreſs *Ford*; What of her?

Quic. Why, ſir, ſhe's a good creature;—Lord, Lord! your worſhip's a wanton:—Well, heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray!

Fals. Miſtreſs *Ford*; come, miſtreſs *Ford*;—

Quic. Marry, this is the ſhort and the long of it; you have brought her into ſuch a canaries, as 'tis wonderful: the beſt courtier of them all, when the court lay at *Windſor*, could never have brought her to ſuch a canary: Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift; ſmelling ſo ſweetly, (all muſk) and ſo ruſhling, I warrant you, in ſilk and gold; and in ſuch alligant terms; and in ſuch wine and ſugar of the beſt and the faireſt, that would have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her:—I had myſelf twenty angels given me this morning: but I defy all angels, (in any ſuch ſort, as they ſay) but in the way of honeſty:—and, I warrant you, they could never get her ſo much as ſip on a cup with the proudeſt

of them all: and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, penſioners; but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

Fals. But what ſays ſhe to me? be brief, my good ſhe *Mercury*.

Quic. Marry, ſhe hath receiv'd your letter; for the which ſhe thanks you a thousand times: and ſhe gives you to notify, that her huſband will be abſence from his houſe between ten and eleven.

Fals. Ten and eleven.

Quic. Ay, forſooth; and then you may come and ſee the picture, ſhe ſays, that you wot of; maſter *Ford*, her husband, will be from home: — Alas, the ſweet woman leads an ill life with him; he's a very jealouſy man; ſhe leads a very frampold life with him, good heart.

Fals. Ten and eleven: Woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her.

Quic. Why, you ſay well: But I have another meſſenger to your worſhip: Miſtreſs *Page* hath her hearty commendations to you too; — and let me tell you in your ear, ſhe's as fartuous a civil modeſt wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miſs you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in *Windſor*, whoe'er be the other: — and ſhe bad me tell your worſhip, that her husband is ſeldom from home; but, ſhe hopes, there will come a time. I never knew a woman ſo doat upon a man; ſurely, I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

Fals. Not I, I aſſure thee; ſetting the attraction of my good parts aſide, I have no other charms.

Quic. Bleſſing on your heart for't!

Fals. But, I pray thee, tell me this; Has *Ford*'s

wife, and *Page*'s wife, acquainted each other how they love me?

Quic. That were a jeſt, indeed! — they have not ſo little grace, I hope: — that were a trick, indeed! But miſtreſs *Page* would desire you to ſend her your little page, of all loves; her husband has a marvelous infection to the little page: And, truly, maſter *Page* is an honeſt man: never a wife in *Windſor* leads a better life than ſhe does; do what ſhe will, ſay what ſhe will, take all, pay all, go to bed when ſhe liſt, rise when ſhe liſt, all is as ſhe will; and, truly, ſhe deserves it; for if there be a kind woman in *Windſor*, ſhe is one: You muſt ſend her your page; no remedy.

Fals. Why, I will.

Quic. Nay, but do ſo then: and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and, in any caſe, have a nayword, that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to underſtand any thing; for 'tis not good that children ſhould know any wickedneſs: old folks, you know, have diſcretion, as they ſay, and know the world.

Fals. Fare thee well: commend me to them both: there's my ✝ purſe; I am yet thy debtor. — Boy, go along with this woman. — This news diſtracts me.

[*Exeunt* Quickly, *and* Robin.

Pist. This punk is one of *Cupid*'s carriers: —
Clap on more ſails; purſue; up with your fights;
Give fire; ſhe is my prize, or ocean whelm them all!

[*Exit* Pistol.

Fals. Say'ſt thou ſo, old *Jack?* go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old body, than I have done. Will they yet look after thee? wilt thou, after the expence

of ſo much money, be now a gainer? good body, I thank thee: Let them ſay, 'tis groſly done; ſo it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter BARDOLPH.

BARD. Sir *John*, there's one maſter *Brook* below would fain ſpeak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath ſent your worſhip a morning's draught of ſack.

FALS. *Brook* is his name?

BARD. Ay, ſir.

FALS. Call him in; [*Exit* BARDOLPH.] Such *Brooks* are welcome to me, that o'er-flow ſuch liquor. Ah, ha, miſtreſs *Ford*, and miſtreſs *Page*, have I encompaſs'd you? go to; *via!*

Re-enter Bardolph, *with* FORD *diſguis'd.*

FORD. Bleſs you, ſir.

FALS. And you, ſir: Would you ſpeak with me?

FORD. I make bold, to preſs with ſo little preparation upon you.

FALS. You're welcome; What's your will?—Give us leave, drawer. [*Exit* Bardolph.

FORD. Sir, I am a gentleman that have ſpent much; my name is *Brook*.

FALS. Good maſter *Brook*, I deſire more acquaintance of you.

FORD. Good ſir *John*, I ſue for yours: not to charge you; for I muſt let you underſtand, I think myſelf in better plight for a lender than you are: the which hath ſomething embolden'd me to this unſeaſon'd intruſion; for they ſay, if money go before, all ways do lye open.

FALS. Money is a good ſoldier, ſir, and will on.

FORD. Troth, and I have a bag of money † here

12 ore 'flowes

troubles me: if you will help to bear it, ſir *John*, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

Fals. Sir, I know not how I may deſerve to be your porter.

Ford. I will tell you, ſir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fals. Speak, good maſter *Brook*; I ſhall be glad to be your ſervant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are ſchollar,—I will be brief with you;—and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never ſo good means, as deſire, to make myſelf acquainted with you. I ſhall diſcover a thing to you, wherein I muſt very much lay open mine own imperfection: but, good ſir *John*, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the regiſter of your own; that I may paſs with a reproof the easier, ſith you yourſelf know, how easy it is to be ſuch an offender.

Fals. Very well, ſir; proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is *Ford*.

Fals. Well, ſir.

Ford. I have long lov'd her, and, I proteſt to you, beſtowed much on her; follow'd her with a doating observance; engroſſ'd opportunities to meet her; fee'd every ſlight occaſion that could but niggardly give me ſight of her; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what ſhe would have given: briefly, I have purſu'd her, as love hath purſu'd me; which hath been, on the wing of all occaſions: But, whatſoever I have merited, either in my mind, or in my means, meed, I am ſure, I have re-

ceived none; unleſs experience be a jewel; that I have purchaſed at an infinite rate; and that hath taught me to ſay this,

Love like a ſhadow flies, when ſubſtance love purſues;
Purſuing that that flies, and flying what purſues.

Fals. Have you receiv'd no promise of ſatiſfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Fals. Have you impórtun'd her to ſuch a purpose?

Ford. Never.

Fals. Of what quality was your love then?

Ford. Like a fair houſe, built on another man's ground; ſo that I have loſt my edifice, by miſtaking the place where I erected it.

Fals. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some ſay, that, though ſhe appear honeſt to me, yet, in other places, ſhe enlargeth her mirth ſo far, that there is ſhrewd conſtruction made of her. Now, ſir *John*, here is the heart of my purpose; You are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable diſcourſe, of great admittance, authentic in your place and perſon, generally allowed for your many warlike, courtlike, and learned preparations.

Fals. O, ſir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it:—There ✝ is money; ſpend it, ſpend it; ſpend more; ſpend all I have; only give me ſo much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable ſiege to the honeſty of this *Ford*'s wife: use your art of wooing, win her to conſent to you; if any man may, you may as ſoon as any.

Fals. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your

affection, that I ſhould win what you would enjoy? methinks, you preſcribe to yourſelf very prepoſterouſly.

Ford. O, underſtand my drift! ſhe dwells ſo ſecurely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my ſoul dares not present itſelf; ſhe is too bright to be look'd againſt: Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had inſtance and argument to commend themſelves; I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too too ſtrongly embattl'd againſt me: What ſay you to't, ſir *John?*

Fals. Maſter *Brook*, I will firſt make bold with your money; [*pocketing it.*] next, give me your hand; and laſt, as I am a gentleman, you ſhall, if you will, enjoy *Ford*'s wife.

Ford. O, good ſir!

Fals. I ſay, you ſhall,

Ford. Want no money, ſir *John*, you ſhall want none.

Fals. Want no miſtreſs *Ford*, maſter *Brook*, you ſhall want none; I ſhall be with her (I may tell you) by her own appointment; even as you came in to me, her aſſiſtant, or go-between, parted from me: I ſay, I ſhall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous raſcally knave, her husband, will be forth: Come you to me at night; you ſhall know how I ſpeed.

Ford. I am bleſt in your acquaintance. Do you know *Ford*, ſir?

Fals. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not: — yet I wrong him, to call him poor; they ſay, the jealous wittolly knave hath maſſes of money; for the which, his wife ſeems to me well-favour'd: I

will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer, and there's my harveſt-home.

Ford. I would you knew *Ford*, ſir; that you might avoid him, if you ſaw him.

Fals. Hang him, mechanical ſalt-butter rogue! I will ſtare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel; it ſhall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns: maſter *Brook*, thou ſhalt know, I will predominate over the peasant, and thou ſhalt lye with his wife. Come to me ſoon at night:—*Ford*'s a knave, and I will aggravate his ſtile; thou, maſter *Brook*, ſhalt know him for knave and cuckold:—come to me ſoon at night. [*Exit.*

Ford. What a damn'd *Epicurean* raſcal is this!—My heart is ready to crack with impatience.—Who ſays, this is improvident jealouſy? my wife hath ſent to him, the hour is fix'd, the match is made; Would any man have thought this?—See the hell of having a falſe woman! my bed ſhall be abus'd, my coffers ranſack'd, my reputation gnawn at; and I ſhall not only receive this villanous wrong, but ſtand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Terms! names!—*Amaimon* ſounds well; *Lucifer*, well; *Barbaſon*, well; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends: but, cuckold! wittol! cuckold! the devil himſelf hath not ſuch a name. *Page* is an aſs, a ſecure aſs; he will truſt his wife, he will not be jealous: I will rather truſt a *Fleming* with my butter, parſon *Hugh* the *Welchman* with my cheeſe, an *Iriſhman* with my *aqua-vitæ* bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herſelf: then ſhe plots, then ſhe ruminates, then ſhe deviſes; and

what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heaven be prais'd for my jealousy! Eleven o'clock the hour;—I will prevent this, detect my wife, be reveng'd on *Falstaff*, and laugh at *Page:* I will about it; better three hours too soon, than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold! [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *The Park.*

Enter Doctor CAIUS, *and* RUGBY.

D. CAI. Jack Rugby,—

RUGB. Sir.

D. CAI. Vat is de clock, *Jack?*

RUGB. 'Tis past the hour, sir, that sir *Hugh* promis'd to meet.

D. CAI. By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come; he has pray his pible vell, dat he is no come: by gar, *Jack Rugby*, he is dead already, if he be come.

RUGB. He is wise, sir; he knew your worship would kill him, if he came.

D. CAI. By gar, de herring is no dead, so as I vill kill him: Take your rapier, *Jack*; I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

RUGB. Alas, sir, I cannot fence.

D. CAI. Villany, take your rapier.

RUGB. Forbear; here's company.

Enter Host, SHALLOW, PAGE, *and* SLENDER.

Host. Bless thee, bully doctor.

SHAL. Save you, master doctor *Caius.*

PAGE. Now, good master doctor!

SLEN. Give you good-morrow, sir. [for?

D. CAI. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come

Hoſt. To ſee thee fight, to ſee thee foign, to ſee thee traverſe, to ſee here, to ſee thee there; to ſee thee paſs thy punćto, thy ſtock, thy reverſe, thy diſtance, thy montant: Is he dead, my *Ethiopian?* is he dead, my *Francifco?* ha, bully? What ſays my *Eſculapius?* my *Galen?* my heart of elder? ha? is he dead, bully ſtale? is he dead?

D. Cai. By gar, he is de coward jack prieſt of de varld; he is not ſhow his face.

Hoſt. Thou art a *Caſtillian*, king urinal; *Hector* of *Greece*, my boy.

D. Cai. I pray you, bear witneſs dat me have ſtay ſix or ſeven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiſer man, maſter doctor: he is a curer of ſouls, and you a curer of bodies; if you ſhould fight, you go againſt the hair of your profeſſions: — Is it not true, maſter *Page?*

Page. Maſter *Shallow*, you have yourſelf been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Bodykins, maſter *Page*, though I now be old, and of the peace, if I ſee a ſword out, my finger itches to make one: though we are juſtices, and doctors, and churchmen, maſter *Page*, we have ſome ſalt of our youth in us; we are the ſons of women, maſter *Page*.

Page. 'Tis true, maſter *Shallow*.

Shal. It will be found ſo, maſter *Page*. — Maſter doctor *Caius*, I am come to fetch you home; I am ſworn of the peace: you have ſhow'd yourſelf a wiſe phyſician, and ſir *Hugh* hath ſhown himſelf a wiſe and patient churchman: you muſt go with me, maſter doctor.

Hoſt. Pardon, gueſt juſtice: — A word, mounſieur mock-water.

D. Cai. Mock-vater! vat is dat?

Hoſt. Mock-water, in our *Engliſh* tongue, is valour, bully.

D. Cai. By gar, den I have as much mock-vater as de *Engliſhman*:— Scurvy, jack-dog, prieſt! by gar, me vill cut his ears.

Hoſt. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

D. Cai. Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat?

Hoſt. That is, he will make thee amends.

D. Cai. By gar, me do look he ſhall clapper-de-claw me; for, by gar, me vill have it.

Hoſt. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

D. Cai. Me tank you for dat.

Hoſt. And moreover, bully,—"but firſt, maſter" "gueſt, and maſter *Page*, and eke cavalero *Slender*, go" "you through the town to *Frogmore*."

Page. "Sir *Hugh* is there, is he?"

Hoſt. "He is there: ſee what humour he is in;" "and I will bring the doctor about by the fields:" "Will it do well?" [doctor.

Shal. "We will do it."—Adieu, good maſter *Page*. *Slen.* Adieu, good maſter doctor.

[*Exeunt* Page, Shallow, *and* Slender.

D. Cai. By gar, me vill kill de prieſt; for he ſpeak for a jackanape to *Anne Page*.

Hoſt. Let him dye: Sheath thy impatience; throw cold water on thy choler: go about the fields with me through *Frogmore*, I will bring thee where miſtreſs *Anne Page* is, at a farm houſe a feaſting; and thou ſhalt woo her, try'd game, Said I well?

D. Cai. By gar, me tank you for dat: by gar, I love you; and I ſhall procure-a you de good gueſt, de earl,

30 woo her, Cride-game,

de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.

Hoſt. For the which, I will be thy adverſary toward *Anne Page*; Said I well?

D. Cai. By gar, 'tis good; vell ſaid.

Hoſt. Let us wag then.

D. Cai. Come at my heels, *Jack Rugby*. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Fields near* Frogmore.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans, *and* Simple.

Sir H. I pray you now, good maſter *Slender*'s ſervingman, and friend *Simple* by your name, which way have you looked for maſter *Caius*, that calls himſelf doctor of phyſic?

Simp. Marry, ſir, the city-ward, the park-ward, every way; old *Windſor* way, and every way but the town way.

Sir H. I moſt fehemently desire you, you will alſo look that way.

Simp. I will, ſir.

Sir H. Pleſs my ſoul! how full of cholers I am, and trempling of mind!—I ſhall be glad if he have deceiv'd me:—how melancholies I am?—I will knog his urinals about his knave's coſtard, when I have good oportunities for the 'ork:—Pleſs my ſoul!

To ſhallow rivers, to whoſe falls [*ſinging.*
melodious birds ſing madrigals;
there will we make our beds of roses,
and a thouſand fragrant poſies.
To ſhallow—

Mercy on me! I have a great diſpositions to cry.

melodious birds ſing madrigals;—
When as I ſat in Pabylon,—
and a thouſand vagram poſies.
To ſhallow—

SIMP. Yonder he is coming, this way, ſir *Hugh.*

Sir H. He's welcome:—
To ſhallow rivers, to whoſe falls—
Heaven proſper the right!—What weapons is he?

SIMP. No weapons, ſir: There comes my maſter, maſter *Shallow*, and another gentleman, from *Frogmore*, over the ſtile, this way.

Sir H. Pray you, give me my gown; or elſe keep it in your arms.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, *and* SLENDER.

SHAL. How now, maſter parſon! Good morrow, good ſir *Hugh:* Keep a gameſter from the dice, and a good ſtudent from his book, and it is wonderful.

SLEN. Ah, ſweet *Anne Page!*

PAGE. Save you, good ſir *Hugh!*

Sir H. Pleſs you from his mercy' ſake, all of you!

SHAL. What, the ſword and the word! do you ſtudy them both, maſter parſon?

PAGE. And youthful ſtill, in your doublet and hoſe, this raw rhéumatic day!

Sir H. There is reasons and causes for it.

PAGE. We are come to you, to do a good office, maſter parſon.

Sir H. Fery well; What is it?

PAGE. Yonder is a moſt reverend gentleman, who, belike, having received wrong by ſome perſon, is at moſt odds with his own gravity, and patience, that ever you ſaw.

SHAL. I have lived fourſcore years, and upward; I

never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his own respect.

Sir H. What is he?

Page. I think, you know him; master doctor *Caius*, the renowned *French* physician.

Sir H. Got's will, and his passion o'my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.

Page. Why?

Sir H. He has no more knowledge in *Hibocrates*, and *Galen*,—and he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave, as you would desires to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, [*to* Shal.] he's the man should fight with him.

Slen. O sweet *Anne Page!*

Enter Host, Caius, *and* Rugby.

Shal. It appears so by his weapons:—Keep them asunder; here comes doctor *Caius*. [pon.

Page. Nay, good master parson, keep in your wea-

Shal. So do you, good master doctor.

Host. Disarm them, and let them question; let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our *English*.

D. Cai. I pray you, let-a me speak a vord vit your ear; Verefore vill you not meet-a me?

Sir H. Pray you, use your patience in good time.

D. Cai. By gar, you are de coward, de *Jack* dog, *John* ape.

Sir H. Pray you, let us not be laughing-stogs to other men's humours; I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends:—I will knog your urinals about your knave's cogs-combs, for missing your meetings and appointments.

D. Cai Diable!—Jack Rugby,—mine host *de jarteer*,

—have I not ſtay for him to kill him, have I not, at de place I did appoint?

Sir H. As I am a chriſtians' ſoul now, look you, this is the place appointed; I'll be judgment by mine hoſt of the garter.

Hoſt. Peace, I ſay, *Gallia* and *Gaul, French* and *Welch*, ſoul-curer and body-curer.

D. Cai. Ay, dat is very good! excellent!

Hoſt. Peace, I ſay; hear mine hoſt of the garter. Am I politic? am I ſubtle? am I a *Machiavel*? Shall I lose my doctor? no; he gives me the potions, and the motions. Shall I lose my parſon? my prieſt? my ſir *Hugh?* no; he gives me the pro-verbs, and the no-verbs.—Give me thy hand, terreſtrial: ſo:—Give me thy hand, celeſtial: ſo:—Boys of art, I have deceiv'd you both; I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your ſkins are whole, and let burn'd ſack be the iſſue.—Come, lay their ſwords to pawn:—Follow me, lad of peace, follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Truſt me, a mad hoſt:—Follow, gentlemen, follow.

Slen. O ſweet *Anne Page!* [*Exeunt* Hoſt, Page, *&c.*

D. Cai. Ha! do I perceive dat? have you make-a de ſot of us? ha, ha!

Sir H. This is well; he has made us his vlouting-ſtog:—I desire you, that we may be friends; and let us knog our prains together, to be revenge on this ſame ſcal', ſcurvy, cogging companion, the hoſt of the garter.

D. Cai. By gar, vit all my heart: he promise to bring me vere is *Anne Page*; by gar, he deceive me too.

Sir H. Well, I will ſmite his noddles: Pray you, follow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Street.*

Enter Mistress PAGE, *and* ROBIN.

M. PA. Nay, keep your way, little gallant; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader: Whether had you rather, lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

ROB. I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man, than follow him like a dwarf.

M. PA. O, you are a flattering boy; now, I see, you'll be a courtier.

Enter FORD.

FORD. Well met, mistress *Page*: Whither go you?

M. PA. Truly, sir, to see your wife; Is she at home?

FORD. Ay; and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company: I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

M. PA. Be sure of that,—two other husbands.

FORD. Where had you this pretty weather-cock?

M. PA. I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of:—What do you call your knight's name, sirrah?

ROB. Sir *John Falstaff.*

FORD. Sir *John Falstaff!*

M. PA. He, he; I can never hit on's name! There is such a league between my good man and he!—Is your wife at home, indeed?

FORD. Indeed, she is.

M. PA. By your leave, sir; I am sick 'till I see her.

[*Exeunt Mistress* PAGE, *and* ROBIN.

FORD. Has *Page* any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? sure, they sleep; he hath no

uſe of them: why, this boy will carry a letter twenty miles, as easy as a cannon will ſhoot point-blank twelveſcore. He pieces out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion, and advantage: and now ſhe's going to my wife, and *Falſtaff*'s boy with her;—A man may hear this ſhower ſing in the wind!—and *Falſtaff*'s boy with her. Good plots! they are lay'd; and our revolted wives ſhare damnation together. Well; I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrow'd vail of modeſty from the ſo ſeeming miſtreſs *Page*, divulge *Page* himſelf for a ſecure and wilful *Acteon*; and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours ſhall cry aim. [*Clock heard.*] The clock gives me my cue, and my aſſurance bids me ſearch; there I ſhall find *Falſtaff:* I ſhall be rather prais'd for this, than mock'd; for it is as positive as the earth is firm, that *Falſtaff* is there: I will go.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, SLENDER, *Sir* Hugh, CAIUS, Hoſt, *and* Rugby.

SHAL. PAGE, &c. Well met, maſter *Ford.*

FORD. Truſt me, a good knot: I have good cheer at home; and, I pray you all, go with me.

SHAL. I muſt excuse myſelf, maſter *Ford.*

SLEN. And ſo muſt I, ſir; we have appointed to dine with miſtreſs *Anne*, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll ſpeak of.

SHAL. We have linger'd about a match between *Anne Page* and my cousin *Slender*, and this day we ſhall have our anſwer.

SLEN. I hope, I have your good will, father *Page?*

PAGE. You have, maſter *Slender*; I ſtand wholly for you:—but my wife, maſter doctor, is for you altogether.

D. Cai. Ay, by gar; and de maid is love-a me; my nurſh-a, *Quickly*, tell me ſo muſh.

Hoſt. What ſay you to young maſter *Fenton?* he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verſes, he ſpeaks holiday, he ſmells *April* and *May:* he will carry't, he will carry't; 'tis in his buttons, he will carry't.

Page. Not by my conſent, I promise you. The gentleman is of no having: he kept company with the wild prince, and *Pointz*; he is of too high a region, he knows too much: No, he ſhall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my ſubſtance: if he take her, let him take her ſimply; the wealth I have waits on my conſent, and my conſent goes not that way.

Ford. I beſeech you heartily, ſome of you go home with me to dinner: beſides your cheer, you ſhall have ſport; I will ſhew you a monſter.—Maſter doctor, you ſhall go;—ſo ſhall you, maſter *Page*;—and you, ſir *Hugh.*

Shal. Well, fare you well:—we ſhall have the freer wooing at maſter *Page*'s.

[*Exeunt* Shallow, *and* Slender.

D. Cai. Go home, *John Rugby*; I come anon.

[*Exit* Rugby.

Hoſt. Farewel, my hearts: I will to my honeſt knight, *Falſtaff*; and drink canary with him.

[*Exit* Hoſt.

Ford. "I think, I ſhall drink in pipe wine firſt" "with him; I'll make him dance." Will you go, gentles?

all. Have with you, to ſee this monſter. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Room in* Ford's *Houſe.*

Enter Miſtreſs FORD, *and Miſtreſs* PAGE.

M. Fo. What, *John!* what, *Robert!*

M. Pa. Quickly, quickly;—Is the buck-baſket—

M. Fo. I warrant:—What, *Robin*, I ſay!

Enter Servants, with a Baſket.

M. Pa. Come, come, come.

M. Fo. Here, ſet it down.

M. Pa. Give your men the charge; we muſt be brief.

M. Fo. Marry, as I told you before, *John*, and *Robert*, be ready here hard by in the brew-houſe; and, when I ſuddenly call you, come forth, and (without any pauſe, or ſtaggering) take this baſket on your ſhoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haſte, and carry it among the whitſters in *Datchet* mead; and there empty it in the muddy ditch, cloſe by the *Thames'* ſide.

M. Pa. You will do it?

M. Fo. I have told them over and over; they lack no direction:—Begone; and come when you are call'd.

M. Pa. Here comes little *Robin*. [*Exeunt Servants.*

Enter ROBIN.

M. Fo. How now, my eyas-muſket? what news with you?

Rob. My maſter ſir *John* is come in at your back door, miſtreſs *Ford*; and requeſts your company.

M. Pa. You little jack-a-lent, have you been true to us?

Rob. Ay, I'll be ſworn: My maſter knows not of your being here: and hath threaten'd to put me into everlaſting liberty, if I tell you of it; for, he ſwears, he'll turn me away.

M. Pa. Thou'rt a good boy: this ſecrecy of thine ſhall be a taylor to thee, and ſhall make thee a new

doublet and hose.—I'll go hide me.

M. Fo. Do ſo:—Go, tell thy maſter, I am alone. [*Exit* Rob.] Miſtreſs *Page*, remember you your cue.

M. Pa. I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiſs me. [*Exit Miſtreſs* Page.

M. Fo. Go too then;—We'll use this unwholeſome humidity, this groſs watry pumpion; we'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

Enter Falstaff.

Fals. Have I caught thee, my heavenly jewel? Why, now let me dye, for I have liv'd long enough; this is the period of my ambition: O this bleſſed hour!

M. Fo. O ſweet ſir *John!*

Fals. Miſtreſs *Ford*, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, miſtreſs *Ford*. Now ſhall I ſin in my wiſh: I would, thy husband were dead; I'll ſpeak it before the beſt lord, I would make thee my lady.

M. Fo. I your lady, ſir *John*! alas, I ſhould be a pitiful lady.

Fals. Let the court of *France* ſhew me ſuch another. I ſee how thine eye would emulate the diamond: Thou haſt the right arched beauty of the brow; that becomes the ſhip-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of *Venetian* admittance.

M. Fo. A plain kerchief, ſir *John*: my brows become nothing elſe; nor that well neither.

Fals. Thou art a traitor to ſay ſo: thou would'ſt make an abſolute courtier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait, in a ſemi-circl'd farthingale. I ſee what thou wert, if fortune thy foe were not; nature is thy friend: Come thou canſt not hide it.

M. Fo. Believe me, there's no ſuch thing in me.

Fals. What made me love thee? let that perſuade thee, there's ſomething extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and ſay, thou art this and that, like a many of these liſping hawthorn-buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and ſmell like *Bucklers-bury* in ſimple time; I cannot: but I love thee; none but thee; and thou deserv'ſt it. [treſs *Page*.

M. Fo. Do not betray me, ſir; I fear, you love miſ-

Fals. Thou might'ſt as well ſay, I love to walk by the counter gate; which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime kiln.

M. Fo. Well, heaven knows how I love you; and you ſhall one day find it.

Fals. Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

M. Fo. Nay, I muſt tell you, ſo you do; or elſe I could not be in that mind.

Re-enter Robin.

Rob. Miſtreſs *Ford*, miſtreſs *Ford!* here's miſtreſs *Page* at the door, ſweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs ſpeak with you presently.

Fals. She ſhall not ſee me; I will enſconce me behind the arras. [*ſtepping behind it.*

M. Fo. Pray you, do ſo; ſhe's a very tatling woman.—

Enter Miſtreſs Page.

What's the matter? how now?

M. Pa. O miſtreſs *Ford*, what have you done? you're ſham'd, you're overthrown, you're undone for ever.

M. Fo. What's the matter, good miſtreſs *Page*?

M. Pa. O, wel-a-day, miſtreſs *Ford!* having an honeſt man to your husband, to give him ſuch cause of ſuſpicion!

M. Fo. What cauſe of ſuſpicion?

M. Pa. What cauſe of ſuſpicion? Out upon you! how am I miſtook in you?

M. Fo. Why, alas, what's the matter?

M. Pa. Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in *Windſor*, to ſearch for a gentleman, that, he ſays, is here now in the houſe, by your conſent, to take an ill advantage of his abſence: you are undone.

M. Fo. 'Tis not ſo, I hope.

M. Pa. Pray heaven it be not ſo, that you have ſuch a man here; but 'tis moſt certain, your husband's coming, with half *Windſor* at his heels, to ſearch for ſuch a one. I come before, to tell you: If you know yourſelf clear, why, I am glad of it: but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amaz'd; call all your ſenſes to you; defend your reputation, or bid farewel to your good life for ever.

M. Fo. What ſhall I do? — There is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own ſhame, ſo much as his peril: I had rather than a thouſand pound, he were out of the houſe.

M. Pa. For ſhame! never ſtand *you had rather*, and *you had rather*; your husband's here at hand, bethink you of ſome conveyance: in the houſe you cannot hide him: — O, how have you deceiv'd me! — Look, here is a baſket; if he be of any reasonable ſtature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linnen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: Or, it is whiting time, ſend him by your two men to *Datchet* mead.

M. Fo. He's too big to go in there: What ſhall I do?

Fals. [*ſtarting from his Concealment.*] Let me ſee't, let me ſee't, o, let me ſee't! I'll in, I'll in; follow your

friend's counſel; I'll in.

M. Pa. What; ſir *John Falſtaff!*—Are these your letters, knight?

Fals. I love thee; help me away: Let me creep in here: I'll never— [*goes into the Baſket, Women cover him.*

M. Pa. Help to cover your maſter, boy:—Call your men, miſtreſs *Ford:*—You diſſembling knight!

M. Fo. What, *John, Robert, John!*— [*Re-enter* Servants.] Go, take up these cloaths here, quickly; Where's the cowl-ſtaff? look, how you drumble: carry them to the landreſs in *Datchet* mead; quickly, come.

Enter Ford, Page, Caius, *and* *Sir* Hugh Evans.

Ford. Pray you, come near: if I ſuſpect without cause, why then make ſport at me, then let me be your jeſt, I deserve it.—How now? whither bear you this?

Serv. To the landreſs, forſooth.

M. Fo. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? you were beſt meddle with buck-waſhing.

Ford. Buck? I would, I could waſh myſelf of the buck! Buck, buck, buck? Ay, buck; I warrant you, buck: and of the ſeason too; it ſhall appear.—Gentlemen, [*Exeunt* Servants, *with the Baſket.*] I have dream'd to-night: I'll tell you my dream:—Here, here, here be my keys: aſcend my chambers, ſearch, ſeek, find out; I'll warrant, we'll unkennel the fox:—Let me ſtop this way firſt:—[*locking the Door*] So, now uncape.

Page. Good maſter *Ford*, be contented: you wrong yourſelf too much.

Ford. True, maſter *Page*.—Up, gentlemen; you ſhall ſee ſport anon: follow me, gentlemen. [*Exit* Ford.

Sir H. This is fery fantaſtical humours, and jealouſies.

D. Cai. By gar, 'tis no de faſhion of *France:* it is not jealous in *France.*

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen; ſee the iſſue of his ſearch. [*Exeunt Sir* Hugh, Page *and* Caius.

M. Pa. Is there not a double excellency in this?

M. Fo. I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceived, or ſir *John.*

M. Pa. What a taking was he in, when your husband aſk'd who was in the baſket?

M. Fo. I am half afraid, he will have need of waſhing; ſo throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

M. Pa. Hang him, diſhoneſt raſcal! I would, all of the ſame ſtrain were in the ſame diſtreſs.

M. Fo. I think, my husband hath ſome ſpecial ſuſpicion of *Falſtaff's* being here; for I never ſaw him ſo groſs in his jealouſy 'till now.

M. Pa. I will lay a plot to try that: And we will yet have more tricks with *Falſtaff*; his diſſolute disease will ſcarce obey this medicine.

M. Fo. Shall we ſend that fooliſh carrion, miſtreſs *Quickly*, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another puniſhment?

M. Pa. We will do it; let him be ſent for to-morrow eight o'clock, to have amends.

Re-enter Ford, Page, Caius, *and Sir* Hugh.

Ford. I cannot find him: may be, the knave brag'd of that he could not compaſs.

M. Pa. "Heard you that?" [*to M.* Ford.

M. Fo. You use me well, master *Ford*? do you?

Ford. Ay, I do so.

M. Fo. Heaven make you better than your thoughts!

Ford. Amen.

M Pa. You do yourself mighty wrong, master *Ford.*

Ford. Ay, ay; I must bear it.

Sir H. If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment!

D. Cai. By gar, nor I too; dere is no bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, master *Ford!* are you not asham'd? what spirit, what devil, suggests this imagination? I would not have your distemper in this kind, for the wealth of *Windsor* castle.

Ford. 'Tis my fault, master *Page*; I suffer for it.

Sir H. You suffer for a pad conscience: your wife is as honest a'omans as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

D. Cai. By gar, I see 'tis an honest 'oman.

Ford. Well; I promis'd you a dinner:—Come, come, walk in the park: I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you why I have done this.—Come, wife;—come, mistress *Page*;—I pray you, pardon me; pray heartily, pardon me.

Page. Let's go in, gentlemen; but, trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast; after, we'll a birding together; I have a fine hawk for the bush: Shall it be so?

Ford. Any thing.

Sir H. If there is one, I shall make two in the compa-[ny.

D. Cai. If dere be one or two, I shall make a de turd.

Ford. Pray you, go, master *Page.*

Sir H. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave mine host.

D. Cai. Dat is good; by gar, vit all my heart.

Sir H. A lousy knave; to have his gibes, and his mockeries: [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A Room in* Page's *House.*

Enter Fenton, *and Mistress* Anne Page.

Fent. I see, I cannot get thy father's love;
Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet *Nan.*

Anne. Alas, how then?

Fent. Why, thou must be thyself.
He doth object, I am too great of birth;
And that, my 'state being gall'd with my expence,
I seek to heal it only by his wealth:
Besides these, other bars he lays before me,—
My riots past, my wild societies;
And tells me, 'tis a thing impossible
I should love thee, but as a property.

Anne. May be, he tells you true.

Fent. No, Heaven so speed me in the time to come!
Albeit, I will confess, thy father's wealth
Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, *Anne:*
Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than stamps in gold, or sums in sealed bags;
And 'tis the very riches of thyself
That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle master *Fenton,*
Yet seek my father's love; still seek it, sir:
If opportunity, and humblest suit,
Cannot attain it, why then,—Hark you hither.
[*they converse apart.*

Enter SHALLOW, SLENDER, *and* *Miſtreſs* QUICKLY.

SHAL. Break their talk, miſtreſs *Quickly*; my kinsman ſhall ſpeak for himſelf. [venturing.

SLEN. I'll make a ſhaft or a bolt on't: 's-lid, 'tis but

SHAL. Be not diſmay'd.

SLEN. No, ſhe ſhall not diſmay me: I care not for that, — but that I am afeard.

QUIC. Hark ye; maſter *Slender* would ſpeak a word with you. [choice:"

ANNE. I come to him.—" This is my father's " O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults" " Look handſome in three hundred pounds a year!"

QUIC. And how does good maſter *Fenton?* Pray you, a word with you. [*drawing him aſide.*

SHAL. She's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadſt a father!

SLEN, I had a father, miſtreſs *Anne*; — my uncle can tell you good jeſts of him: — Pray you, uncle, tell miſtreſs *Anne* the jeſt, how my father ſtole two geeſe out of a pen, good uncle.

SHAL. Miſtreſs *Anne*, my couſin loves you.

SLEN. Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in *Gloceſterſhire.*

SHAL. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

SLEN. Ay, that I will, come cut and long tail, under the degree of a 'ſquire.

SHAL. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure. [ſelf.

ANNE. Good maſter *Shallow*, let him woo for himſelf.

SHAL. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that good comfort.—She calls you, coz: I'll leave you.

[13] Lookes

Anne. Now, master *Slender.*

Slen. Now, good mistress *Anne.*

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will? 'od's heartlings, that's a pretty jest, indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give heaven praise.

Anne. I mean, master *Slender*, what would you with me?

Slen. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you: Your father, and my uncle, hath made motions: if it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole: They can tell you how things go, better than I can: You may ask your father; here he comes.

Enter Page, *and Mistress* Page.

Page. Now, master *Slender*;—Love him, daughter *Anne*:—

Why, how now! what does master *Fenton* here?
You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house:
I told you, sir, my daughter is dispos'd of.

Fent. Nay, master *Page*, be not impatient.

M. Pa. Good master *Fenton*, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good master *Fenton.*—
Come, master *Shallow*;—come, son *Slender*;—in:—
Knowing my mind, you wrong me, master *Fenton.*

[*Exeunt* Page, Shallow, *and* Slender.

Quic. Speak to mistress *Page.*

Fent. Good mistress *Page*, for that I love your daughter
In such a righteous fashion as I do,
Perforce, against all checks, rebukes, and manners,

I muſt advance the colours of my love,
And not retire: Let me have your good will.

Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yon' fool.

M. Pa. I mean it not; I ſeek you a better husband.

Quic. That's my maſter, maſter doctor.

Anne. Alas, I had rather be ſet quick i'the earth,
And bowl'd to death with turnips.

M. Pa. Come, trouble not yourſelf:—Good maſter *Fenton*,
I will not be your friend, nor enemy:
My daughter will I queſtion how ſhe loves you,
And as I find her, ſo am I affected;
'Till then, farewel, ſir: She muſt needs go in;
Her father will be angry.

Fent. Farewel, my gentle miſtreſs; farewel, *Nan*.
[*Exeunt Miſtreſs* Page, *and* Anne.

Quic. This is my doing now;—Nay, ſaid I, will you caſt away your child on a fool, and a phyſician? look on maſter *Fenton*:—this is my doing.

Fent. I thank thee; and, I pray thee, once to-night
Give my ſweet *Nan* this ring: There's for thy pains.
[*Exit* Fenton.

Quic. Now heaven ſend thee good fortune!—A kind heart he hath: a woman would run through fire and water for ſuch a kind heart. But yet, I would my maſter had miſtreſs *Anne*; or I would maſter *Slender* had her; or, in ſooth, I would maſter *Fenton* had her: I will do what I can for them all three; for ſo I have promis'd, and I'll be as good as my word; but 'ſpeciouſly for maſter *Fenton*. Well, I muſt of another errand to ſir *John Falſtaff* from my two miſtreſſes; What a beaſt am I to ſlack it? [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *A Room in the garter Inn.*

Enter FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH.

FALS. *Bardolph*, I ſay,—

BARD. Here, ſir.

FALS. Go, fetch me a quart of ſack; put a toaſt in't. [*Exit* BARD.] Have I liv'd to be carry'd in a baſket, like a barrow of butcher's offal; and to be thrown in the *Thames*? Well; if I be ſerv'd ſuch another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out, and butter'd, and give them to a dog for a new-year's gift. The rogues ſlighted me into the river with as little remorſe as they would have drown'd a bitch's blind puppies, fifteen i'the litter: and you may know, by my ſize, that I have a kind of alacrity in ſinking; if the bottom were as deep as hell, I ſhould down. I had been drown'd, but that the ſhore was ſhelvy and ſhallow; a death that I abhor; for the water ſwells a man; And what a thing ſhould I have been, when I had been ſwell'd! I ſhould have been a mountain of mummy.

Re-enter BARDOLPH, *with the Wine.*

BARD. Here's miſtreſs *Quickly*, ſir, to ſpeak with you.

FALS. Come, let me pour in ſome ſack to the *Thames'* water; for my belly's as cold, as if I had ſwallow'd ſnow-balls for pills to cool the reins.—Call her in.

BARD. Come in, woman.

Enter Miſtreſs QUICKLY.

QUIC. By your leave;—I cry you mercy:—Give your worſhip good morrow.

FALS. Take away these challices; Go, brew me a pottle of ſack finely.

BARD. With eggs, ſir?

13 blinde bitches

Fals. Simple of itself; I'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage.—[*Exit* Bard.] How now?

Quic. Marry, sir, I come to your worship from mistress *Ford.*

Fals. Mistress *Ford!* I have had ford enough: I was thrown into the ford; I have my belly full of ford.

Quic. Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault: she does so take on with her men; they mistook their erection.

Fals. So did I mine, to build upon a foolish woman's promise.

Quic. Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it would yearn your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a birding; she desires you once more to come to her, between eight and nine: I must carry her word quickly: she'll make you amends, I warrant you.

Fals. Well, I will visit her: Tell her so; and bid her think what a man is: let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Quic. I will tell her.

Fals. Do so. Between nine and ten, say'st thou?

Quic. Eight and nine, sir.

Fals. Well, be gone: I will not miss her.

Quic. Peace be with you, sir! [*Exit.*

Fals. I marvel, I hear not of master *Brook*; he sent me word, to stay within: I like his money well. O, here he comes.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Bless you, sir!

Fals. Now, master *Brook?* you come to know what hath past between me and *Ford*'s wife?

Ford. That, indeed, sir *John*, is my business.

Fals. Maſter *Brook*, I will not lye to you; I was at her houſe the hour ſhe appointed me.

Ford. And ſped you, ſir?

Fals. Very ill-favour'dly, maſter *Brook*.

Ford. How ſo, ſir? Did ſhe change her determination?

Fals. No, maſter *Brook:* but the peaking cornuto her husband, maſter *Brook*, dwelling in a continual 'larum of jealouſy, comes me in the inſtant of our encounter, after we had embrac'd, kiſſ'd, proteſted, and (as it were) ſpoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and inſtigated by his diſtemper, and (forſooth) to ſearch his houſe for his wife's love.

Ford. What, while you were there?

Fals. While I was there.

Ford. And did he ſearch for you, and could not find you?

Fals. You ſhall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one miſtreſs *Page*; gives intelligence of *Ford*'s approach; and, in her invention, and *Ford*'s wife's diſtraction, they convey'd me into a buck-baſket.

Ford. A buck-baſket!

Fals. Yes, a buck-baſket: ram'd me in with foul ſhirts and ſmocks, ſocks, foul ſtockings, greasy napkins; that, maſter *Brook*, there was the rankeſt compound of villanous ſmell, that ever offended noſtril.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fals. Nay, you ſhall hear maſter *Brook*, what I have ſuffer'd to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus cram'd in the baſket, a couple of *Ford*'s knaves, his hinds, were call'd forth by their miſtreſs,

to carry me in the name of foul cloaths to *Datchet* lane: they took me on their ſhoulders; met the jealous knave their maſter in the door; who aſked them once or twice, what they had in their baſket: I quak'd for fear leſt the lunatic knave would have ſearch'd it; but fate, ordaining he ſhould be a cuckold, held his hand. Well; on went he for a ſearch, and away went I for foul cloaths. But mark the ſequel, maſter *Brook:* I ſuffer'd the pangs of three ſeveral deaths: firſt, an intolerable fright, to be detected by a jealous rotten bell-weather: next, to be compaſſ'd, like a good bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head: and then, to be ſtop'd in, like a ſtrong diſtillation, with ſtinking cloaths that fretted in their own greaſe; think of that,—a man of my kidney—think of that; that am as ſubject to heat, as butter; a man of continual diſſolution and thaw; it was a miracle, to 'ſcape ſuffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half ſtew'd in greaſe, like a *Dutch* diſh, to be thrown into the *Thames*, and cool'd, glowing hot, in that ſurge, like a horſe-ſhoe; think of that,—hiſſing hot—think of that, maſter *Brook*.

Ford. In good ſadneſs, ſir, I am ſorry that for my ſake you have ſuffer'd all this. My ſuit then is deſperate; you'll undertake her no more?

Fals. Maſter *Brook*, I will be thrown into *Etna*, as I have been into *Thames*, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a birding: I have received from her another embaſſy of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, maſter *Brook*.

Ford. 'Tis paſt eight already, ſir.

Fals. Is it? I will then addreſs me to my appoint-

ment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her: Adieu. You shall have her, master *Brook*; master *Brook*, you shall cuckold *Ford*. [*Exit* FALSTAFF.

FORD. Hum! ha! is this a vision? is this a dream? do I sleep? master *Ford*, awake; awake, master *Ford*; there's a hole made in your best coat, master *Ford*. This 'tis to be marry'd! this 'tis to have linnen, and buck-baskets! Well, I will proclaim myself what I am: I will now take the letcher; he is at my house: he cannot 'scape me, 'tis impossible he should; he cannot creep into a half-penny purse, nor into a pepper-box: but, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places: Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not shall not make me tame: if I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me, I'll be horn-mad. [*Exit*.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A Street.*

Enter Mistress PAGE, *Mistress* QUICKLY, *and* WILLIAM.

M. PA. Is he at mistress *Ford*'s already, think'st thou?

QUIC. Sure, he is by this; or will be presently: but, truly, he is very courageous mad, about his throwing into the water. Mistress *Ford* desires you to come suddenly.

M. PA. I'll be with her by and by; I'll but bring my young man here to school: Look, where his master

comes; 'tis a playing-day, I ſee:—

Enter Sir Hugh Evans.

How now, ſir *Hugh?* no ſchool to-day?

Sir H. No; maſter *Slender* is let the boys leave to play.

Quic. Bleſſing of his heart!

M. Pa. Sir *Hugh*, my husband ſays, my ſon profits nothing in the world at his book; I pray you, aſk him ſome queſtions in his accidence.

Sir H. Come hither, *William*; hold up your head; come.

M. Pa. Come on, ſirrah; hold up your head; anſwer your maſter, be not afraid.

Sir H. William, how many numbers is in nouns?

Will. Two.

Quic. Truly, I thought there had been one number more; because they ſay, od's-nouns.

Sir H. Peace your tattlings.—What is, fair, *William?*

Will. Pulcher.

Quic. Poulcats! there are fairer things than poulcats, ſure.

Sir H. You are a very ſimplicity 'oman; I pray you, peace.—What is, *lapis*, *William?*

Will. A ſtone.

Sir H. And what is a ſtone, *William?*

Will. A pebble,

Sir H. No, it is *lapis*; I pray you, remember in your prain.

Will. Lapis.

Sir H That is a good *William*: What is he, *William*, that does lend articles?

Will. Articles are borrowed of the pronoun; and be thus declined, *Singulariter nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc.*

Sir H. *Nominativo, hig, hag, hog*;—Pray you, mark: *genitivo, hujus:* Well, what is your accuſative caſe?

Will. *Accuſativo, hinc.*

Sir H. I pray you, have your remembrance, child; *Accuſativo, hing, hang, hog.*

Quic. *Hang-hog* is *Latin* for bacon, I warrant you.

Sir H. Leave your prabbles, 'oman.—What is the focative caſe, *William?*

Will. O—*vocativo, o.*

Sir H. Remember, *William*: focative is, *caret.*

Quic. And that's a good root.

Sir H. 'Oman, forbear.

M. Pa. Peace.

Sir H. What is your genitive caſe plural, *William?*

Will. Genitive caſe?

Sir H. Ay.

Will. Genitive—*horum, harum, horum.*

Quic. Vengeance of *Jenny*'s caſe! fie on her!—never name her, child, if ſhe be a whore.

Sir H. For ſhame, 'oman.

Quic. You do ill to teach the child ſuch words:—he teaches him to hic, and to hac, which they'll do faſt enough of themſelves; and to call, horum;—Fie upon you!

Sir H. 'Oman, art thou lunaticks? haſt thou no underſtandings for thy caſes, and the numbers of the genders? thou art as fooliſh chriſtian creatures, as I would deſires.

M. Pa. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace.

Sir H. Shew me now, *William,* ſome declenſions of

your pronouns.

Will. Forſooth, I have forgot.

Sir H. It is, *qui, quæ, quod:* if you forget your *qui's*, your *quæ's*, and your *quod's*, you muſt be preeches. Go your ways, and play; go.

M. Pa. He is a better ſcholar, than I thought he was.

Sir H. He is a good ſprag memory. Farewel, miſtreſs *Page.*

M. Pa. Adieu, good ſir *Hugh.*—Get you home, boy.—Come, we ſtay too long. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Room in* Ford's *Houſe.*

Enter Falstaff, *and Miſtreſs* Ford.

Fals. Miſtreſs *Ford*, your ſorrow hath eaten up my ſufferance: I ſee, you are obſequious in your love, and I profeſs requital to a hair's breadth; not only, miſtreſs *Ford*, in the ſimple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you ſure of your husband now?

M. Fo. He's a birding, ſweet ſir *John.*

M. Pa. [*within.*] What hoa, goſſip *Ford!* what hoa!

M. Fo. Step into the chamber, ſir *John.*

[*Exit* Falstaff.

Enter Miſtreſs Page.

M. Pa. How now, ſweet heart? who's at home beſides yourſelf?

M. Fo. Why, none but mine own people.

M. Pa. Indeed?

M. Fo. No, certainly: "Speak louder."

M. Pa. Truly, I am ſo glad you have no body here:

M. Fo. Why?

M. Pa. Why, woman, your husband is in his old

lunes again: he ſo takes on yonder with my husband; ſo rails againſt all marry'd mankind; ſo curſes all *Eve's* daughters, of what complexion ſoever; and ſo buffets himſelf on the forehead, crying, *Peer out, peer out*; that any madneſs, I ever yet beheld, ſeem'd but tameneſs, civility, and patience, to this his diſtemper he is in now: I am glad, the fat knight is not here.

M. Fo. Why, does he talk of him?

M. Pa. Of none but him; and ſwears he was carry'd out, the laſt time he ſearch'd for him, in a baſket: proteſts to my husband, he is now here; and hath drawn him and the reſt of their company from their ſport, to make another experiment of his ſuſpicion: But I am glad, the knight is not here; now he ſhall ſee his own foolery.

M. Fo. How near is he, miſtreſs *Page?*

M. Pa. Hard by; at ſtreet end; he will be here anon.

M. Fo. I am undone!—the knight is here.

M. Pa. Why, then you are utterly ſham'd, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you! Away with him, away with him; Better ſhame than murther.

M. Fo. Why, which way ſhould he go? how ſhould I beſtow him? Shall I put him into the baſket again?

Re-enter Falstaff.

Fals. No, I'll come no more i' th' baſket:—May I not go out ere he come?

M. Pa. Alas, three of maſter *Ford's* brothers watch the door with piſtols, that none ſhall iſſue out; otherwise, you might ſlip away ere he came: But what make you here?

Fals. What ſhall I do?—I'll creep up into the chimney.

[3] lines

M. Fo. There they always use to diſcharge their birding pieces: Creep into the kiln-hole.

Fals. Where is it?

M. Fo. He will ſeek there, on my word: neither preſs, coffer, cheſt, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abſtract for the remembrance of ſuch places, and goes to them by his note: There is no hiding you in the houſe.

Fals. I'll go out then.

M. Fo. If you go out in your own ſemblance, you dye, ſir *John*; unleſs you go out diſguis'd,—How might we diſguise him?

M. Pa. Alas the day, I know not: there is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwise, he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and ſo eſcape.

Fals. Good hearts, devise ſomething: any extremity, rather than a miſchief.

M. Fo. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of *Brentford*, has a gown above.

M. Pa. On my word, it will ſerve him; ſhe's as big as he is: and there's her thrumb hat, and her muffler too;—Run up, ſir *John*.

M. Fo. Go, go, ſweet ſir *John:* miſtreſs *Page*, and I, will look ſome linnen for your head.

M. Pa. Quick, quick; we'll come dreſs you ſtraight: put on the gown the while. [*Exit* Falstaff.

M. Fo. I would, my husband would meet him in this ſhape: he cannot abide the old woman of *Brentford*; he ſwears, ſhe's a witch; forbad her my houſe, and hath threaten'd to beat her.

M. Pa. Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel; and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

M. Fo. But is my husband coming?

M. Pa. Ay, in good ſadneſs, is he; and talks of the baſket too, howſoever he hath had intelligence.

M. Fo. We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the baſket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did laſt time.

M. Pa. Nay, but he'll be here presently: let's go dreſs him like the witch of *Brentford*.

M. Fo. I'll firſt direct my men, what they ſhall do with the baſket:—Go up; I'll bring linnen for him ſtraight. [*Exit.*

M. Pa. Hang him diſhoneſt varlet! we cannot miſuse him enough.

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,
Wives may be merry, and yet honeſt too:
We do not act, that often jeſt and laugh;
'Tis old, but true, Still ſwine eats all the draff. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Miſtreſs Ford, *with her two Men.*

M. Fo. Go, ſirs, take the baſket again on your ſhoulders; your maſter is hard at door; if he bid you ſet it down, obey him: quickly, diſpatch. [*Exit.*

1. *Ser.* Come, come, take it up.

2. *Ser.* Pray heaven, it be not full of the knight again!

1. *Ser.* I hope not; I had as lief bear ſo much lead.

Enter Ford, Page, Shallow, *and Sir* Hugh Evans.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, maſter *Page*, have you any way then to unfool me again?—Set down the baſket, villain:—Somebody call my wife:—Youth in a baſket!—O, you panderly raſcals!—there's a knot, a gang, a pack, a conſpiracy againſt me:—Now ſhall the

devil be ſham'd:—What, wife, I ſay! come, come forth; behold what honeſt cloaths you ſend forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this paſſes!—Maſter *Ford*, you are not to go looſe any longer; you muſt be pinion'd.

Sir H. Why, this is lunaticks! this is mad as a mad dog!

Shal. Indeed, maſter *Ford*, this is not well; indeed.

Enter Miſtreſs Ford.

Ford. So ſay I too, ſir.—Come hither, miſtreſs *Ford*; miſtreſs *Ford*, the honeſt woman, the modeſt wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband! I ſuſpect without cauſe, miſtreſs; do I?

M. Fo. Heaven be my witneſs, you do, if you ſuſpect me in any diſhoneſty.

Ford. Well ſaid, brazen-face; hold it out:—Come forth, ſirrah. [*pulling out the Cloaths.*

Page. This paſſes!

M. Fo. Are you not aſham'd? let the cloaths alone.

Ford. I ſhall find you anon.

Sir H. 'Tis unreasonable!—Will you take up your wife's cloaths? come away.

Ford. Empty the baſket, I ſay.

M. Fo. Why, man, why—

Ford. Maſter *Page*, as I am a man, there was one convey'd out of my houſe yeſterday in this baſket; Why may not he be there again? In my houſe, I am ſure, he is: my intelligence is true; my jealouſy is reasonable;—Pluck me out all the linnen.

M. Fo. If you find a man there, he ſhall dye a flea's death.

Page. Here's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, master *Ford*; this wrongs you.

Sir H. Master *Ford*, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealousies.

Ford. Well, he's not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor no where else but in your brain.

Ford. Help to search my house this one time: if I find not what I seek, shew no colour for my extremity; let me for ever be your table-sport; let them say of me, As jealous as *Ford*, that search'd a hollow walnut for his wife's leman: Satisfy me once more; once more search with me.

M. Fo. What ho, mistress *Page!* come you, and the old woman, down; my husband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman! what old woman's that?

M. Fo. Why, it is my maid's aunt of *Brentford.*

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean!—Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands, does she? We are simple men· we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling· She works by charms, by spells, by the figure, and such dawbery as this is; beyond our element· we know nothing·—Come down, you witch, you hag you; come down, I say.

M. Fo. Nay, good sweet husband;—good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

Enter Mistress Page; *leading in* Falstaff, *disguis'd.*

M. Pa. Come, mother *Prat*, come, give me your hand.

Ford. I'll *Prat* her:—Out of my doors, you witch; [*to* Falf.] you hag, you baggage, you poulcat,

you ronyon! out, out! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you. [*beating, and driving him out.*

M. Pa. Are you not aſham'd? I think, you have kill'd the poor woman. [*you*

M. Fo. Nay, he will do it;—'Tis a goodly credit for

Ford. Hang her witch!

Sir H. By yea and no, I think the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'omans has a great peard; I ſpy a great peard under his muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beſeech you, follow; ſee but the iſſue of my jealouſy: if I cry out thus upon no trail, never truſt me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further: Come, gentlemen.

[*Exeunt* Page, Ford, Shal. *and Sir* Hugh.

M. Pa. Truſt me, he beat him moſt pitifully.

M. Fo. Nay, by th' maſs, that he did not; he beat him moſt unpitifully, methought.

M. Pa. I'll have the cudgel hallow'd, and hung o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious ſervice.

M. Fo. What think you? may we, with the warrant of womanhood, and the witneſs of a good conſcience, purſue him with any further revenge?

M. Pa. The ſpirit of wantonneſs is, ſure, ſcar'd out of him; if the devil have him not in fee-ſimple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waſte, attempt us again.

M. Fo. Shall we tell our husbands how we have ſerv'd him?

M. Pa. Yes, by all means; if it be but to ſcrape the figures out of your husband's brains: If they can find in their hearts, the poor, unvirtuous, fat knight

[a] Runnion

ſhall be any further afflicted, we two will be ſtill the miniſters.

M. Fo. I'll warrant, they'll have him publickly ſham'd: and, methinks, there would be no fit period to the jeſt, ſhould he not be publickly ſham'd.

M. Pa. Come, to the forge with it then, ſhape it; I would not have things cool. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Room in the garter Inn.*

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. Sir, the *Germans* desire to have three of your horſes: the duke himſelf will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

Hoſt. What duke ſhould that be, comes ſo ſecretly? I hear not of him in the court:—Let me ſpeak with the gentlemen; They ſpeak *Engliſh?*

Bard. Ay, ſir; I'll call them to you.

Hoſt. They ſhall have my horſes; but I'll make them pay, I'll ſauce them: they have had my houſes a week at command; I have turn'd away my other gueſts: they muſt not come off; I'll ſauce them:—Come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A Room in* Ford's *Houſe.*

Enter Sir HUGH, PAGE, FORD, *Miſtreſs* PAGE, *and Miſtreſs* FORD.

Sir H. 'Tis one of the beſt diſcretions of a 'oman as ever I did look upon.

Page And did he ſend you both these † letters at an inſtant?

M. Pa. Within a quarter of an hour. [wilt;

Ford. Pardon me, wife: Henceforth do what thou

11 *Germans* deſires. 17 call him to

I rather will ſuſpect the ſun with cold,
Than thee with wantonneſs: now doth thy honour ſtand,
In him that was of late an heretick,
As firm as faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more:
Be not as extream in ſubmiſſion,
As in offence;
But let our plot go forward: let our wives
Yet once again, to make us publick ſport,
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
Where we may take him, and diſgrace him for it. [of.

Ford. There is no better way than that they ſpoke

Page. How! ſend him word, they'll meet him in
At midnight! fie, fie; he will never come. [the park

Sir H. You ſay, he has been thrown in the rivers; and has been grievouſly peaten, as an old 'oman: methinks, there ſhould be terrors in him, that he ſhould not come; methinks, his fleſh is puniſh'd, he ſhall have no desires.

Page. So think I too. [comes,

M. Fo. Devise but how you'll use him when he
And let us two devise to bring him thither. [ter,

M. Pa. There is an old tale goes, that *Herne* the hun-
Sometime a keeper here in *Windſor* foreſt,
Doth all the winter time, at ſtill midnight,
Walk round about an oak, with great jag'd horns;
And there he blaſts the tree, and takes the cattle,
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and ſhakes a chain
In a moſt hideous and dreadful manner:
You have heard of ſuch a ſpirit; and well you know,
The ſuperſtitious idle-headed eld
Receiv'd, and did deliver to our age,

' with gold 13 v. *Note* 26 rag'd

This tale of *Herne* the hunter for a truth.

Page. Why, yet there want not many, that do fear
In deep of night to walk by this *Herne*'s oak:
But what of this?

M. Fo. Marry, this is our device;—
That *Falſtaff* at that oak ſhall meet with us,
Diſguis'd like *Herne*, with huge horns on his head.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come,
And in this ſhape; When you have brought him thither,
What ſhall be done with him? what is your plot? [thus:

M. Pa. That likewise have we thought upon, and
Nan Page my daughter, and my little ſon,
And three or four more of their growth, we'll dreſs
Like urchins, ouphes, and fairies, green and white,
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands; upon a ſudden,
As *Falſtaff*, ſhe, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a ſaw-pit ruſh at once
With ſome diffuſed ſong: upon their ſight,
We two in great amazedneſs will fly:
Then let them all encircle him about,
And, fairy-like too, pinch the unclean knight;
And aſk him, why, that hour of fairy revel,
In their ſo ſacred paths he dares to tread
In ſhape prophane.

Ford. And, 'till he tell the truth,
Let the ſuppoſed fairies pinch him ſound,
And burn him with their tapers.

M. Pa. The truth being known,
We'll all present ourſelves; diſhorn the ſpirit,
And mock him home to *Windſor*.

Ford. The children muſt

22 like to pinch

Be practic'd well to this, or they'll ne'er dot'.

Sir H. I will teach the children their behaviours; and I will be like a jackanapes alſo, to burn the knight with my taber. [vizards.

Ford. That will be excellent. I'll go buy them

M. Pa. My *Nan* ſhall be the queen of all the fairies, Finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That ſilk will I go buy; "and, in that time," "Shall maſter *Slender* ſteal my *Nan* away," "And marry her at *Eaton*." Go, ſend to *Falſtaff* Straight.

Ford. Nay, I'll to him again in name of *Brook:* He'll tell me all his purpoſe: Sure, he'll come.

M. Pa. Fear not you that: Go, get us properties, And tricking for our fairies.

Sir H. Let us about it: It is admirable pleaſures, and fery honeſt knaveries. [*Exeunt* Ford, Page, *and Sir* H.

M. Pa. Go, miſtreſs *Ford*, Send quickly to ſir *John*, to know his mind. [*Exit Miſtreſs* Ford.

I'll to the doctor; he hath my good will, And none but he, to marry with *Nan Page*. That *Slender*, though well landed, is an ideot; And he my husband beſt of all affects: The doctor is well money'd, and his friends Potent at court; he, none but he, ſhall have her, Though twenty thouſand worthier come to crave her.

SCENE V. *A Room in the garter Inn.*

Enter Hoſt, *and* Simple.

Hoſt. What would'ſt thou have, boor? what, thick-ſkin? ſpeak, breath, diſcuſs; brief, ſhort, quick, ſnap.

Simp. Marry, ſir, I come to ſpeak with ſir *John Falſtaff* from maſter *Slender*.

Hoſt. There's his chamber, his houſe, his caſtle, his ſtanding-bed and truckle-bed; 'tis painted about with the ſtory of the prodigal, freſh and new: Go, knock and call; he'll ſpeak like an *Anthropophaginian* unto thee: Knock, I ſay.

Simp. There's an old woman, a fat woman, gone up into his chamber; I'll be ſo bold as ſtay, ſir, 'till ſhe come down: I come to ſpeak with her, indeed.

Hoſt. Ha! a fat woman? the knight may be rob'd: I'll call.—Bully knight! bully ſir *John*! ſpeak from thy lungs military; Art thou there? it is thine hoſt, thine *Ephesian*, calls.

Fals. [*above*] How now, mine hoſt?

Hoſt. Here's a *Bohemian-Tartar* tarries the coming down of thy fat woman: Let her deſcend, bully, let her deſcend; my chambers are honourable: Fie! privacy? fie!

Enter Falstaff.

Fals. There was, mine hoſt, an old fat woman even now with me; but ſhe's gone.

Simp. Pray you, ſir, was't not the wise woman of *Brentford?*

Fals. Ay, marry, was it, muſſel-ſhell; What would you with her?

Simp. My maſter, ſir, my maſter *Slender*, ſent to her, ſeeing her go thorough the ſtreets, to know, ſir, whether one *Nym*, ſir, that beguil'd him of a chain, had the chain, or no.

Fals. I ſpake with the old woman about it.

Simp. And what ſays ſhe, I pray, ſir?

Fals. Marry, ſhe ſays, that the very ſame man, that beguil'd maſter *Slender* of his chain, cozen'd him of it.

Simp. I would, I could have ſpoken with the woman herſelf; I had other things to have ſpoken with her too, from him.

Fals. What are they? let us know.

Hoſt. Ay, come; quick.

Simp. I may not conceal them, ſir.

Hoſt. Conceal them, or thou dy'ſt.

Simp. Why, ſir, they were nothing but about miſtreſs *Anne Page*; to know, if it were my maſter's fortune to have her, or no.

Fals. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Simp. What, ſir?

Fals. To have her, or no: Go; ſay, the woman told me ſo.

Simp. May I be bold to ſay ſo, ſir?

Fals. Ay, ſir; like who more bold.

Simp. I thank your worſhip: I ſhall make my maſter glad with these tidings. [*Exit.*

Hoſt. Thou art clerkly, thou art clerkly, ſir *John*: Was there a wise woman with thee?

Fals. Ay, that there was, mine hoſt; one that hath taught me more wit than ever I learn'd before in my life: and I pay'd nothing for it neither, but was pay'd for my learning.

Enter Bardolph, *haſtily.*

Bard. Out, alas, ſir! cozenage, meer cozenage!

Hoſt. Where be my horſes? ſpeak well of them, varletto.

Bard. Run away with the cozeners: for ſo ſoon as I came beyond *Eaton*, they threw me off, from be-

[a] *Fal.* I may

hind one of them, in a ſlough of mire; and ſet ſpurs, and away, like three *German* divels, three doctor *Fauſtus's*.

Hoſt. They are gone but to meet the duke, villain: do not ſay, they be fled; *Germans* are honeſt men.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans.

Sir H. Where is mine hoſt?

Hoſt. What is the matter, ſir?

Sir H. Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to town, tells me, there is three cousin germans, that has cozen'd all the hoſts of *Readings*, of *Maidenhead*, of *Colebrook*, of horſes and money. I tell you for good will, look you: you are wise, and full of gibes and vlouting-ſtogs; and 'tis not convenient you ſhould be cozened: Fare you well. [*Exit.*

Enter Doctor Caius.

D. Cai. Vere is mine hoſt *de jartere?*

Hoſt. Here, maſter doctor; in perplexity, and doubtful dilemma.

D. Cai. I cannot tell vat is dat: But it is tell-a me, dat you make grand preparation for a duke *de Jamany:* by my trot, dere is no duke, dat de court is know, to come: I tell you for good vill: adieu. [*Exit.*

Hoſt. Hue and cry, villain, go:—aſſiſt me, knight; I am undone:—fly, run, hue and cry, villain; I am undone! [*Exeunt* Hoſt, *and* Bardolph.

Fals. I would, all the world might be cozen'd; for I have been cozen'd, and beaten too. If it ſhould come to the ear of the court, how I have been tranſformed, and how my tranſformation hath been waſh'd and cudgel'd, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fiſhermen's boots with me; I warrant,

they would whip me with their fine wits, 'till I were as creſt-fall'n as a dry'd pear. I never proſper'd ſince I forſwore myſelf at *Primero*. Well, if my wind were but long enough to ſay my prayers, I would repent. —Now!

Enter Miſtreſs QUICKLY.

whence come you?

Quic. From the two parties, forſooth.

Fals. The devil take one party, and his dam the other, and ſo they ſhall be both beſtowed! I have ſuffer'd more for their ſakes, more, than the villainous inconſtancy of man's diſpoſition is able to bear.

Quic. And have not they ſuffer'd? yes, I warrant; 'ſpeciouſly one of them; miſtreſs *Ford*, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot ſee a white ſpot about her.

Fals. What tell'ſt thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myſelf into all the colours of the rain-bow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of *Brentford:* but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman, deliver'd me, the knave conſtable had ſet me i'the ſtocks, i'th' common ſtocks, for a witch.

Quic. Sir, let me ſpeak with you in your chamber: you ſhall hear how things go; and, I warrant, to your content: here is a letter † will ſay ſomewhat. Good hearts, what ado here is to bring you together! ſure, one of you does not ſerve heaven well, that you are ſo croſſ'd.

Fals. Come up into my chamber. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Another Room.*

Enter Hoſt, *and* FENTON.

Hoſt. Maſter *Fenton*, talk not to me; my mind is heavy, I will give over all.

Fent. Yet hear me ſpeak; Aſſiſt me in my purpoſe,
And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee
A hundred pound in gold, more than your loſs.

Hoſt. I will hear you, maſter *Fenton*; and I will, at the leaſt, keep your counſel.

Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you
With the dear love I bear to fair *Anne Page*;
Who, mutually, hath anſwer'd my affection
(So far forth as herſelf might be her chooſer)
Even to my wiſh: I have a letter from her,
Of ſuch contents as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof's ſo larded with my matter,
That neither, ſingly, can be manifeſted
Without the ſhew of both: fat ſir *John Falſtaff*
Hath a great ſcene in it: the image of the jeſt
I'll ſhow you † here at large. Hark, good mine hoſt:
To-night at *Herne*'s oak, juſt 'twixt twelve and one,
Muſt my ſweet *Nan* present the fairy queen;
The purpose why, is † here; in which diſguiſe,
While other jeſts are ſomething rank on foot,
Her father hath commanded her to ſlip
Away with *Slender*, and with him at *Eaton*
Immediately to marry: ſhe hath conſented: Now, ſir,
Her mother, ever ſtrong againſt that match,
And firm for doctor *Caius*, hath appointed
That he ſhall likewiſe ſhuffle her away,
While other ſports are taking off their minds,
And at the deanery, where a prieſt attends,
Straight marry her: to this her mother's plot
She ſeemingly obedient likewiſe hath

26 (even ſtrong 29 taſking of

Made promise to the doctor:—Now, thus it reſts:
Her father means ſhe ſhall be all in white;
And in that habit, when *Slender* ſees his time
To take her by the hand and bid her go,
She ſhall go with him: her mother hath intended,
The better to denote her to the doctor,
(For they muſt all be maſk'd and vizarded)
That quaint in green ſhe ſhall be looſe enrob'd,
With ribbands pendant flaring 'bout her head;
And when the doctor ſpies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and, on that token,
The maid hath given conſent to go with him. [ther?
Hoſt. Which means ſhe deceive? father, or mo-
Fent. Both, my good hoſt, to go along with me:
And here it reſts,—that you'll procure the vicar
To ſtay for me at church, 'twixt twelve and one,
And, in the lawful name of marrying,
To give our hearts united ceremony.
Hoſt. Well, husband your device; I'll to the vicar:
Bring you the maid, you ſhall not lack a prieſt.
Fent. So ſhall I evermore be bound to thee;
Beſides, I'll make a present recompence. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A Room in the garter Inn.*

Enter Falstaff, *and* Quickly.

Fals. Pr'ythee, no more pratling; go, I'll hold: This is the third time; I hope, good luck lyes in odd numbers: Away, go; they ſay, there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death: away.

[6] devote

Quic. I'll provide you a chain; and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns.

Fals. Away, I ſay; time wears: hold up your head, and mince. [*Exit* Quickly.

Enter Ford.

How now, maſter *Brook?* Maſter *Brook*, the matter will be known to-night, or never: Be you in the park, about midnight, at *Herne*'s oak, and you ſhall ſee wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yeſterday, ſir, as you told me you had appointed?

Fals. I went to her, maſter *Brook*, as you ſee, like a poor old man; but I came from her, maſter *Brook*, like a poor old woman. That ſame knave *Ford*, her husband, hath the fineſt mad devil of jealouſy in him, maſter *Brook*, that ever govern'd frenzy: I will tell you,—He beat me grievouſly, in the ſhape of a woman: for, in the ſhape of man, maſter *Brook*, I fear not *Goliah* with a weaver's beam; because I know alſo, life is a ſhuttle. I am in haſte; go along with me; I'll tell you all, maſter *Brook:* Since I pluck'd geeſe, play'd truant, and whip'd top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten, 'till lately. Follow me: I'll tell you ſtrange things of this knave *Ford*; on whom to-night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand. Follow: Strange things in hand, maſter *Brook!* follow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Street.*

Enter Page, Shallow, *and* Slender.

Page. Come, come; we'll couch i'the caſtle-ditch, 'till we ſee the light of our fairies.—Remember, ſon *Slender*, my daughter.

Slen. Ay, forſooth; I have ſpoke with her, and we have a nay-word, how to know one another: I come to her in white, and cry, mum; ſhe cries, budget; and by that we know one another.

Shal. That's good too; But what needs either your mum, or her budget? the white will decipher her well enough.—It hath ſtrook ten o'clock.

Page. The night is dark; light and ſpirits will become it well. Heaven proſper our ſport! *None means evil, But the devil*;—and we ſhall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Another Street, leading to the Park.*

Enter Miſtreſs Page, Caius, *and Miſtreſs* Ford.

M. Pa. Maſter doctor, my daughter is in green: when you ſee your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and diſpatch it quickly: Go before into the park; we two muſt go together.

D. Cai. I know vat I have to do; Adieu.

M. Pa. Fare you well, ſir. [*Exit* Caius.] My husband will not rejoice ſo much at the abuſe of *Falſtaff*, as he will chafe at the doctor's marrying my daughter: but 'tis no matter; better a little chiding, than a great deal of heart-break.

M. Fo. Where is *Nan* now, and her troop of fairies? and the *Welch* devil, *Hugh?*

M. Pa. They are all couch'd in a pit hard by *Herne's* oak, with obſcur'd lights; which, at the very inſtant of *Falſtaff*'s and our meeting, they will at once diſplay to the night.

M. Fo. That cannot choose but amaze him.

M. Pa. If he be not amaz'd, he will be mock'd; if

9 No man meanes 26 *Herne?*

he be amaz'd, he will every way be mock'd.

M. Fo. We'll betray him finely.

M. Pa. Againſt ſuch lewdſters, and their lechery, Thoſe that betray them do no treachery.

M. Fo. The hour draws on; To the oak, to the oak!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The Park.*

Enter Sir Hugh, Piſtol, Quickly, Anne Page, *and Others, vizarded, and diſguis'd for Fairies.*

Sir H. Trib, trib, fairies; come; and remember your parts: be pold, I pray you; follow me into the pit; and when I give the watch-'ords, do as I pid you: Come, come; trib, trib. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Another Part of the Park.*

Enter Falstaff, *diſguis'd.*

Fals. The *Windſor* bell hath ſtrook twelve; the minute draws on: Now the hot-blooded gods aſſiſt me!—Remember, *Jove*, thou waſt a bull for thy *Europa*; love ſet on thy horns:—O powerful love! that, in ſome reſpects, makes a beaſt a man; in ſome other, a man a beaſt.—You were alſo, *Jupiter*, a ſwan, for the love of *Leda*:—O omnipotent love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a gooſe?—A fault done firſt in the form of a beaſt;—O *Jove*, a beaſtly fault!—and then another fault in the ſemblance of a fowl;—think on't, *Jove*; a foul fault.—When gods have hot backs, what ſhall poor men do? For me, I am here a *Windſor* ſtag; and the fatteſt, I think, i'the foreſt: Send me a cool rut-time, *Jove*, or who can blame me to piſs my tallow? Who comes here? my doe?

Enter Miſtreſs FORD, *and Miſtreſs* PAGE.

M. Fo. Sir *John?* art thou there, my deer; my male deer?

Fals. My doe, with the black ſcut?—Let the ſky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of *Green-ſleeves*; hail kiſſing-comfits, and ſnow eringoes; let there come a tempeſt of provocation, I will ſhelter me here. [*embracing her.*

M. Fo. Miſtreſs *Page* is come with me, ſweet heart.

Fals. Divide me like a brib'd-buck, each a haunch: I will keep my ſides to myſelf, my ſhoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman? ha! ſpeak I like *Herne* the hunter?—Why, now is *Cupid* a child of conſcience; he makes reſtitution:—As I am a true ſpirit, welcome.

M. Pa. Alas, what noise? [*Noise within.*

M. Fo. Heaven forgive our ſins!

Fals. What ſhould this be?

Wom. Away, away. [*they run off.*

Fals. I think, the devil will not have me damn'd, leſt the oil that's in me ſhould ſet hell on fire; he would never elſe croſs me thus.

Enter, from the Pit, Sir HUGH, *and his Troop of Fairies, with Lights, running.*

Quic. Fairies, black, grey, green, and white,
You moon-ſhine revellers, and ſhades of night,
You orphan heirs of fixed deſtiny,
Attend your office, and your quality.—
Cryer *Hob-goblin*, make the fairy o-yes.

Pist. Elves, liſt your names; ſilence, you airy toys.
Cricket, to *Windſor* chimneys ſhalt thou leap:
Where fires thou find'ſt unrak'd, and hearths unſwept,

There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry;
Our radiant queen hates ſluts, and ſluttery. [dye:
Fals. They are fairies; he, that ſpeaks to them, ſhall
I'll wink, and couch; No man their works muſt eye.
[*lyes down, upon his Face.*
Sir H. Where's *Pede?*—go you, and where you find a maid,
That, ere ſhe ſleep, has thrice her prayers ſaid,
Rein up the organs of her fantaſy;
Sleep ſhe as ſound as careleſs infancy:
But those, as ſleep, and think not on their ſins,
Pinch them arms, legs, backs, ſhoulders, ſides, and ſhins.
Quic. ——About, about;
Search *Windſor* caſtle, elves, within and 'out:
Strew good luck, ouphes, on every ſacred room;
That it may ſtand 'till the perpetual doom,
In ſtate as wholeſome, as in ſtate 'tis fit,
Worthy the owner, and the owner it.
The ſeveral chairs of order look you ſcour
With juice of balm and every precious flower:
Each fair inſtalment coat, and ſeveral creſt,
With loyal blazon, evermore be bleſt;
And nightly, meadow fairies, look you ſing,
Like to the garter's compaſs, in a ring:
The expreſſure that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile-freſh than all the field to ſee;
And, *Honi ſoit qui mal y penſe*, write
In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white;
Like ſaphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
Buckl'd below fair knighthood's bending knee;
Fairies use flowers for their charactery.
Away; diſperſe: But 'till 'tis one o'clock,

9 Raiſe up 28 Emrold tuffes

Our dance of cuſtom, round about the oak
Of *Herne* the hunter, let us not forget.
Sir H. Pray you,
Lock hand in hand; yourſelves in order ſet:
And twenty glow-worms ſhall our lanthorns be,
To guide our measure round about the tree.—
But, ſtay; I ſmell a man of middle earth.
Fals. Heavens defend me from that *Welch* fairy!
leſt he tranſform me to a piece of cheeſe.
Pist. Vile worm, thou waſt o'er-look'd even in thy birth.
Quic. With trial fire touch me his finger end:
If he be chaſt, the flame will back deſcend,
And turn him to no pain; but if he ſtart,
It is the fleſh of a corrupted heart.
Pist. A trial, come.
Sir H. Come, will this wood take fire?
[*applying their Tapers.*
Fals. O, o, o!
Quic. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire!—
About him, fairies; ſing a ſcornful rime;
And, as you trip, ſtill pinch him to your time.
Song. *Fie on ſinful fantaſy!*
fie on luſt, and luxury!
luſt is but a bloody fire,
kindl'd with unchaſt desire,
fed in heart; whose flames aſpire,
as thoughts do blow them, higher and higher:—
Pinch him, fairies, mutually;
pinch him for his villany;
pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
'till candles, and ſtar-light, and moon-ſhine be out.

During this Song, (in which the Fairies pinch Falſtaff, *burn him with their Tapers, and dance about him) Doctor* Caius *comes one way, and carries off a Fairy in green*; Slender *another way, and takes one in white*; *and* Fenton *ſteals away Miſtreſs* Anne. *Noise heard within: Fairies break off their Dance:* Falſtaff *rises: and Enter* FORD, PAGE, *Miſtreſs* FORD *and Miſtreſs* PAGE.

PAGE. Nay, do not fly: I think, we have watch'd you now;
Will none but *Herne* the hunter ſerve your turn?

M. PA. I pray you, come, hold up the jeſt no higher:—
Now, good ſir *John*, how like you *Windſor* wives?—
See you † these, husband? do not these fair oaks
Become the foreſt better than the town?

FORD. Now, ſir, who's a cuckold now?—Maſter *Brook*, *Falſtaff*'s a knave, a cuckoldly knave; here are his horns, maſter *Brook:* And maſter *Brook*, he hath enjoyed nothing of *Ford*'s, but his buck-baſket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money; which muſt be pay'd too, maſter *Brook*; his horſes are arreſted for it, maſter *Brook*.

M. FO. Sir *John*, we have had ill luck; we could never meet: I will never take you for my love again, but I will always count you my deer.

FALS. I do begin to perceive that I am made an aſs.

FORD. Ay, and an ox too; both the proofs are extant.

FALS. And these are not fairies? I was three or four times in the thought, they were not fairies: and yet the guiltineſs of my mind, the ſudden ſurprize of my powers, drove the groſſneſs of the foppery into a receiv'd belief, in deſpight of the teeth of all rime and

† paid to maſter

reason, that they were fairies: See now, how wit may be made a jack-o'lent, when 'tis upon ill employment!

Sir H. Sir *John Falſtaff*, ſerve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pinſe you.

Ford. Well ſaid, fairy *Hugh*.

Sir H. And leave you your jealousies alſo, I pray you.

Ford. I will never miſtruſt my wife again, 'till thou art able to woo her in good *Engliſh*

Fals. Have I lay'd my brain in the ſun, and dry'd it, that it wants matter to prevent ſo groſs o'er-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a *Welch* goat too? ſhall I have a coxcomb of frize? 'tis time I were choak'd with a piece of toaſted cheese.

Sir H. Seeſe is not good to give putter; your pelly is all putter.

Fals. Seeſe and putter! have I liv'd to ſtand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of *Engliſh?* this is enough to be the decay of luſt and late-walking through the realm.

M. Pa. Why, ſir *John*, do you think, though we would have thruſt virtue out of our hearts by the head and ſhoulders, and have given ourſelves without ſcruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax?

M. Pa. A puft man?

Page. Old, cold, wither'd, and of intolerable entrails?

Ford. And one that is as ſlanderous as *Satan*?

Page. And as poor as *Job?*

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Sir H. And given to fornications, and to taverns, and ſack, and wine, and metheglins, and to drinkings, and ſwearings, and ſtarings, pribbles and prabbles?

Fals. Well, I am your theme; you have the ſtart of me; I am dejected; I am not able to anſwer the *Welch* flannel, ignorance itſelf is a plummet o'er me: use me as you will.

Ford. Marry, ſir, we'll bring you to *Windſor*, to one maſter *Brook*, that you have cozen'd of money, to whom you ſhould have been a pander: over and above that you have ſuffer'd, I think, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

Page. Yet be chearful, knight: thou ſhalt eat a poſſet to-night at my houſe; where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee; tell her, maſter *Slender* hath marry'd her daughter.

M. Pa. Doctors doubt that; if *Anne Page* be my daughter, ſhe is, by this, doctor *Caius*' wife.

Enter Slender.

Slen. Whoo, ho, ho, father *Page!*

Page. Son! how now? how now, ſon? Have you diſpatch'd?

Slen. Diſpatch'd!—I'll make the beſt in *Glo'ſter-ſhire* know on't; 'would I were hang'd, la, elſe.

Page. Of what, ſon?

Slen. I came yonder at *Eaton* to marry miſtreſs *Anne Page*, and ſhe's a great lubberly boy: If it had not been i'th' church, I would have ſwing'd him, or he ſhould have ſwing'd me. If I did not think it had been *Anne Page*, 'would I might never ſtir, and 'tis a poſt-maſter's boy.

Page. Upon my life then you took the wrong.

Slen. What need you tell me that? I think ſo when I took a boy for a girl: If I had been marry'd to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own folly; Did not I tell you how you ſhould know my daughter by her garments?

Slen. I went to her in white, and cry'd, mum, and ſhe cry'd, budget, as *Anne* and I had appointed; and yet it was not *Anne*, but a poſt-maſter's boy.

M. Pa. Good *George*, be not angry: I knew of your purpoſe; turn'd my daughter into green; and, indeed, ſhe is now with the doctor at the deanery, and there marry'd.

Enter Doctor Caius.

D. Cai. Vere is miſtreſs *Page?*—By gar, I am cozened; I have marry'd *un garçon*, a boy, *un paiſan*, by gar, a boy; it is not *Anne Page:* by gar, I am cozened.

M. Pa. Why, did you take her in green?

D. Cai. Ay, by gar, and 'tis a boy: by gar, I'll raise all *Windſor*. [*Exit* Caius.

Ford. This is ſtrange! Who hath got the right *Anne?*

Page. My heart miſgives me: Here comes maſter *Fenton.*

Enter Fenton, *and* Anne Page.

How now, maſter *Fenton?*

Anne. Pardon, good father! good my mother, pardon!

Page. Now, miſtreſs? how chance you went not with maſter *Slender?*

M. Pa. Why went you not with maſter doctor, maid?

Fent. You do amaze her; Hear the truth of it.

[8] v. *Note.* [17] oon Garſon, a boy; oon Peſant,

You would have marry'd her moſt ſhamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in love.
The truth is, She and I, long ſince contracted,
Are now ſo ſure that nothing can dissolve us.
The offence is holy, that ſhe hath committed:
And this deceit loses the name of craft,
Of diſobedience, or unduteous title;
Since therein ſhe doth evitate and ſhun
A thousand irreligious curſed hours,
Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd: here is no remedy:—
In love, the heavens themſelves do guide the ſtate;
Money buys lands, and wives are ſold by fate.

Fals. I am glad, though you ta'en a ſpecial ſtand to ſtrike at me, that your arrow hath glanc'd.

Page. Well, what remedy?—*Fenton*, heaven give thee joy!
What cannot be eſchew'd, muſt be embrac'd.

Fals. When night dogs run, all ſorts of deer are chac'd.

M. Pa. Well, I will muse no further:—Maſter *Fenton*,
Heaven give you many, many merry days!—
Good husband, let us every one go home,
And laugh this ſport o'er by a country fire;
Sir *John* and all.

Ford. Let it be ſo, ſir *John*:
To maſter *Brook* you yet ſhall hold your word;
For he, to-night, ſhall lye with miſtreſs *Ford*. [*Exeunt.*